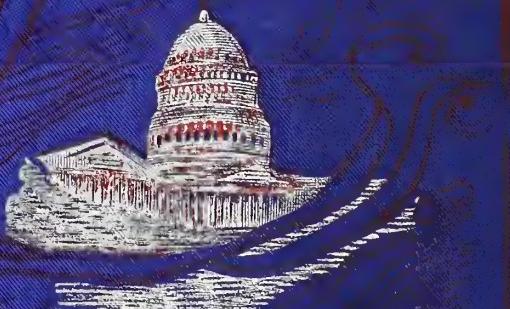
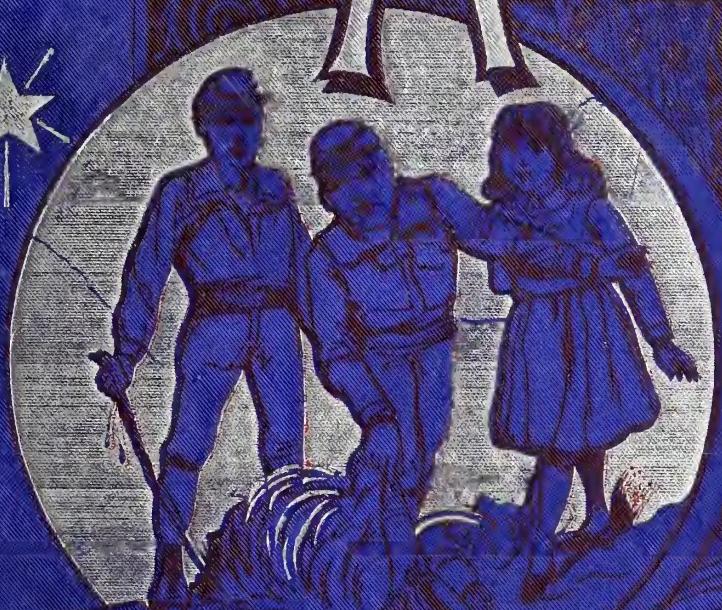


# THE YOUNG AMERICAN



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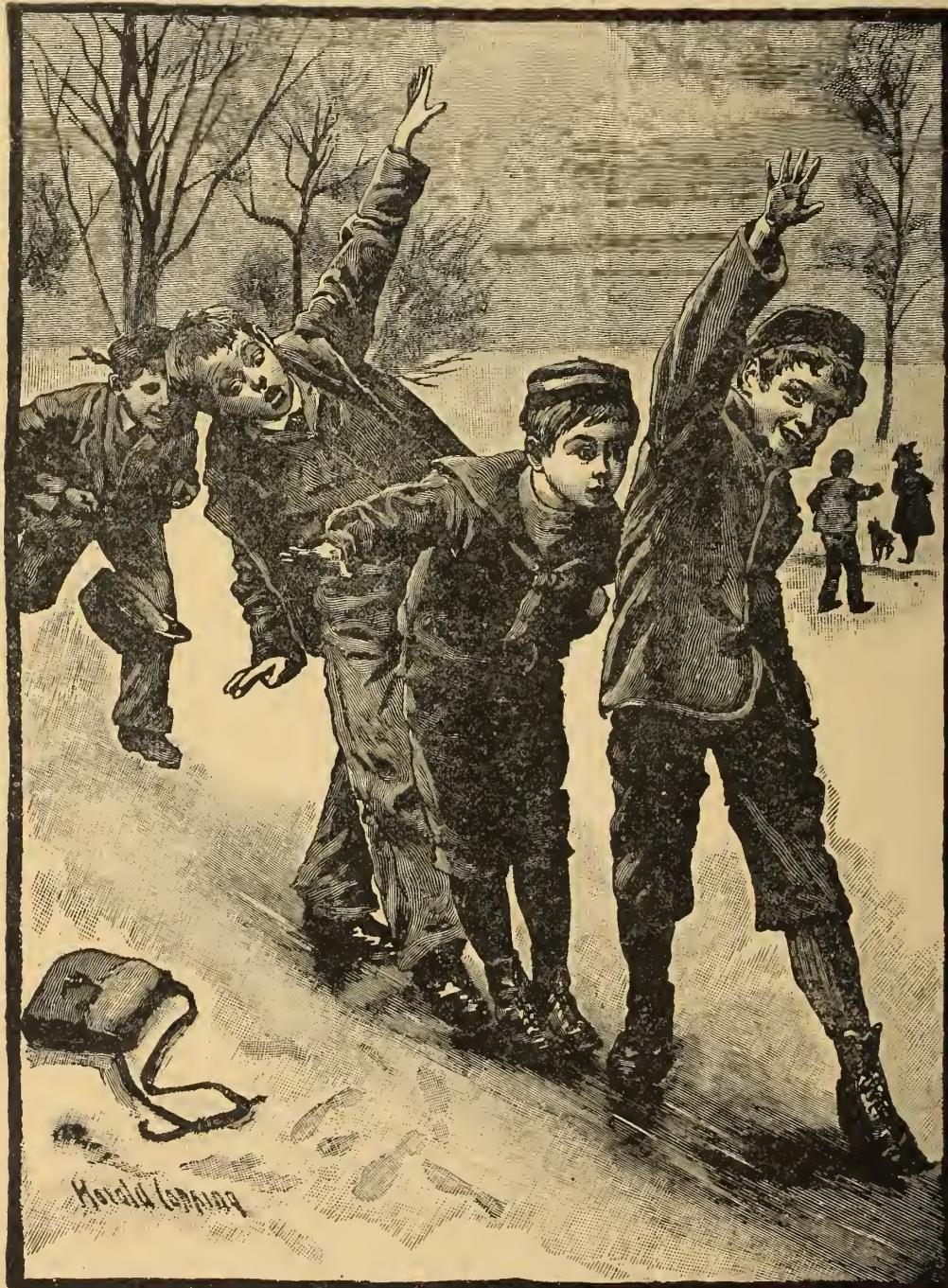




My dear Zony with the  
hope that he may become  
a great American historian.

Edward F. James

Xmas 1896.



ON THE SLIDE.

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN  
ANNUAL

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NUMBER II.

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A BOOK OF HISTORIES, ADVENTURES, STORIES, ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS,  
MAINLY AMERICAN IN CHARACTER,

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

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EDITED BY

THE RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D.

Author of *Liberty and Union*, *Synonyms and Antonyms*, *The Bible Story*, *The Home Beyond*, etc., etc.

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# THE FINDING OF OUR AMERICA.

MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

**T**O discover America now-a-days requires a right-about march across the centuries and a search among the years of gray old Europe, whence the New World sprang. Our America is not a continent merely, a place between the seas, but rather it is a thought greatened into a nation, a principle ripened into a race. We may well say that America has plucked the golden fruit of all the ages! Our nation is no mushroom, grown in a night, no accident out of line with events in general. This is a result of the mind of God and the doings of men. To know its beginning we need to enter the by-gone days and fellowship the great actors in epochs that made our time both a possibility and a certainty.

Till the right day had dawned, even the continent was kept hid. God held the curtain drawn across the coasts of the West through the slow centuries. Europe was not ready for the larger opportunity. Bluff Northmen sailed hither, groping through the mist and storm of frosty seas, seeking strange lands.

They spied the rocky edges of Maine, the sandy cape of Massachusetts, and anchored in the pleasant waters of Narragansett Bay. They found green forests and purple grapes, but they did not find our America. They were five hundred years too soon, and, being rude and crude, could see only land and sea; not privilege and liberty, which are the veritable America. So the Northmen sailed away to their misnamed Greenland and their island of ice and flint and soon forgot the things they had looked at in the far West.

A better day and wiser men must appear, before the world beyond the seas should be given to history.

It was necessary, first, that *thought* should

*become nimble* and fluent, with power to run from mind to mind in an instant, so easy of communication that the master spirits of the world should be able to give their great ideas to millions of men at once. To find our America, then, we must visit the workshop of Gutenburg, in ancient Mayence, as this illustrious father of printing is taking the



GUTENBERG AND HIS PRINTING PRESS.

first copy from his primitive press, thus introducing a new world of intelligence to men.

Without the printing press here would have been an America without the newspaper, without the people's Bible, without the common school—not our America at all. There must be an army of readers or there can be no glorious land of the free. There must be an easy way for noble sentiments to spread and to gain the ear and hearts of the people, before it could be well to open wide the gates of the West, and send the nation-makers through to occupy the splendid and spacious continent which we possess.

It was required, too, that Liberty of Conscience should be brought to light, man's right to the proprietorship of his own soul. For thousands of years men had not looked deep enough into their own natures to find that God had put within them a judge whose sentence ought to be final. It had been thought that some voice outside

themselves must be listened to first of all. It was a king or a preacher, who stood between the soul and Heaven, from whom the command must come that should fix the personal duty, or decide the private opinions. That mighty Saxon, Martin Luther, dared to say to a startled world—"God stands closer to me than the King or the Priest. I must answer for my soul to the Almighty One, rather than to man." To find our America, then, we must visit this giant of the German Reformation, as, turning his face toward Heaven, he stands before the magnificent assemblage at Worms, and braves a curse whose lightning had smitten kings off their thrones, a curse which myriads believed could blast the soul it aimed at, with eternal woes. This great protest in behalf of the personal conscience had first to be made, the claim that there was no authority this side Heaven so binding on man, as the voice of his own awakened soul. Without the work of the German Reformation, America would be a state without religious freedom, where it would be a crime to think our own thoughts about the unseen world and the great God, if these thoughts were not the same as were held by the people in power.

It was needed, also, to find Columbus, the man of science and faith, the hero of thought, who believed the laws of the universe could be absolutely trusted, the only man on earth who dared to steer a ship by an idea. Till this brave believer came, America was not to be found. For twenty years he insisted on his great thought; the world was a ball and a magnet, he said; said it in the teeth of contempt, under the frown of religion, amid the laughter of nations. He found his way to the good queen, the wise and generous Isabella; he reached her court at ancient Granada just as the proudest hour in the story of Spain had struck. Six hundred years, the Spaniard and the Moor had battled, till at last the Christian had prevailed forever. Columbus saw the Moslem king Boabdil give over to the Spanish monarch the keys to that august palace of his fathers—the glorious Alhambra, a royal house, more magnificent than all Europe beside could boast. This mansion of the great was the marvel of admiring centuries; to the Moslem it was a dream of beauty

let down from Paradise, and realized in glories of time and sense.



THE ALHAMBRA.

But the thought of the great world-finder was too wide for a king's house; it embraced the circuit of the heavens, and carried a world within it. "Give me ships," he cried, "and I will give you a golden highway around the globe," and the first lady of the Kingdom replied: "You shall go, though it cost me the crownjewels."

So the soldier of faith conquered the right to win the West for humanity. Straight he sailed toward the enticing sunset, sailed amid the doubt and terror of a trembling crew, on an absurd little fleet of three pigmy craft, but big enough for faith to ride in, and prevail.

Long weeks above the wastes of weary ocean—but at last a draft of sweet odors from an unseen shore—October 11th, a spark pricks through the night, a moving spark that signals to the alert leader, that his hour is at hand. The morning fills his joyful gaze with the rapturous vision of

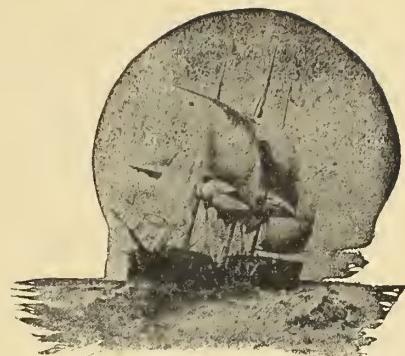


THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

shore, beautiful with a strange verdure, and animated with a stranger humanity.

Robing himself, like a king, he proceeds to possess himself of his matchless prize, and advances to the land amid the reverence of his now devoted followers, and the mild wonder of the naked people who wait his coming. He gains the little island, where the Old World and the New first touch each other, and the purple banners of a Christian king unfurl to the winds of the magical Occident.

To complete the discovery of our America, we must look also to that unparalleled ship, the "May-Flower," as she cleaves the boisterous Atlantic, carrying the Pilgrims of Plymouth on their westward way to freedom and the rights of man. A wonderful ship, steered by conscience, captained by faith! Convictions are her cargo; she is laden with thoughts, worth a thousand times her weight in gold. A hundred men and women are there, who feel that to be right is to be rich, that to be a Christian is greater than to be a king; heroes who held that privation in the wilderness, was a small price to pay for the luxury of personal liberty.



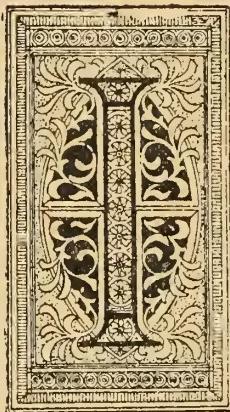
THE MAYFLOWER.

These people, believers in the divineness of truth, the Supremacy of God, and the sacredness of the soul, were the final discoverers of our America, the America we love. They came here with the beginnings of a higher nationality than the world had ever known, a nationality born of free opinion, free conviction and free citizenship, and out of these precious germs has grown our great America,

The Nation of the Free.



# THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



T must ever remain a matter of conjecture as to whether there existed previous to 1492, an intercourse between the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Perhaps the Egyptian legend told by Plato about the island of Atlanta was really no fable—but the tradition of some long-lost country.

If the legends of the Scandinavian voyagers be correct, and their mysterious Vinland was the coast of Labrador or the shore of Newfoundland; they had but transient glimpses of the new world, and these led to no certain or permanent knowledge.

II. The fondness for the sea shore by Columbus in early life, is common to boys of enterprising spirit and lively imagination, brought up in maritime cities to whom the sea is the high road to adventure and the region of romance.

A historian of Genoa laments the proneness of its youth to wander. "They go," said he, "with the intention of returning when they shall have acquired the means of living comfortably and honorably in their native land; but we know from long experience, that of twenty who thus depart, scarce two return."

III. The strong passion for geographical knowledge felt by Columbus in early life, and which inspired his after career, was incident to the age in which he lived. Geographical discovery was the brilliant path of light which was forever to distinguish the fifteenth century.

IV. There had been a long night of bigotry

and false learning, and geography with the other sciences seemed lost to Europe.

Fortunately not wholly lost to the world, for while the schoolmen of Europe were engaged in idle reveries, the Arabian sages were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth.

V. As the true knowledge so happily preserved was making its way back into Europe, it gave a new charm to the earth.

Men were surprised at their own ignorance of the world around them. Every step was a discovery, because all lands beyond their native country were unknown lands.

VI. The short time passed by Columbus at the University was insufficient to give him the rudiments of the sciences to the work. The familiar acquaintance with them which he showed with them in after life must have been the result of diligent self-schooling.

He was one of those men of strong natural powers who, out of the smallness of their means, acquire the greater courage to overcome obstacles.

VII. The grand impulse to discovery in Columbus' day was not due to chance, but was the effort of one master mind—that of Prince Henry of Portugal, son of John I.

He had accompanied his father into Africa in an expedition against the Moors, and had learned much concerning the coast of Guinea and other regions in the interior. He drew around him men eminent in science, and followed the study of those branches of knowledge relating to maritime affairs.

He was an able mathematician, and made himself master of all the astronomy known to the Arabians of Spain. Henry, at his death, left it in charge to his country to prosecute the route to India.

VIII. The fame of the Portugese discoveries and of the expeditions continually setting out, drew the attention of the world. Strangers from all parts, the learned, the curious and the adventurous, resorted to Lisbon to inquire into the particulars or to share in the advantages of these enterprises.

Among these was Christopher Columbus, whether brought there by adventure, curiosity or by the pursuit of liberal fortune.

IX. According to accounts given by his contemporaries, Columbus was tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His face was long, and neither full



nor meagre; his complexion fair, his eyes gray and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority.

He was moderate and simple in diet and dress, eloquent in speech, and affable in manners. Although his temper was naturally irritable, he always bore himself with gentle courtesy, and was always temperate in his language.

He observed throughout his life the fasts and ceremonies of the Church. Nor did his piety consist in mere forms, for he believed himself to be in all his work the instrument in the hands of another power. He looked upon himself as

chosen from among men for the accomplishment of Heaven's high purpose.

X. When Columbus had formed his theory, he never spoke in doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land. No trial or disappointment could divert him from his object.

He conferred with kings with a feeling of equality. His views were princely, his proposed discovery was great, and although often pressed by sore need, he did not abate in the least what then seemed such extravagant demands.

XI. John II. of Portugal was very anxious that the hope of Prince Henry should be realized, and so he called in the aid of science to see if some way could not be devised by which greater certainty might be given to navigation.

His two physicians, Roderigo and Joseph, the latter a Jew, the most able astronomers and cosmographers of his kingdom, together with a celebrated Martin Behem entered into a learned consultation on the subject. The result of their labors was the application of the astrolabe to navigation, enabling the seamen, by the altitude of the sun, to ascertain his distance from the equator.

This instrument has since been improved and modified into the modern quadrant.

XII. It is impossible to describe the effect produced upon navigation by this invention. It cast it loose at once from its long bondage to the land, and set it free to rove the deep.

The mariner now, instead of coasting the shores like the ancient navigators, and, if driven from the land, groping his way back in doubt and fear by the guidance of the stars, might venture boldly into unknown seas, confident of being able to trace his course by means of the compass and the astrolabe.

XIII. King John's unworthy attempt to defraud him of his work roused the indignation of Columbus, and he left Portugal, a country where he had been treated with so little faith, and went to look elsewhere for patronage.

XIV. The time at which Columbus sought his fortunes at the court of Spain was one of the most brilliant periods of the Spanish monarchy. The union of the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, put an end to the civil wars which had weakened Spain and insured the Mohammedan rule.

The whole force of Spain was now engaged in the Moorish conquest. The Moors who had once spread over the country like a flood were

now shut up within the mountain boundaries of the kingdom of Granada.

The armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were continually advancing and pressing this fierce people within narrower limits. Under these sovereigns the various petty kingdoms of Spain began to feel and act as one nation, and to rise to eminence in arts as well as arms.

XV. Voltaire tells us that Ferdinand and Isabella lived together not like man and wife whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty in virtue of their separate kingdoms; they had separate councils and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action.

All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their pictures were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Aragon.

XVI. Historians have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters of history. She combined the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman. She loved her people and diligently sought their good. Though almost bigoted in her piety, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity.

While all her public acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal and unostentatious. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to be among the learned institutions of the age.

She fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom; books were admitted free of duty, and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that period of the art, than at a period nearly four centuries later.

XVII. Several of the objections to Columbus' theory, proposed by the learned men of Salamanca, have come down to us. They are proofs not so much of the deficiency of that particular body of men, as of the imperfect state of science at the time.

At the very beginning of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with passages from the Bible and the Testament;

the book of Genesis, the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles and the Gospels.

Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no weight, if it appeared to clash with a text of Scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers. Indeed, Columbus, who was a devoutly religious man, found that he was in danger of being convicted of heresy, for maintaining the truth of his theory.

XVIII. For ages scholars had received the grand theory of Ptolemy, which supposed the sun to be the center of the universe with the sun and stars revolving around it. One great difficulty was to reconcile the plan of Columbus with this theory.

How astonished would the most enlightened of the wise men have been, had any one told them that the man Copernicus was then in existence whose solar system should reverse this theory of Ptolemy. And now we see how wonderfully things are ordered.

XIX. When far out at sea on that first perilous voyage, on September 13, Columbus, for the first time, noticed the variation of the magnetic needle, something which had never before been remarked. Although it has now become familiar to us, we still continue ignorant of its cause.

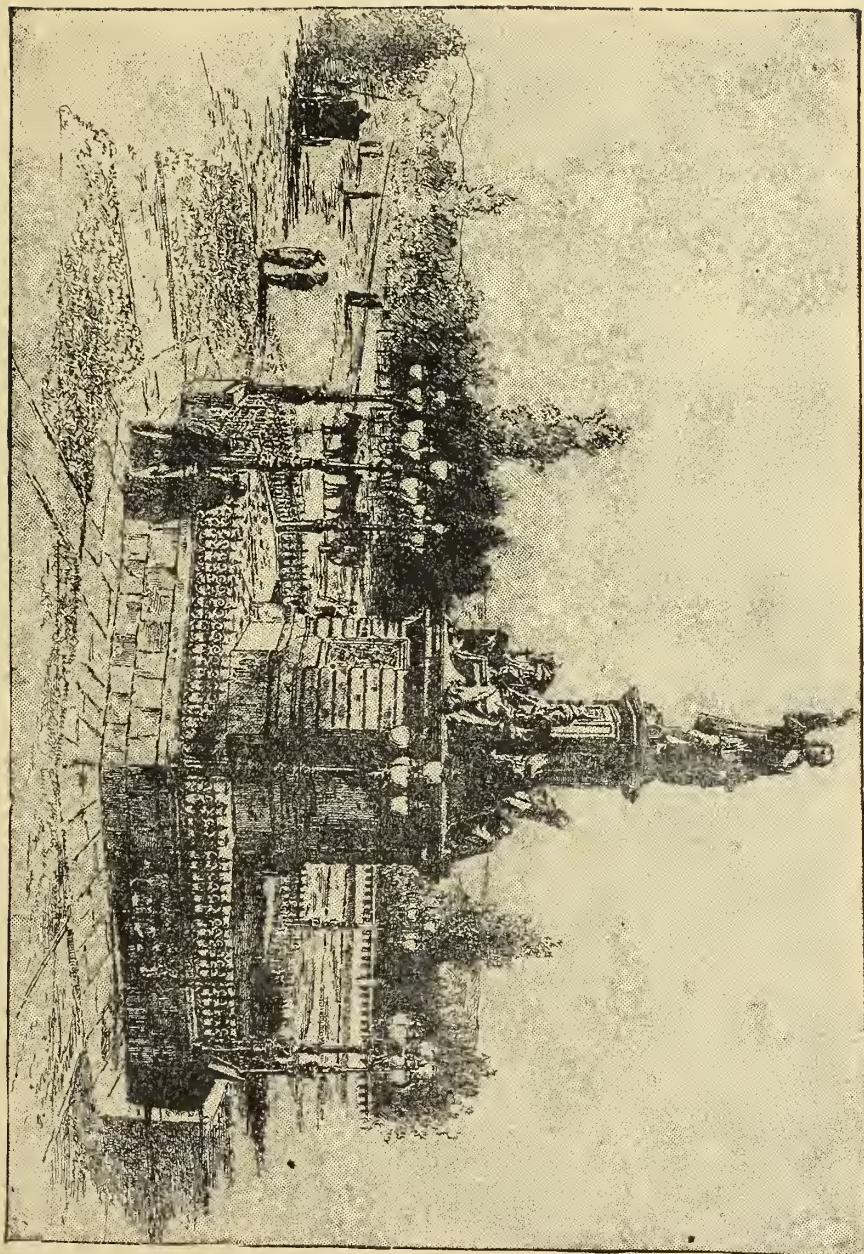
Columbus taxed his ingenuity and knowledge for reasons to allay the fears of his men when they observed this wonder. He noticed that the direction of the needle was not toward the polar star but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore was not caused by any mistake in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which like the other heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions and every day described a circle round the pole. As yet the solar system of Copernicus was unknown.

XX. When Columbus had taken formal possession of the new world, in the name of his sovereigns, the feelings of the crew burst forth in the most extravagant way.

They had recently considered themselves bound for destruction, now they looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune. Those who had been most troublesome during the voyage were now loudest in their praises, begged pardon for all the trouble they had caused, and promised the blindest obedience for the future.

XI. The joy occasioned by the great discovery of Columbus was not confined to Spain. The tidings caused great talk and admiration in the court of Henry VII. of England, where the discovery was pronounced "a thing more divine than human."

STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

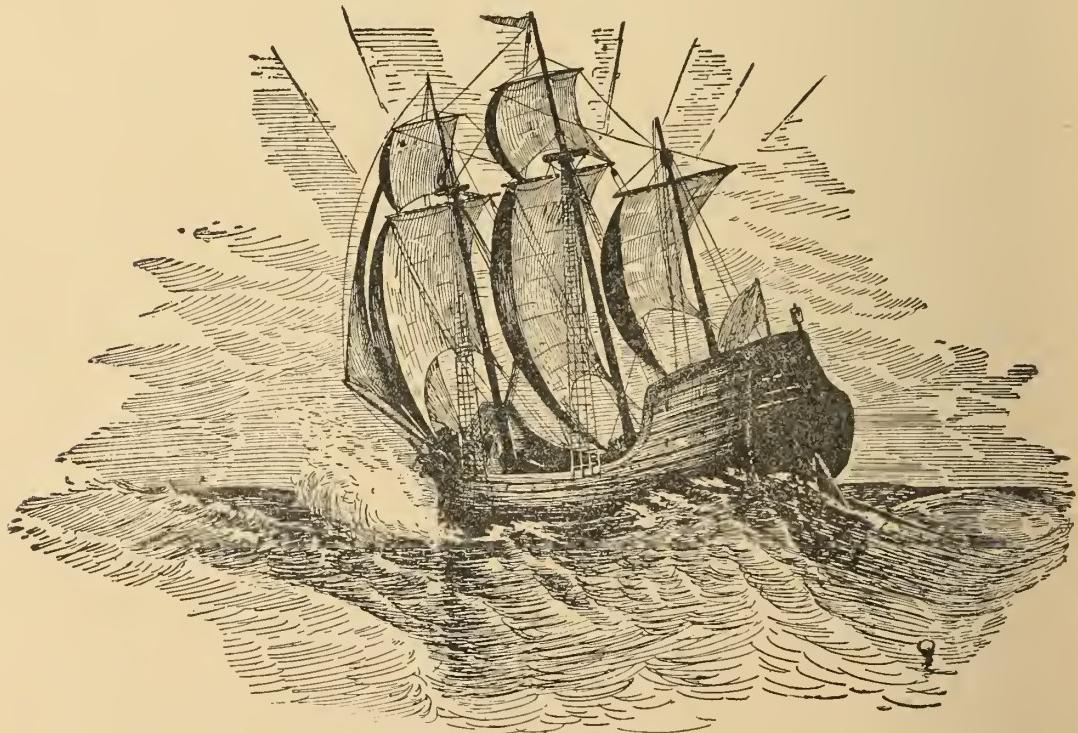


We have this on the authority of Sebastian Cabot himself, the future discoverer of the northern continent of America, who was in London at the time, and was inspired by the event with the spirit of emulation.

XXII. No one was aware of the real importance of the discovery, yet there was universal enthusiasm. Peter Martyr writes a letter to his friend Pomponius Laetns, "You tell me, my amiable Pomponius," he writes, "that you leaped for joy, and that your delight was mingled with tears, when you read my letter, certifying to you the hitherto hidden world of the antipodes. You

have felt and acted as became a man eminent for learning, for I can conceive no aliment more delicious than such tidings to a cultivated and ingenuous mind."

XXIII. If the history of Columbus could close like a romance, it would now be closed with the consummation of the hero's wishes—but happily for the world, although involved in unmerited distress and difficulty, his life went on to its appointed end—to the fulfillment of its great work.—(Selected and adapted from Irving's Life of Columbus).



THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA.



# THE PILGRIMS.

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BY ONE OF THEIR DESCENDANTS.

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EARLY in the morning of the 9th of November, 1620, after the sufferings of a crowded passage of sixty-four days, the Pilgrims obtained their first view of the coast of America. Their rejoicing and praising of God we must leave to be imagined. Wonderfully refreshing must have been the sight of the sand-hills covered with scrubby woods and sloping toward the sea, leafless and snow-covered as they were. After being driven about by contrary winds and endangered by shoals, they were anchored safely in Cape Cod harbor.

Before making land, however, they had covenanted and combined themselves together into a civil body-politic for the honoring of their king and country, the advancement of the Christian faith and the glory of God.

This voluntary agreement has been defined by some American writers, "the birth of popular constitutional liberty;" and this has undoubtedly proved the fruit of the tree they planted, although

they had no idea of the gigantic growth it was destined to attain, or of its fruit.

As soon as anchor was cast, parties went ashore to fetch wood and water, and a shallop was fitted for the exploring of the coast, and selecting a suitable place for settlement.

This plan was shortly relinquished, in consequence of the shallop proving unworthy; and a party, under the leadership of Captain Miles Standish, volunteered to make an exploration on foot. This was esteemed a service of great peril, and rather permitted, we are informed, than approved. At length, however, sixteen men, armed with musket, sword, and corslet, were safely landed.

They spent the first day in tracking Indians, but were overtaken by night without having encountered any; and kindling a fire, appointed sentinels, and lay down to sleep.

The following day they renewed the tracking, but became entangled in thickets, by reason of



NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FOREFATHERS—ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

which their very armor is said to have been literally torn to pieces.

These explorers appear to have found nothing more worthy of note than some Indian traps, (in one of which Captain Standish was caught accidentally,) the site of a house, an old ship's kettle, and a basket of Indian corn, which they carried away, intending to reimburse the owners: also, they crossed some graves. Wearily they drew toward the seashore, and were glad to have their signal from the ship.

Subsequently, a larger party went out in the boat, which, owing to boisterous winds, could

and shortly the whole party became worn out with the hard toil and discouragement, when ten of the staunchest volunteered to proceed alone; among these were Standish, Carver, Bradford, and Winslow.

The cold was intense, and from their great suffering two of the ten were taken ill; the sleet froze over them, and, says the chronicle, they were speedily cased all over in coats of iron.

They met traces of Indians but encountered none. One night a hideous cry surprised them, and the sentinel cried "To arms!" but having fired off a couple of muskets, nothing more was



EMBARKATION OF PILGRIMS.

not keep the sea, and the men were forced to wade ashore through water above their knees, and after toilsome marching to encamp for the night in the open air, were exposed to a fall of snow, so that some who afterward died were supposed to have there "taken the original of their deaths."

The following day the explorations were renewed, the snow through which they waded, and the wintry woods, making the scene doubly desolate. Their only good fortune seems to have been the finding of a supply of corn.

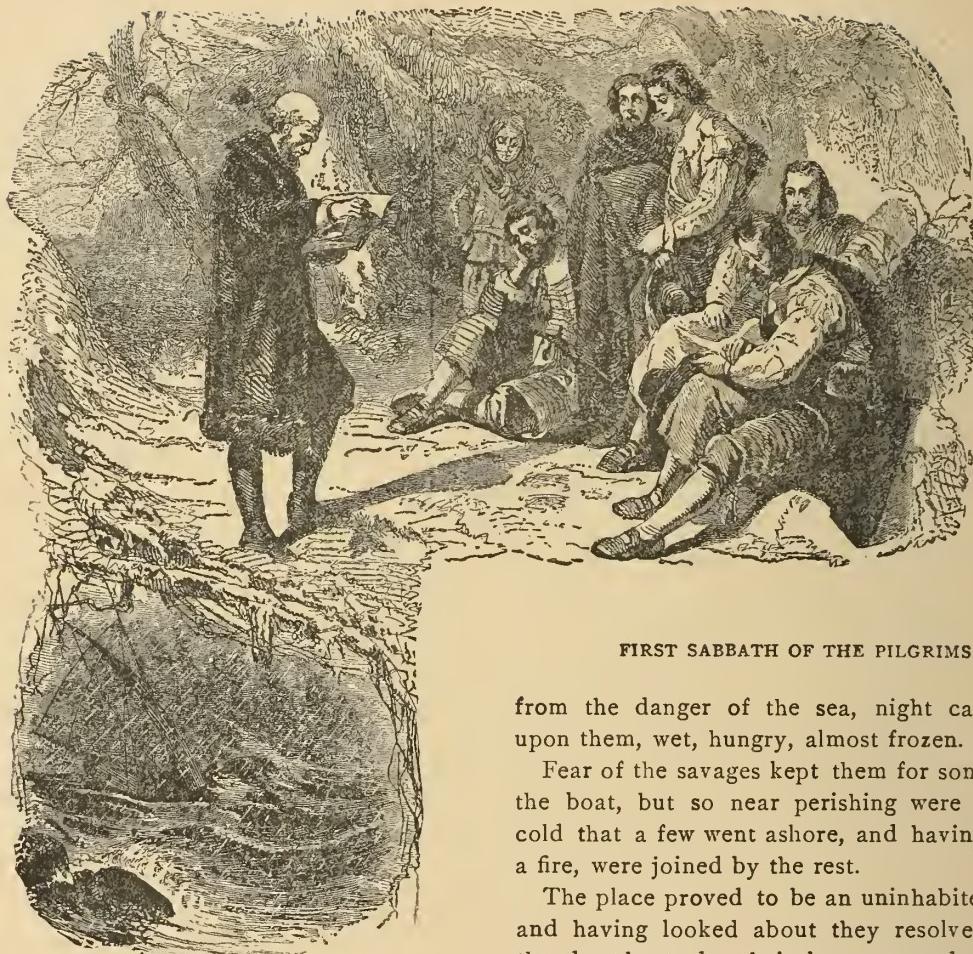
By the third day several were too sick to proceed further, and were accordingly sent back;

heard, and the shrieks were supposed to have been wild beasts.

This supposition proved untrue, for on the morrow, having prayed, and being about to breakfast, a repetition of the yell burst upon them, followed by a storm of arrows. Standish was the first to fire, and his companions quickly followed with a general discharge of musketry.

The sachem stood bravely, but was at length overcome, and wounded fled back into the woods. "The First Encounter" the place of this skirmish is called.

They now betook themselves to the boat, but the sea proved more inhospitable than the shore.



FIRST SABBATH OF THE PILGRIMS.

from the danger of the sea, night came down upon them, wet, hungry, almost frozen.

Fear of the savages kept them for some time in the boat, but so near perishing were they with cold that a few went ashore, and having kindled a fire, were joined by the rest.

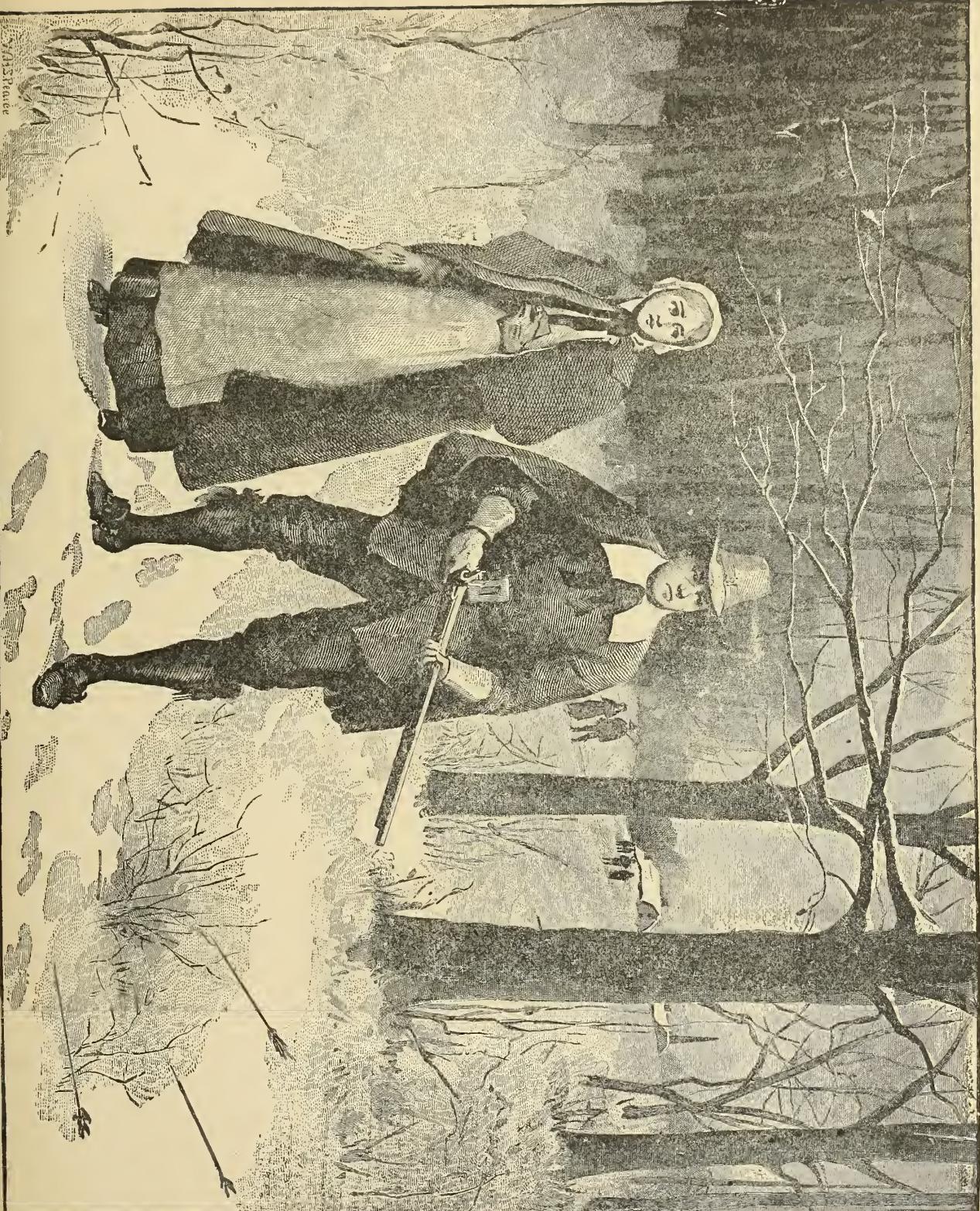
The place proved to be an uninhabited island, and having looked about they resolved to pass the day there, dry their baggage, and refix their muskets.

The next day was Sunday. Time was precious; it was late in the season, and their comrades in the ship might suffer anxiety on their account; everything demanded haste, but they "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." All labor was put aside; and on a frozen ground, in a chilly air, under a frowning sky, without shelter, and almost without food, they spent the day in divine worship and holy rest. Here is a picture of the first observance of the Sabbath in New England. There are Carver, and Winslow, and Bradford, and Standish, honored names among the Puritan fathers. They do not ask to be excused from the obligations of religious duty, even under circumstances so pressing and unfa-

**Heavy** snow and rain came on, and with the prospect all obscured, "the gale increased, the sea got up, the rudder snapped," and a poor attempt at steering was made with a couple of oars, the waves threatening to swamp them, and the light of a winter day fading from a perilous shore—surely they needed then their great trust.

The pilot having called them to be of good cheer, for he beheld the harbor, all sail was strained to get in, when the mast snapped in three places, and the pilot exclaimed, "Lord be merciful! my eyes never saw this place before."

Breakers were just before them, but with wonderful presence of mind the shallop was got about and carried into the harbor with flood tide. Safe



vorable. The Sabbath, and the God of the Sabbath, have claims upon them superior to anything besides.

These were Puritan principles, and it is these principles which gave excellence and honor to the New England forefathers, and which now give to her institutions their moral power. Let not their children prove unfaithful to them.

Monday, sounding the harbor, they found it eligible for shipping, and determined to explore the shores further, and making land, stepped on Plymouth rock which has since acquired such celebrity. Here their researches ended, as has been already recorded, and, weighing anchor, they carried back the good news to their friends.

During their exploration, Mistress White gave birth to a son, whom she called Peregrine—the first child born in the colony—and Dorothy, the wife of Bradford, was drowned.

On the 17th of December, the *May-Flower* set sail from Cape Cod Harbor, and the next day anchored in Plymouth Bay, and having called on God for direction, they went ashore.

The spot where they resolved to settle was a ridge of high ground which had been cleared and planted with corn some years before. The place, we are told, abounded with "delicate springs" of water, and under the hillside ran, "a very sweet brook."

A rude shelter was erected, where the party set themselves down and began to build houses, and here the town of Plymouth now stands. The Indian name was Accomack.

"The Common House," as the first habitation was called, was but twenty feet square, and in it men, women, and children, sick and well, corn, goods and all, were huddled together, until new houses could be built, which was a hard and slow work, so often was it interrupted by alarms of the Indians, by the severity of the weather, and by sickness.

Two of their number soon had the misfortune to lose themselves in the woods, which caused the most painful apprehensions to the rest, and as may be supposed was anything but agreeable to themselves; fear of wild beasts and Indians adding terror to the bitterness of frost and snow.

But it pleased God, to quote their own words, "so to dispose that the beasts came not;" and after great hardship and fright, they found their way back to the settlement.

By the fourth of February, the Common House was as full of beds as they could lie, one beside another; and there, in that rude habitation, and in the strange country to which they had come, the labors of a great number were ended.

Doubly sad must have been the parting of those who had endured so much together—they had reached the promised land only to learn that here there is no rest for us, and no abiding place.

When the spring came, one half the little band lay asleep on the cliff overhanging the rock where they had so lately landed—side by side they were laid, as they stood in life; and their surviving friends, so far from making tombs, or planting flowers, leveled the sacred earth, and planted corn, in order to conceal their great loss from the Indians, lest, tempted by their weakness, they might fall upon and destroy the little handful of survivors which they were become.

When the spring came round, and the flowers began to appear, a solitary Indian, of noble and fearless carriage, made his appearance one "fair warm" day, and using all the English he knew, bade the pilgrims welcome.

He proved communicative, and the settlers obtained some valuable information from him. They entertained him as well as they could, that they might counteract the bad impression which the savages already had of them; and when he departed, gave him some little presents.

His name was Samoset, and he often returned with his companions to the settlement, after his solitary adventure. He is described as a man of able body, grave countenance, and spare of speech, and differing in attire from his followers only in that he wore a chain of great white bone beads about his neck.

"His face was painted a sad red, like murrey, and he oiled both head and face so that he looked greasily. All of his followers painted themselves of different colors, yellow, red, and black, and some dressed in skins, and some went naked." Governor Carver is represented as pledging his



wild visitors very courteously in strong drinks, which they reciprocated in more potent draughts.

With the warm weather, preparation for the departure of the *May-Flower* was made, and it is strange, in view of all the hardship and suffering and the losses of friends, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, that not one sought opportunity to return home, but remained, resolved at all hazards to make homes among the graves of their kindred.

Soon after the departure of the *May-Flower*, Governor Carver, while at work in the fields, was taken ill, in a few hours became speechless, and after a few days died. It is said of him that his great care "for the common good shortened his days."

William Bradford was chosen his successor. The first marriage took place May 12th, 1621, and was between Edward Winslow and Susanna White, both of whom had been recently bereaved of their companions. Under ordinary circumstances, this proceeding would have been regarded as an indecency and a scandal; but under the trying circumstances it seems to have been considered exemplary.

The first offence, as recorded in the journal of the governor, is that of John Billington; and was contempt of the captain's lawful command, and opprobrious speeches, for which he was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together; for what length of time the journal saith not. It appears, however, that in humbling himself and craving pardon, he was forgiven. Remarkable leniency for the times. The second offence was a duel fought upon challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. What the cause of challenge was, appears not; but the parties actually fought and were both wounded, for which they were adjudged to have their head and feet tied together, and so lie for twenty-four hours without meat or drink.

The visits of the savages began to be frequent and disorderly, insomuch that it was thought advisable to send an embassy to the nearest chief to make arrangements mutually agreeable. Winslow was appointed diplomatist; and taking with

him a coat of red cotton, edged with lace, a present for the sachem, and accompanied by an interpreter, they set out. After a weary march they fell in with the chief, to whom they presented the red coat, and whom they paid for the Indian corn which they appropriated on a former expedition.

The chief was so pleased with these courtesies, that he promised to comply with all their requests. If the Pilgrims had always acted upon this conciliatory plan, it would have saved their names from centuries of reproach.

The good ship Fortune came in November, bringing a reinforcement of over thirty settlers; but in consequence of extravagant reports about the fertility of the country, she brought no supplies of food; so the colony was reduced to short allowance.

It is pleasant to contemplate the friendly intercourse between the settlers and the Indians at this period. Winslow says:—

We have found them very loving and ready to pleasure us. We often go to them, and they come to us; some of us have been fifty miles in the country with them.

They were entertained familiarly, and repaid the hospitality with skins and venison. And it was a common picture to see the Englishmen in corslet and buff sitting on the grass beside the painted chief.

We pass over the details of the first bloody encounter, quoting, simply, what Robinson, the good pastor whom they had left behind them, said, on hearing of it. "Consider your ways, and the disposition of your captain, who is of warm temper," he wrote—he doubted whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man which was meet, and added: "O how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you killed any."

He seems to have been heartily loved by his people, and deserving all their love; but he was too much in advance of them and of the age to be always appreciated.

In 1625, "having finished his course and performed his work," he was taken home. In a letter to Governor Bradford, in reference to his death, occurs the following passage:—

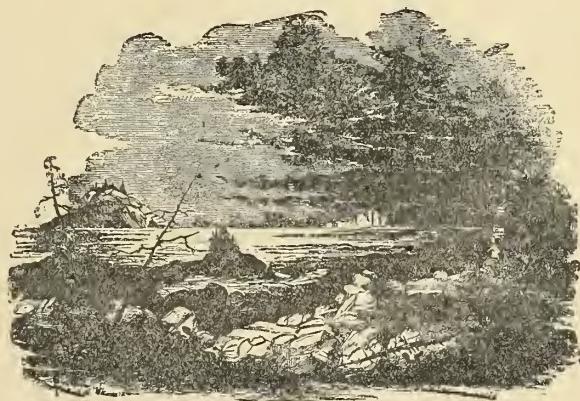
"He was taken away even as fruit falleth before it is ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end. The Lord even then took him away, as it were in his anger, whom if tears could have held, he would have remained to this day."

April, 1623, found the settlers reduced to severer privations than they had yet known. The corn was exhausted, and faint and staggering for want of food they began to plant for the coming harvest.

All had been hitherto held in common; but as a greater stimulus to labor, the land was now divided, and each man wrought for himself. No sooner had the corn appeared, than a drought set in, and continued for six weeks, so that starvation

seemed inevitable; and the more, that a ship dispatched to their relief, after being driven back twice, was wrecked on the coast. In this fearful exigency a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and the narrator says:—

"In the morning when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as likely to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercises continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived—such was the bounty and goodness of our God."



# OUR COUNTRY'S GROWTH.

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IT is a little more than a century since the famed ordinance of 1787 was passed by congress, and the first territory organized—the Northwestern Territory, northwest of the Ohio River.” The ordinance was passed July 13, 1786.

At that time, the United States embraced only 820,680 square miles; Florida belonged to Spain, and the Mississippi river was our western boundary. Our first acquisition of territory was the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. This province embraced not only the present state of Louisiana, but all the vast area from the Mississippi on the east to Oregon and Washington (which then were claimed by Great Britain) and the area known as Upper California, belonging to Mexico, on the west; and from the gulf on the south to British America on the north. To be more precise, it embraced what are now known as Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, the larger part of Wyoming, part of Colorado, Nebraska, 930,928 square miles in extent, or more than 100,000 square miles larger than the original domain of the country. For this we paid \$15,000,000 to France.

Our next acquisition was Florida, in 1821, for which \$5,000,000 was paid, adding 59,720 square miles to the national area. In 1846 the dispute with Great Britain about the ownership of Oregon, embracing what is now the state of Oregon, and Washington Territory, was settled by a treaty in our favor, and 22,425 square miles more became ours.

In 1845 Texas became a member of the union by annexation. The independence of Texas had, however, never been acknowledged by Mexico, and by this we also annexed the Mexican war. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ended the war, Mexico relinquished her claim to Texas,

and we paid her \$15,000,000 for Upper California—embracing California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and the western portion of Colorado. In 1853, the “Gadsden purchase”—a strip of land south of the Gila river, now part of Arizona and New Mexico—was bought of Mexico for \$10,000,000. By the annexation of Texas, and these two purchases, 934,260 square miles of territory were brought under the stars and stripes.

Alaska, with its 577,390 square miles, was purchased of Russia in 1867, for \$7,200,000. This is our latest territorial acquisition. Thus, in 84 years, we have obtained by purchase, treaty and annexation, 2,752,723 square miles of territory, costing \$52,200,000 in cash direct, not considering the cost of war. Some American writers have claimed that it is the manifest destiny that the extension of the Union shall go on until all North America is under one flag. Canada, Mexico and Central America will eventually be added to the republic, and our boundaries be limited only by the encompassing oceans and the Isthmus of Panama.

Before this is done, there must be on the part of Canada, a full and free desire expressed for Union. The ‘manifest destiny’ Union, as these writers view it, is not so clear on the horizon of events as might be supposed. It is perhaps more likely there will be an Imperial Federation of all the British possessions. Then will eventually come a practical if not an organic unity of all the English speaking peoples—and let us hope, a practical Union of all the nations of the earth, with the realization of Tennyson’s poetic and prophetic dream:

When the war drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle flag is furled,  
In the parliament of man—  
The federation of the world.

# AMERICA.

A PATRIOTIC PAGEANT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE IN SCHOOL AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY MARY E. BEEDY, A. M.

THE author hopes that this effort to give a vivid impression of great events in American history will, in some slight degree, help American boys and girls to realize the greatness of the trust about to be bequeathed to them; that it will serve to increase their interest in the study of American history; that it will assist in a rebirth of the patriotic zeal for participation in political life, that was the glory of our forefathers.

There is a hope, too, that by its use as a public entertainment, it may bring to schools a small fund for a Library of American History and Patriotic Literature.

"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue."—BACON.

## SONG—AMERICA.

*Herald*—

It is impossible to say certainly what European first saw America, or when he saw it.

The Northmen, both Icelanders and Norwegians, claim that their ships sailed across the Atlantic, and moved on the New England coast, several centuries before the discovery by Columbus. In recognition of this claim a statue has been erected to Lief Erickson in Boston.

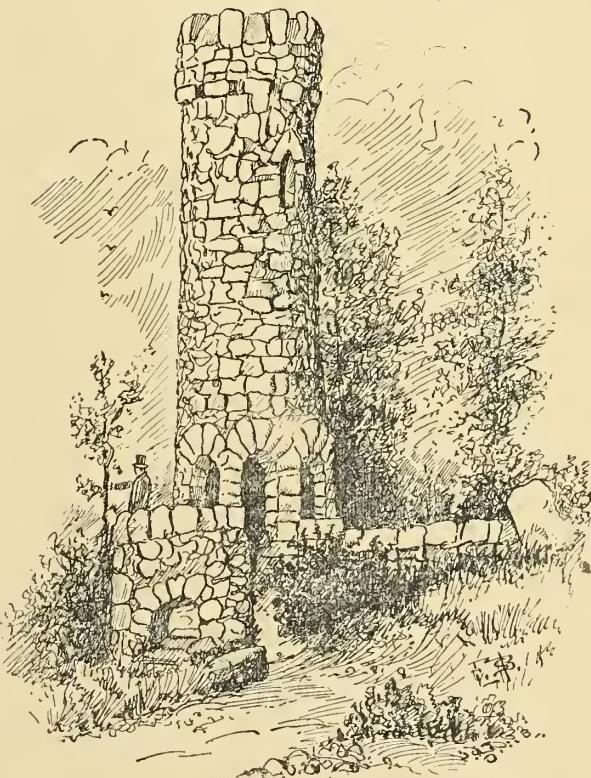
## SCENE 1.

(Lief Erickson dictating his diary.)

*Lief Erickson*—(standing and pointing to his scribe, who sits at a table with pen and paper; deep, heavy voice):

Write, Scribe, write! Write for my master, King Olaf of Norway. Write, that I have this day, June 10th, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, in latitude forty-two degrees north, set my feet upon a goodly land; inhabited by a

strange, copper-colored people; savages in dress, but friendly in manner. Write, that I have taken possession of the land and its people in the name of King Olaf of Norway; and that I will build a round tower to mark the spot. Write it



THE NORSE TOWER.

plain, and spell it well, so the king can make it all out, and know what possessions he has.

Sign, Lief Erickson, The Viking.

*Herald—*

The first authentic records of America relate to the discovery by Columbus in 1492.

Columbus, like all the great navigators of his time, was seeking a direct sea-route to the wealth of India and China.

The route, then in use, was through the Mediterranean, and across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea. Columbus, believing the earth was round, thought he might reach these countries more easily by sailing westward. After being refused aid by his native city of Genoa, and by the king of Portugal, he went to Spain.

Queen Isabella, inspired by her learned confessor, listened to Columbus and gave him the needed outfit.

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SCENE II.

Isabella replying to Columbus.

Isabella, Ferdinand, Columbus, and Gentlemen in waiting.

*Isabella—*

Columbus, I have pondered your arguments well. The grandeur of your views moves my heart to its lowest depths, and to me they in no way conflict with the teachings of the Sacred Book. Unmoved by the impulses of avarice or ambition, my soul swells with the thought of ex-

tending the Empire of the Cross to nations of benighted heathen.

My treasury is now well nigh depleted by the large expenditure in the holy Moorish wars, but the triumphant termination of this struggle leaves my hands free for other holy work.

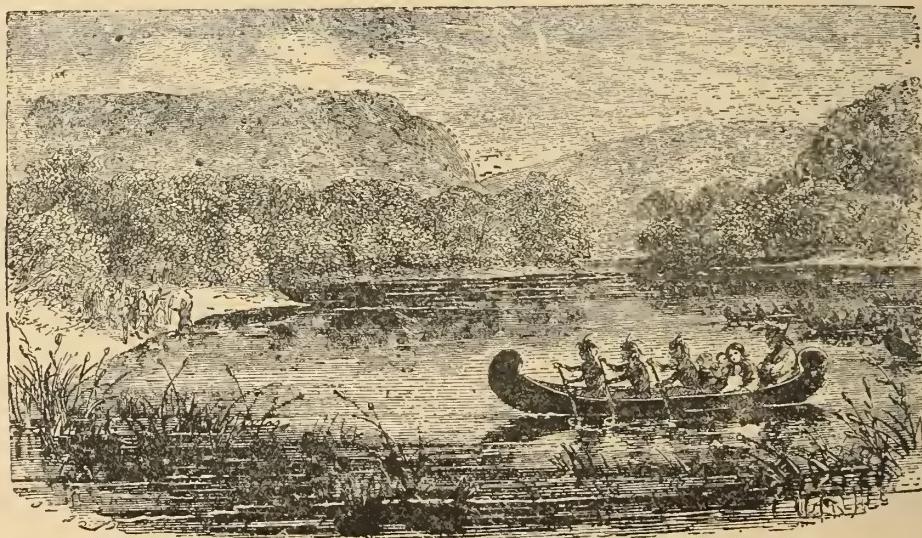
You speak with certainty of continents on the other side of this round world; peopled with races to whom the true God is not known.

My mind grasps both the geographical problem and the Christian purpose; and your unyielding spirit seems fitted for the heroic enterprise.

The gold in this distant Cathay will replenish the royal coffers, and give us new swords for the warfare of the Cross. I will assume the undertaking for my crown of Castile, and if the funds in the royal treasury do not suffice, I am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expense.

Go forth; and I, Isabella, with my consort Ferdinand, lords of the oceans and seas, constitute you, Christopher Columbus, admiral viceroy, and governor general of all the lands and continents you shall discover in the western ocean, with one-tenth of all the profits; and these titles and profits are settled upon you and your heirs for all time, and to you forever shall be the glory of this discovery.

SONG—OF A THOUSAND YEARS.



# AMERICA.

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## PART II.

*Herald*—

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of Nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

—Whittier.

A FEW years after Columbus discovered America, John and Sebastian Cabot, sailing from Bristol, England, coasted along North America from Labrador to Florida. On these voyages of the Cabots, the English founded their claim to the most of North America.

Later, other European explorers visited the country, and several unsuccessful attempts were made to found colonies.

But it was difficult to make the colonists stay in the wild forests and among the wild Indians, and so colony after colony failed.

The first permanent English settlement was made at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

### SCENE III.

A letter received from one of these Jamestown colonists, read in his English home.

English home—(Father, mother, grown son and daughter, and children.)

*Father*—(Standing with open letter in hand,) What a surprise! Here is a letter from Edward!

*Mother*—O, is he really alive?

*Oldest Son*—I fancy he was, mother, when the letter was written.

*Mother*—Let us hear it at once.

Father, seating himself, reads:

JAMESTOWN, V.A., May 12th, 1622.

*Very much loved though long neglected parents:*

I have now been absent from you fifteen years,

and I know you have long yearned for tidings of your son, who, you have reason to fear, has perished from hardships, or has been scalped by the Indians.

We came, as you know, in search of treasures, which we expected to carry back to England and enjoy. We little knew what was before us.

Of the 105 who landed in May, 1607, one-half had died by the following September. We were unused to the climate, and as English gentlemen, were unused to toil and unsuited to the exposures we were forced to meet. Indeed, we were about as unfitted for the foundation of a new state as could be imagined. Our first need was for new houses; yet, strange to say, there were only four carpenters among us, while there were jewelers and refiners of gold, and one perfumer.

John Smith was almost the only man who saw what to do. He at once gained the friendship of the Indians, and gained supplies of their corn. He told the colonists they must go to work, and build log houses, and plant corn, instead of digging and washing the glittering earth which they mistook for gold. You must have heard of the terrible starving time in the winter of 1609 and '10. Smith was absent, and we sadly needed his wisdom. Sickness, engendered by the climate and want of food, spread so rapidly that of the 500 colonists at the opening of the winter, only 60 remained when the winter was past. It was a dreadful time, and the memory of it still brings tears to my eyes. We learned to eat the Indian corn, though at first we did not relish it, and it often seemed to make us sick. Tobacco planting, begun in 1615, was our first source of profit, and gave us the first commodity we could send to

Europe for sale. Raleigh, as you will remember, introduced the eustom of smoking into Europe some thirty years before. Now, I fear we too much dote on tobaceo. It is our money. The salaries of our elergy, and the legaeies in our wills are all given in tobaceo.

Three years ago a Duteh trading ship brought us some negroes, who were sold as slaves. In this there seems to be a promise of release from the hard toil so unsuited to a gentleman's life.

I am pained to tell you of the frightful Indian massaere we have just passed through. In one morning 347 persons were killed.

We hoped a friendship with the Indians would be cemented by the marriage of John Rolfe to Pocahontas, but her early death in England, whieh you will remember, precluded any favorable results.

John Smith kept the Indians peaceable. Since he left the colony, no one has had the same influence over them. The Indians look with hatred on the white men who possess their land; and though they are driven back for the present, I feel no security that the trouble is ended. Indeed, I may say we live in daily and nightly terror of their return.

Now, my dear parents, I will tell you why I am breaking this long silence. I was disappointed in not being able to carry gold back to my home, and I have waited till I had some good fortune to tell you. It has come. Our log houses were desolate with only companies of men; we could scarcely call them homes. The men who came out expected soon to return, and had no thought of bringing wives to this wilderness. Gradually,

as affluence from landed estates seemed secure, they began to think of Ameriea as a home.

Three years ago there were brought over a number of women, who beeame the wives of some of the planters. They readily sold for 100 pounds of tobaceo.

At once those log houses beeame English homes. Last year another company of women was brought, and the price readily rose to 150 pounds of tobaceo. The women are comely, and seem to be at disadvantage only from laek of



MARRIAGE OF POCOHONTAS TO ROLFE, THE ENGLISHMAN.

property and eonnections. It seemed romantic to turn Turk, and buy a wife, but this I did, and Dorothy Strong beeame Mrs. Edward Ferrar, and to-day I announce the birth of a son, to inherite my large plantation.

Your devoted son,

EDWARD FERRAR.

*Mother*—What the poor boy has been through! To think that a FERRAR has bought a wife with tobacco!

*Daughter*—Why did English gentlemen go off to Virginia?

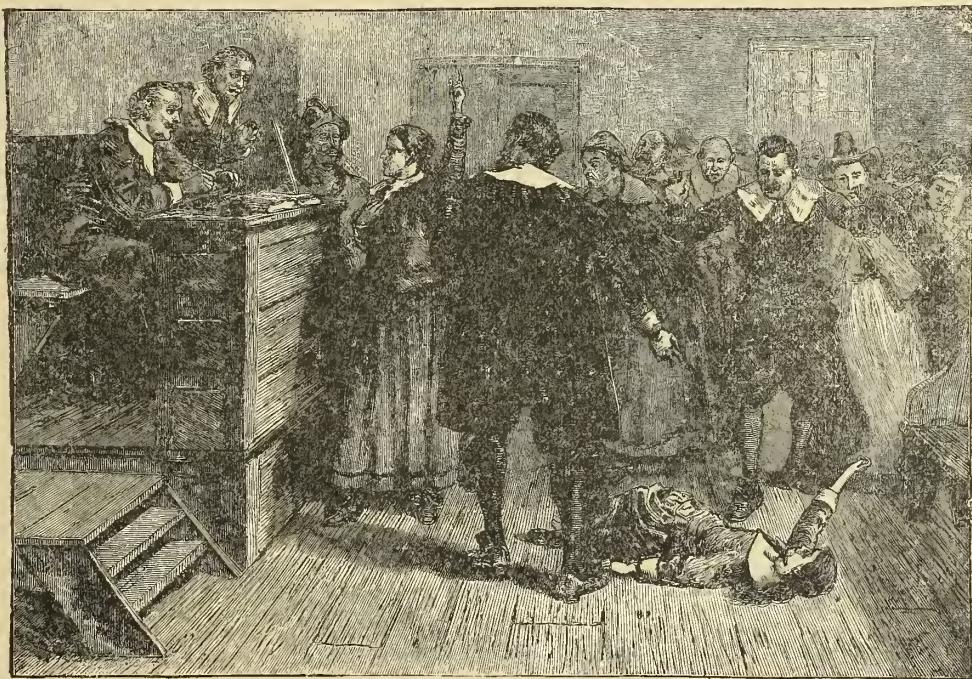
*Father*—Most of them had visions of gold before their eyes. A few desired to extend the dominion of the king, and a still smaller number hoped to convert the Indians to Christianity.

*Son*—O, Virginia can't be quite a heathendom after all. It is astonishing to see how fast it develops. You know that for the last three years it has its own parliament or assembly. This assembly ordains whatever laws are thought by

them good and profitable. Since recovering this measure of civil liberty, the colonists have come to feel more at home. Englishmen always feel pretty comfortable under a code of laws of their own making.

*Daughter*—Have they the true church in Virginia, so the baby can be baptized?

*Son*—Yes, the church of England has been confirmed as the church of Virginia, and already measures have been adopted for the erection of a university. So my sister, your colonial nephew, in spite of his tobacco-bought mother, will be baptized into the true faith, and will be given the graces of learning.



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### PART III.

*Herald*—

DANIEL Webster said:

"There was in ancient times, a ship that carried Jason to the acquisition of the Golden fleece. There was a flag-ship in the battle of Actium that made Augustus Caesar master of the world. In modern times there have been flagships that have carried Hawke, and Howe, and Nelson, of the other continent, and Hall and Decatur, and Stewart of this, to triumph. What are they all in the chance of remembrance among men, to that little bark, the Mayflower, which reached these shores in 1620! That Mayflower was a flower destined to be of perpetual bloom. Its verdure will stand the sultry blasts of summer, and the chilling winds of autumn. It will defy winter. It will defy all climate, and all time, and will continue to spread its petals to the world, and to exhale an everlasting fragrance to the last moment of recorded time."

#### SCENE IV.

##### A MAYFLOWER HOME.

(Elder Brewster, chief of the Pilgrims, his wife Mary, and his sons, Love and Wrestling.)

Elder Brewster—(Looking up from the table where he has just finished writing a letter.)

"You remember, Mary, when we parted with cousin Providence, who had accompanied us to the Mayflower, we promised to write to him of our life, in this haven of Christian liberty.

Our many duties, though in no way grievous, have prevented my writing till now. May I read you what I have written, and see if you have any thing you wish to add for cousin Temperance?

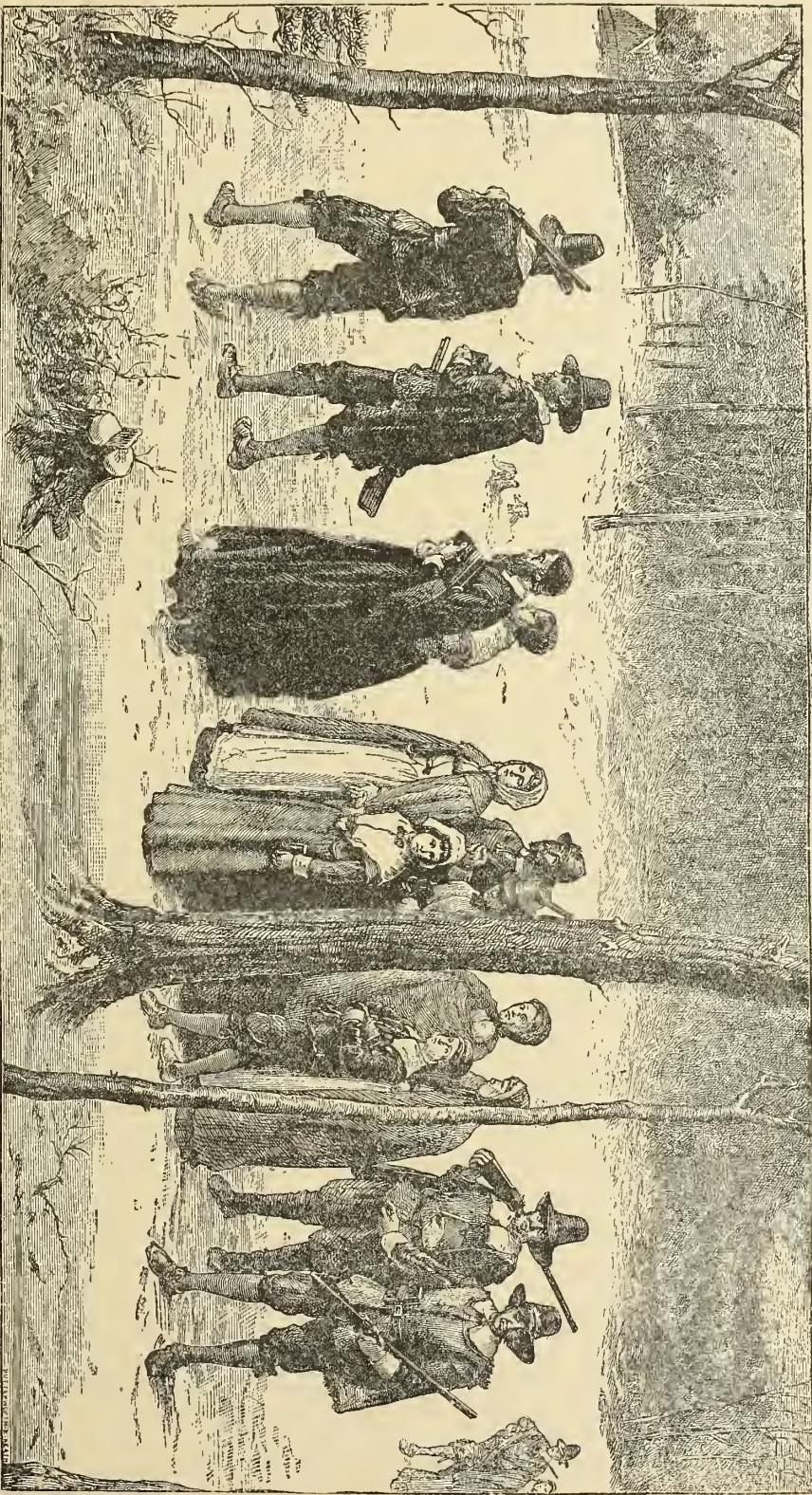
AMERICA, PLYMOUTH COLONY, Oct. 15, 1626.  
*My long neglected and far distant Cousin:*

After being tossed on the ocean for more than three months, we came ashore on the 22nd of Dec. Falling on our knees and thanking God for the deliverance from the perils of the deep, we bestowed the name of Plymouth on the rock where we first set our feet. The ground and streams were locked in ice, in such manner as we had never seen, and the prospect of getting food was in no way encouraging, but we had Christ, and was that not enough?

"No merry-hearted, careless idlers" came with us, like many of those who had gone to Virginia. Our people at home, and in Holland, had already known disappointments and pangs, as bitter as cold and frost could give. It seemed indeed, a barren region, and though there were wild fowl and deer, and springs of water, we often did not know at night where to have a bit in the morning. Several times we were without bread and corn for months together, with no vegetables, and only a few ground nuts, yet "we were enabled to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sand." Half our number had died of consumption and lung-fever during the first winter, still when the Mayflower turned toward home in the spring, not one wished to go with her.

"To enjoy religious liberty, had been the end of the great adventure into this remote wilderness," and it was in no way grievous to us that we had been the instruments to break the ice for others, and to lay the foundations of a country, where there are no kings nor lords, to rule the conscience and the doings of Christ's followers.

Accustomed as most of us were in our native land to plain country living, and the innocent



THE SABBATH IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

trade of husbandry, we soon brought bread from the soil, and since the third year, there has been



PILGRIM'S COSTUMES.

no general lack of food; and now so much corn is raised that the Indians, who prefer the chase to tillage, look to us for their supply. After a little use of the climate, I can freely say "one sup of New England's air, is worth a whole draught of Old England's ale." Had I foreseen all the afflictions we were to suffer, I should not have altered my course.

At the time of our arrival, the Indians had been much reduced by sickness. This weakened their strength, while friendly offices on our part won their good-will. Though they are savage, it is best to dwell beside them in friendship, and ultimately we may hope to bring them to Christ. Our great anxiety is, lest some who still hold to popish forms, though they claim to have renounced Rome, should wish to avail themselves of the blessing of our liberty. None such do we want here. In this liberty we have founded; we will receive only those who are with us in faith—(looking up)—Have I not made all clear, dear Mary, or have you something in mind that you wish me to add?

*Witter Brewster*

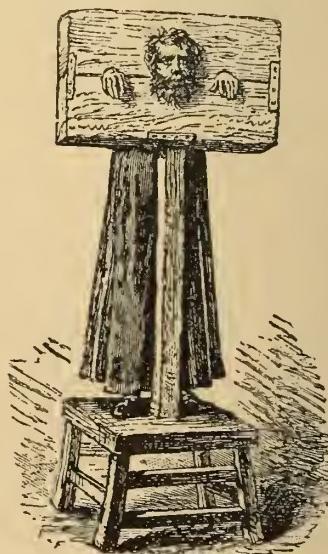
ELDER BREWSTER'S SIGNATURE.

*Mary—Tell Temperance that we hid the*

graves of our lost ones, that the Indians might not know how our numbers were reduced and that we dare not go and weep where our dead ones lie. Add, also, that the women and children went to the field to help plant, and gather the corn, and that they go down to the beach every day at low tide to dig for shell fish, and that it would be a strange thing to see a piece of roast meat, that we have no milk for the children, as we can keep no cattle, because the wolves come close to our doors. But with all these privations, the children in the colony are learning to read, and to cast accounts, while the minister instructs them in faith and worship. But whether living or dying, we gladly submit, and accept our trials as God's mercies, in the hope of founding a home, where all may be free to worship in our faith. Tell Aunt Humility not to feel anxious for us; our hearts are full of comfort.

#### Herald—

Our Puritan fathers were not allowed to stay away from church. Men were fined for unnecessary absence, or were put into the stocks or into a wooden cage. They took their guns to church with them, to protect themselves from the Indians



THE PILLORY IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

SCENE V.

*Two Pilgrims on their way to church in 1638*

—(Bible under the arm and gun on the shoulder.)

*First pilgrim*—(looking back over the road over which they have come)—Our companions have fallen behind us, let us tarry till they have come up. Meanwhile, I have some news to tell you, worthy of the Lord's day. You know two



HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

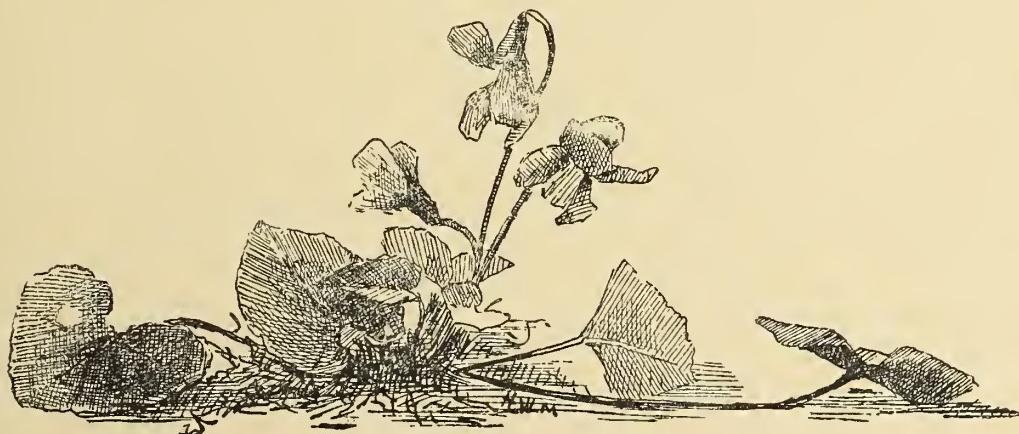
years ago, the General Court of Massachusetts Colony, set apart a thousand pounds to found a Seminary at Newton. Now, John Harvard, esteemed for his godliness and love of learning, has just bequeathed to the Seminary his library, and

£1,000, and henceforth it will bear the name of Harvard College, and the town will be called Cambridge, in honor of the university at home.

*Second pilgrim*—I give God thanks. Now I trust we can educate godly ministers all of our own mind, and fully agreed how to exercise their ministry.

It is a shame to us, that people of crooked religious minds like Roger Williams, and Annie Hutchinson, should rise up and mislead the people. We want to educate holy ministers, who will not only speak to us words of life, but who, like John Elliot, will sit by the camp-fires of the Indians and teach them the true faith.

*First Pilgrim*—Have you heard of the wicked liberty, Roger Williams has proclaimed? He declares that all dwelling in the Providence colony shall worship God as they choose. And he has said that men should be punished only for their crimes, and not for their opinions.



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#### PART IV.

*Herald*—

HAWTHORNE said, "I have sometimes doubted whether there was more than a single man among our forefathers, who realized that an Indian possessed a mind, a heart, and an immortal spirit. That single man was John Elliott, known as the Apostle to the Indians." When Mr. Hawthorne wrote this he forgot Roger Williams, and he certainly forgot William Penn.

#### SCENE VI.

*Penn's treaty with the Indians*—

(Penn in his long-skirted Quaker coat and broad-brimmed hat—Indians with feathers, war-paint and wampum.)

*Penn*—"We meet on the broad pathway of faith and good will. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between you and me, I will not compare to a chain, for that the rain might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were divided into two parts. We are all of one flesh and blood.

*Indian*—

(Handing to Penn a belt of wampum.)

Take this belt of wampum as a pledge that "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure."

*Herald*—

Our country little by little fills up with colonists, the most of whom are English, so largely English, that only English feeling prevails. All the colonies gradually secure charters. Each colony has its own assembly or legislature.

These local assemblies make, for the most part, their own laws, and impose their own taxes. England is far away; and what is still more favorable to American liberty, she has quite enough to do to attend to her home affairs.

The obstinate and narrow-minded George III, tries to display his royal authority by taxing the American colonies, and he attempts to collect these taxes through the coercion of British soldiers, whom he quarters on the people. America is aroused, from New England to the Carolinas. The taxed tea is thrown into Boston harbor. King George's tax is a paltry thing of itself, but it is the culmination of a long series of oppressive acts by the English parliament. The colonists had been forced to send nearly all their exports to England for sale. They had not been allowed to buy European goods except in England.

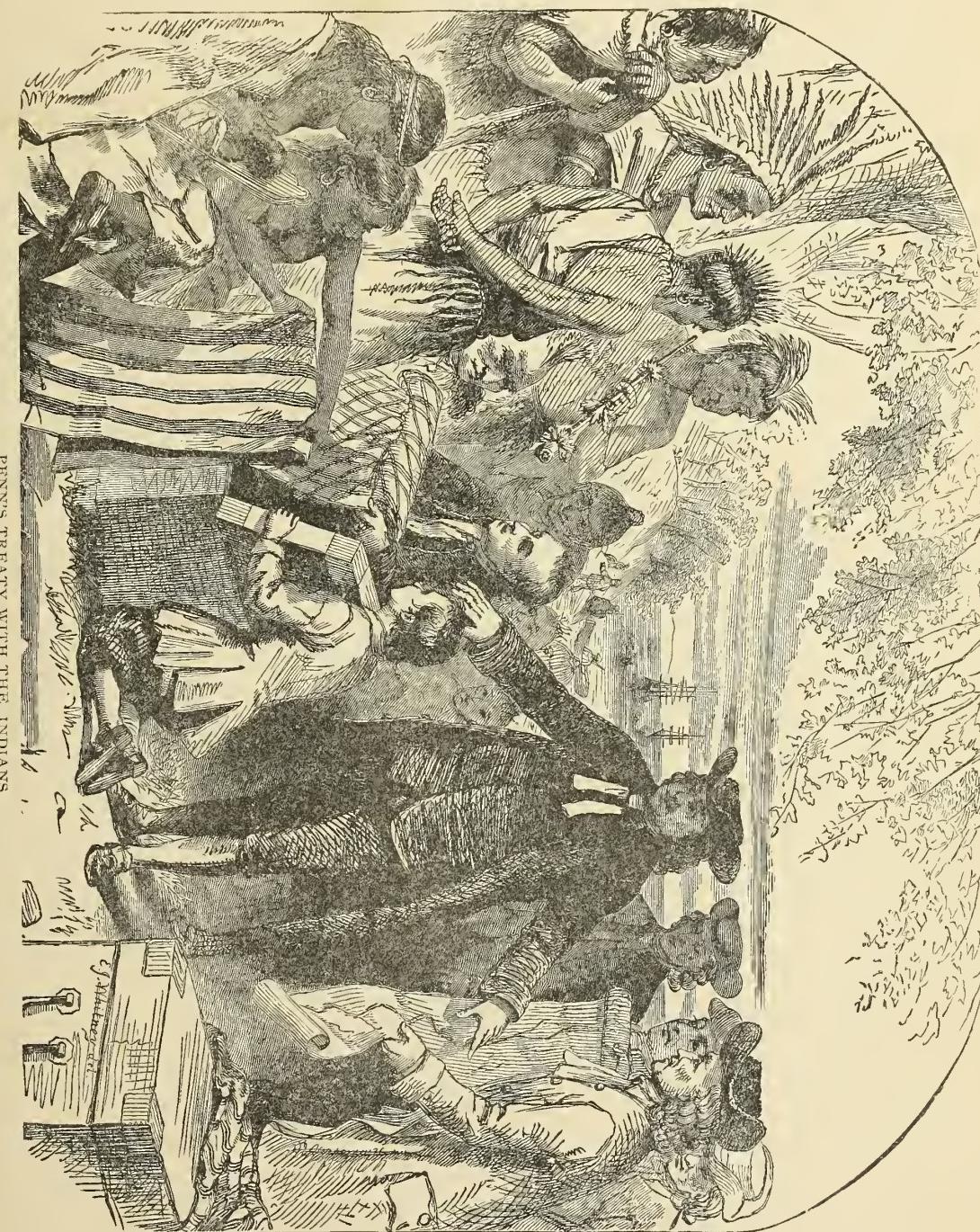
They had been prevented from manufacturing their own goods, so that England might sell them her goods. The colonists evaded these oppressive laws in every possible way. The people thus get the habit of disregarding the laws of parliament, and are ready to resist authority.

Virginia, led by Patrick Henry, gives the first war-cry of resistance.

#### SCENE VII.

Patrick Henry addressing the Virginia assembly.  
(Speaker and Secretary at the table; others seated around the room.)

Patrick Henry (standing), "Mr. President, are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spir-



PENNY'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

it it may cost, I am willing to know the worst, and to provide for it. Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, but when shall we be stronger? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Sir, we are not weak? Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, are invincible. We shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who pre-

(“*Treason*,” shouted the speaker, with hands outstretched—*Treason, Treason*, rose from all sides of the room. The orator paused, then raised himself to his fullest height with a look of firm determination.)

“and George the Third—may profit by their example.”

*Herald*—

Patriotic men in the New England and the Middle Colonies organize themselves into Societies, called the “Sons of Liberty.”

#### SCENE VIII.

MEETING OF THE SONS OF LIBERTY IN BOSTON.

(All standing around the room.)

*Chairman*—(taking his seat and rapping on the



PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

sides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The war is inevitable—and let it come. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! Peace! but there is no peace.”

“The war is actually begun. Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.”

“Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third—

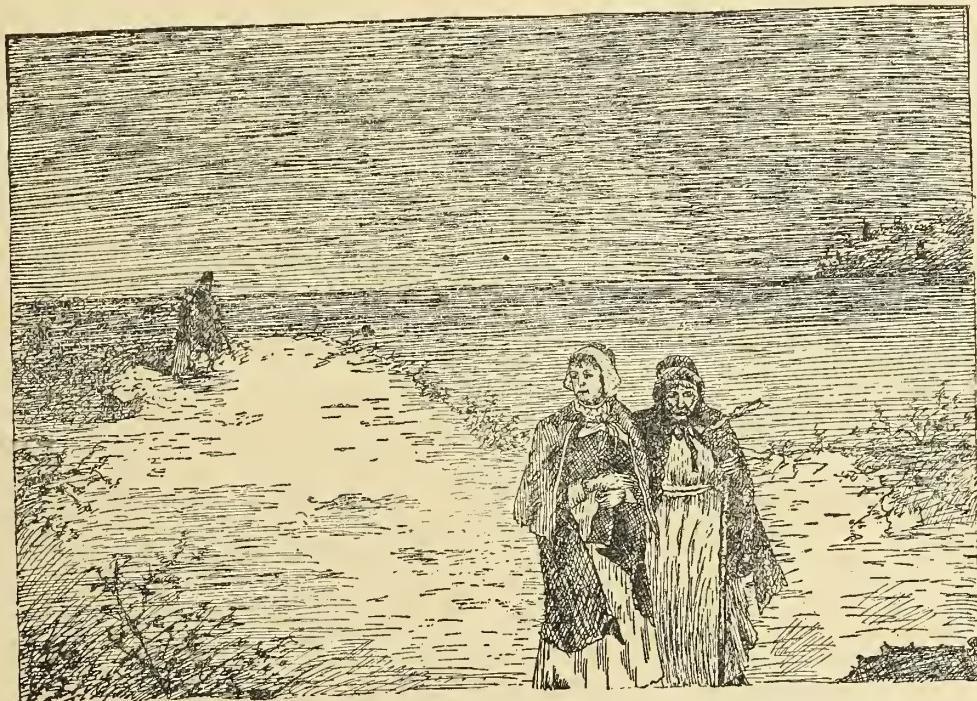
table.) The meeting will now come to order. (All take seats.)

I call upon James Otis to state the object of this meeting.

*James Otis*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman*—Mr. James Otis.

*James Otis* (reading)—This meeting is called to consider what action the Sons of Liberty will take in regard to the recent insulting and tyrannical laws passed by the British Parliament. Like faithful subjects, we have patiently borne the



PILGRIMS WATCHING FOR THE RELIEF SHIP--(From a Celebrated Painting.)

oppressions of King George, but the time has come when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. It is our duty to resist. We are not unwilling to pay a just part of the expenses of the late French and Indian wars, but we demand the right to send representatives to Parliament, and on no other condition will we submit to be taxed. It is a well established English principle, that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

We are not slaves, and we must openly declare to King George that we will no longer submit to these oppressive laws. We must recognize that we have a stubborn King to deal with, and we must prepare to defend our rights with the sword. I hope some one present is prepared to present resolutions that will express our sentiments.

*Samuel Adams.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Mr. Samuel Adams.

*Samuel Adams.*—I wish to move the following resolution:

Resolved—that it is the duty of the Sons of Liberty throughout the country to refuse to use the stamped paper, and to refuse to use any articles of British manufacture on which duties are levied, until we are allowed to send representatives to parliament.

And, furthermore, resolved—that we resist to the point of the sword any and all efforts to search our houses under "writs of assistance."

*John Hancock.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Mr. John Hancock.

*John Hancock.*—I rise to second these resolutions. We are descendants from the Pilgrims on the "Mayflower." We are the sons of John Endicott and of John Winthrop, and we must not allow the liberty they so bravely planted in this new world to die. We must guard our rights with the sword, or the tyrannical King will wrest them from us.

*Robert Winthrop.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Robert Winthrop.

*Robert Winthrop*—Sir, I too, approve these resolutions. We must show King George that American blood is up, and that if need be we will sacrifice all that we possess on the altar of liberty.

*Josiah Winslow.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Josiah Winslow.

*Josiah Winslow.*—Mr. Chairman, I am proud to support these resolutions. My ancestors braved the perils of the deep to establish this altar of liberty, and I will shed every drop of my blood rather than submit to King George's tyranny.

*Chairman* (rising)—Gentlemen, are you ready for the resolutions?

(All call "Resolution!" "Resolution.")

All who are in favor of these resolutions, signify by saying Aye.

(all vote.)

Those opposed, No.

*Chairman.*—The resolutions are unanimously carried.

*Joseph Warren.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Mr. Joseph Warren.

*Joseph Warren.*—Sir, I give my heartiest support to these resolutions. But I wish to go a step farther. Neither Massachusetts, nor Virginia, nor South Carolina, nor the three united, can sustain this cause. I agree with Mr. Dyer of Connecticut. "If the colonies do not now unite, they may bid farewell to liberty, and burn their chart-



ers, and make the best of thraldom." Sir, all the thirteen colonies must stand shoulder to shoulder, in this struggle. In the language of Mr. Gadsden of South Carolina, "Nothing will save us but acting together." Hoping to further this union, Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions, just adopted by the Sons of Libery, of Boston, be sent



THROWING TEA INTO BOSTON HARBOR.

to every organization of the Sons of Liberty, throughout the united colonies.

*Moses Higginson.*—Mr. Chairman.

*Chairman.*—Moses Higginson.

*Moses Higginson.*—I second the resolution of Mr. Warren.

*Chairman.*—Gentleman, you have heard this resolution, are you ready for it?

(All call "resolution.")

*Chairman.*—Those in favor of the resolution, say "aye."

(all vote.)

Those opposed, "no."

*Chairman.*—This resolution is also unanimously carried. If there is no further business, the meeting is adjourned.

#### SCENE I.

#### Tea Party Song (by a class of girls, 10 to 12).

"There was an old lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an Island Queen,  
Her daughter lived off in a new countrie,  
With an ocean of water between;  
The old lady's pockets were full of gold,  
But never contented was she,  
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax  
Of three pence a pound on her tea,  
Of three pence a pound on her tea.

Now mother, dear mother, the daughter replied,  
I shan't do the thing you ax;  
I am willing to pay a fair tax for the tea,  
But never the three penny tax.  
You shall, quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,  
For you're my own daughter, you see,  
And sure it's quite proper the daughter should pay  
The mother a tax on her tea,  
The mother a tax on her tea.



TEA THROWN INTO BOSTON HARBOR.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,  
All down by the ocean's side,  
And that bouncing girl poured out every pound  
In the dark and boiling tide;  
And then she called out to the Island Queen,  
O mother, dear mother, quoth she,  
Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough,  
But never a tax from me,  
No, never a tax from me."

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### PART V.

*Herald*—

THE king and his court are strongly against us. But many voices in England are raised in defense of the rights of the colonists. Chief among these is the voice of Wm. Pitt, "The great Commoner." Pitt is now an old man, and prostrated on a sick bed; but hearing of the adverse speeches in Parliament, he rises from his bed, and says, "If I can drag myself to the House of Commons, or if I can be carried there, I will speak my mind in defense of the American colonists."

SCENE X.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Speaker and Secretary, in rings, seated at the table; members of Parliament seated about the room.)



WILLIAM Pitt.

*Pitt* (standing) "Gentlemen (turning to the speaker), Sir: I have been charged with giving birth to

sedition in America. Sorry I am to hear liberty of speech in this house imputed as a crime, but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. The gentleman tells us America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. *I rejoice that America has resisted.* (The whole house start cries of "No! No! No!") **I REJOICE THAT AMERICA HAS RESISTED.** The gentleman asks, 'When were the colonists emancipated?' I desire to know when they were made slaves.

Is this your boasted peace, not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your brothers, the Americans?

The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side."

*Herald*—

The colonial women are not less patriotic than the men. They knit, and spin, and weave, to provide their families with homespun clothing, in order to avoid the use of imported goods. They test the herbs to find those that make savory drinks, that may be substituted for tea. They organize themselves into patriotic societies, called the Daughters of Liberty.

SCENE XI.

#### MEETING OF DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY.

(House of Mrs. James Otis, in Boston. Mrs. Otis sitting at table; other ladies standing in groups around the room.)

*Mrs. Otis*—Will the ladies please be seated. I

have invited you to assemble this afternoon, that we might advise with each other in regard to our duties. We must be wise, as well as brave, and do what will best advance the liberty and prosperity of our country. Will not Mrs. Abigail Adams favor us with an expression of her views?

*Mrs. Adams*—(rising), Thank you, Mrs. Otis, for giving me an opportunity to express my opinion. It seems to me there is but one course open to us. We must refuse to buy British goods. England cannot take from us the right to knit and weave. She can place no tax upon the hours which we spend at the spinning-wheel and the loom. We can render ourselves independent of the velvet and laces, the silks and satins, with which, at the cost of freedom and principle, she would gladly load us. Our husbands, fathers and brothers are working fearlessly for the right. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the freedom they are determined to win.



MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

*Mrs. Otis*—We are more than obliged to Mrs. Adams for her frank expressions, so in accordance with the principles of our society. Will

Mrs. Winthrop be so kind as to inform us in what manner she thinks it best to proceed?

*Mrs. Winthrop*—I have but little to add, ladies, to what has already been said. The admirable suggestions of Mrs. Adams cannot be too soon carried into effect. Already men are preparing for a long season of struggle and sacrifice. We must aid and encourage them. We are precluded from more dangerous and active measures, but we ought, and we can, emulate their determination and their self-denial. It may be impossible for the ladies of Great Britain to exist without luxury and idleness, but let us prove that Americans, Daughters of Liberty, in such a crisis as this, know how to rise to the emergency.

*Mrs. John Pynchon*—If Mrs. Otis will allow me, ladies, I should like to say a few words which I hope will appear of encouraging import to the meeting.

*Mrs. Otis*—We shall be very pleased, Mrs. Pynchon, if you will do so.

*Mrs. Pynchon*—Then, ladies, I must tell you that I have received from a friend in Newport, the intelligence that in that city one single family has knitted, within a year and a half, 36 pairs of stockings, in addition to the weaving of 487 yards of cloth. All over the land, bands of patriotic women are doing the same. We have already learned that dried raspberry leaves form a fair substitute for tea, let us use them, then, instead of taxed importations; and let us call the beverage Hyperion, for surely the Sun God never looked on a brighter dawn than that of Constitutional Liberty.

*Mrs. Otis*—We are very grateful, Mrs. Pynchon, for your practical suggestions. Let us now hear from Dorothy Quincy.

*Dorothy Quincy*—Of course, Mrs. Otis, I can give no advice, but I wish to assure you that we girls desire to be as brave and helpful as our mothers. We intend to work energetically, and we are ready to clothe ourselves in home-spun, and give up any articles subject to King George's tax. My brother Robert is to graduate from Harvard in June, and he has promised me to wear only clothes of my own weaving. Under the present circumstances, he says, he considers

home-spun more honorable than cloth-of-gold.

*Mrs. Otis*—Thank you, my dear; that is the way we all ought to feel. Our hearts have often



DOROTHY QUINCY.

been warmed and encouraged by the writings of Mrs. Mercy Warren, and I am sure we are all anxious to hear what patriotic words she has for us to-day.

*Mrs. Mercy Warren*—I can speak no better words than those we have already heard, but I shall be glad to read a letter I have just received from Mrs. Cushing.

(Drawing the letter from a bag and reading.)

"I greatly regret that serious indisposition will prevent my attending the meeting of the Daughters of Liberty at Mrs. Otis' on Thursday; but, though absent, I cannot be silent at such a perilous moment as this. My son, Charles, who is now studying at Oxford, writes that, 'On every rumor of discontent in America, the cry at the Court is, Send over an army and a fleet to reduce them to reason.' With such insolent threats as these, I hope there is not one of us but would sooner wrap herself in sheep and goat skins, than buy goods of a people who insult us in such a scandalous manner."

*Mrs. Otis*—We are glad to hear these encour-

4

aging responses. Will you not give us some pledge, Mrs. Catharine Endicott?

*Mrs. Catharine Endicott*—Thank you, Mrs. Otis. I pledge myself to Hyperion and Home-spun.

*Mrs. Otis*—Now, may we not hear from our young friend, Prudence Higginson?

*Prudence Higginson*—I pledge myself to no dances, and no doings with Tories. And I would like to suggest, Mrs. Otis, that we young ladies arrange some spinning matches, as a means to improve ourselves in this now much needed art.

*Mrs. Otis*—Mrs. Alden, I am sure we shall be unwilling to separate without hearing some wise counsel from you.

*Mrs. Alden*—(an elderly lady sitting in front). We should not forget, Mrs. Otis, that we have other grievances against England besides those of trade, which we must not overlook. We have often been obliged to admit negro slaves, brought by English ships, greatly to our discredit, as liberty-loving and God-fearing people.

*Mrs. Otis*—Mrs. Eliot, you must favor us with a few words before we separate.

*Mrs. Eliot* (elderly lady knitting at the side of Mrs. Otis), I truly feel, Mrs. Otis, that the sympathy and assistance which we are ready to lend the friends of our country cannot be too hearty, nor too steadfast. Let me suggest that each one, on her return home, should sound her own heart, and define to herself her own determination, that at the next meeting we may be able to produce a systematic plan of work, till either taxation is abolished, or representation secured.

*Mrs. Otis*—Thank you, Mrs. Eliot. Shall I say, ladies, that the next meeting will be one week from to-day?

#### SONG, "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

(Class of young pupils should march to the song, forming a circle around the flag in the hands of a standard-bearer, then joining hands, finish the song.)

#### *Herald*—

The colonists did not desire war. They did not, at this time, even seek for independence. The struggle was forced upon them in defense of their dearest right as Englishmen, the right to be

represented in the assembly that taxed them.

At Lexington, April 19th, 1775,

"The embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world."

The news spread like fire on a prairie. Boys of fifteen and men of seventy, hastened to take part in the fight.

The second Continental Congress met in May, and on June 15th, this Congress appointed George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the army.

In accepting the appointment, Washington addressed the Congress as follows: "Mr. President: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the important trust. However, as Congress desires it, I will enter on the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. But lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command with which I am honored."

Before General Washington arrived at Boston, the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought.

#### SCENE XII.

##### MARHTA WASHINGTON AND HER GRAND- CHILDREN AT MOUNT VERNON.

(Mrs. Washington reads a letter, written by General Washington, a few days after assuming command of the army.)

*Mrs. Washington*—Children, I have a letter from General Washington. Sit down and hear it:

BOSTON, MASS., July 28th, 1775.

MY DEAREST:—

It is now just one month since, as Commander-in-Chief, I took command of the army at Boston. I already knew something of the spirit of the Puritans, but I did not expect such firmness and enthusiasm as I find. The very air seems full of resistance to tyranny. Even the Boston schoolboys defied Gen. Gage and his soldiers. The young men have the courage of Paul Revere,

while their fathers have the confident determination of Ethan Allen, who said to the British commander at Ticonderoga, "I demand the surrender of this fort, In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The British soldiers are well drilled and well equipped, and are brilliant in new uniforms, while our men, coming from their farms and workshops, are clad in home-spun of every color and cut. They have only old muskets, with a scanty supply of powder and balls, but they know that God is on their side, and will give them victory.

There is some anxiety lest the British take advantage of our lack of naval forces, and utilize them in attacking our coast. But God is over all and we may safely trust.

The conflict at Bunker Hill greatly encouraged our men. A defeat, due not to the superior skill of the British, but to the failure of our ammunition, with so slight a loss on our side, and so heavy a one on theirs, is counted almost a victory.

Kindly forward me \$500 from the sale of the tobacco. I have refused to accept any pay for my services, beyond my necessary expenses, and it is painful to me to have an empty purse, when I see a brave but sick soldier, suffering for the want of something that money can buy.

Our country must never forget the gratitude it owes to the brave soldiers.

Fill the minds of the children with the justice of our cause, and the sacrifice that is demanded of us all.

I long to see you and the children, and my honored mother, but love must wait upon duty.

"I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

Your affectionate husband,"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

P. S.—"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is in his power, and while his mind is calm and undisturbed, I have got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable."



WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS



# THE REVOLUTION OF '76.

BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

THERE was never a nation so nobly born as our Ameriea. The story of its morning time is beyond compare in all that moves the higher emotions to admiration and joy.

The Fathers were patient, but they were as steadfast as they were calm, and as heroie as they were enlightened. They had been in training for liberty for a long while. The American wilderness had proved a rare school for those virtues that make self-reliant men and women. The wrestle with peril and difficulty had never ceased from the hour when the first comers set foot on these western shores, till the guns flashed at fateful Lexington, and ushered in the morning of national independence. A hardy race had grown to power here, a people "who knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain." The world has never seen three million people better fitted to take care of themselves, or more disposed to do it, than those sturdy colonists, who flamed into anger at the first suggestion that they were not free-men, and who were ready to brush kings and lords out of the way, on the first sign that they meant to put a yoke on their necks. They defied tyranny, with guns in their hands, and with a will that nothing could weaken. Their unbending courage at last brought the royal armics

scowling across the seas, and Boston was stamped upon by an insolent soldiery of aliens.

The immediate accident that caused the clash between the colonies and the kingdom, was a small king, a crowned insignificance, who unfortunately imagined himself greater than the people who had crowned him. This was George the Third, a trifling person, who had the vanity of a monarch, and the peculiar graces of the mule. He came to the English throne, October 26th, 1760. Like kings in general, proud but poor, he wanted money with which to make fine houses and foolish wars. He proposed to take the needed cash largely from the Amerieans, without asking their leave. "They shall pay me a shilling or more, every time any of them make a business contract, or buy a cask of sugar or a chest of tea."

So he printed a vast number of bits of paper, marked "Royal Stamp," and sent them across the sea by the cart-load, having first forced his craven Parliament to pass a law, commanding that the suitable stamp should be placed on every package of merchandise sold in the colonies, and upon every document in law used by an American, on penalty of forfeiting the goods to the Government, or having the trade pronounced void.

The stamps were of fifty-four different kinds,

and varied in cost from six cents to ten dollars.

This law, known as the "Stamp Act," passed March 26th, 1765, put all America in a rage. The entire people flashed into fierce resistance. The king's officers dared not attempt to enforce the law. Nobody would use the stamps.

Powerful voices rang through the land, with threatening and rebellious words. Adams, Otis and Henry, thundered with indignation, and all the people said, "Amen."



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

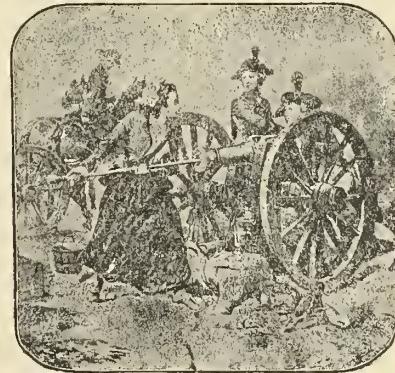
The king answered with anger. He soon resolved on more abuses. Infamous laws were pushed through the British Parliament; more soldiers were sent to trample on the Americans, and it soon became plain that king and people were arrayed in an enmity that would ruin the one or the other. At Lexington came the first great crash, April 19th, 1775, where the farmer fought the soldier, and the flame of patriotic wrath broke forth, that wrapped the continent in the blaze of sudden war. Then Bunker Hill, with its smoking crest, where two hours of fierce valor and repeated victory, announced to an astounded world that the American would never suffer himself to be chained to a king's throne, nor surrender the right to rule himself by laws of his own making. Wonderful these passionate days, where simple manhood rose to celestial heights of sacrifice and daring, where the rights of common men were counted sacred as the rights of God, and the suffering of the free brought the salvation of the thronging generations yet

to be. Great names blazed out against the heavens of fame—Putnam—Prescott—Stark—Schuyler—Greene—Morgan—Lee—Washington, heroes of the sword, bold champions of conflict and dread victory—Jefferson—Adams—Franklin—Morris—Jay, wise leaders, tried servants of the people, guides of truth and reason, while the dark years rolled by.

Soon sounded the glorious voice of the "immortal declaration," such a clarion-cry of the free as had never rung through the corridors of time. This "Declaration of Independence" said, as no human speech had ever proclaimed it, that man was next to God in spiritual worth, that the personal soul was the one reality of high concern on all this planet, that kings and priests are slight things when standing between man and his rights, and that government is the people's convenience, not their master. Such a sermon was never read to the proud and titled of the earth, as the fathers published to humanity in the great document which gave to us Americans our exultant and explosive Fourth of July.

But words alone could not achieve our liberties; struggle and anguish, toil and blood, and the rain of tears, were the price, and year rolled red on suffering year, with ever-growing anguish of the children of liberty.

Battle followed battle in solemn succession of triumph and defeat. The world looked on, mar-



MOLL PITCHER, AT MONMOUTH.

velling, while the patriots struck blow on blow with unflinching valor, and conquered the respect of even their haughty enemy.

Woman was as brave as her warrior mate; here and there she even mingled in the furious fray itself, and the story of "Moll Pitcher," at Monmouth, will go down the centuries, an imperishable part of the record that reports the struggles of the sons and daughters of American liberty. It was toil and pain, sacrifice and sorrow, for seven bitter years, till it seemed as though the weary patriot could endure no more, but not for an instant did the heroes halt in their sublime march; nothing could quench their zeal or defeat their courage. Never were better soldiers, never a cause that called the soul to higher emprise.

These brave armies followed a captain worthy of the deeds they did, and the cause they loved; without him, perhaps, the great work might not have been carried through to its resplendent close. This great soldier was as brilliant at Trenton as Alexander at the Issus, and his divine serenity amid the woes of Valley Forge, ranked him above that Fabius whose patient fortitude redeemed a Republic. Yorktown

closed the drama of blood, and led a ransomed people rejoicing up to the threshold of that wonderful political career which began with the



THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

peaceful inauguration as President, of the greatest hero of these modern ages, the glorious Washington.

Thus our liberty was won, and our America introduced to the great fellowship of Nations, by the Revolution of '76.

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### THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

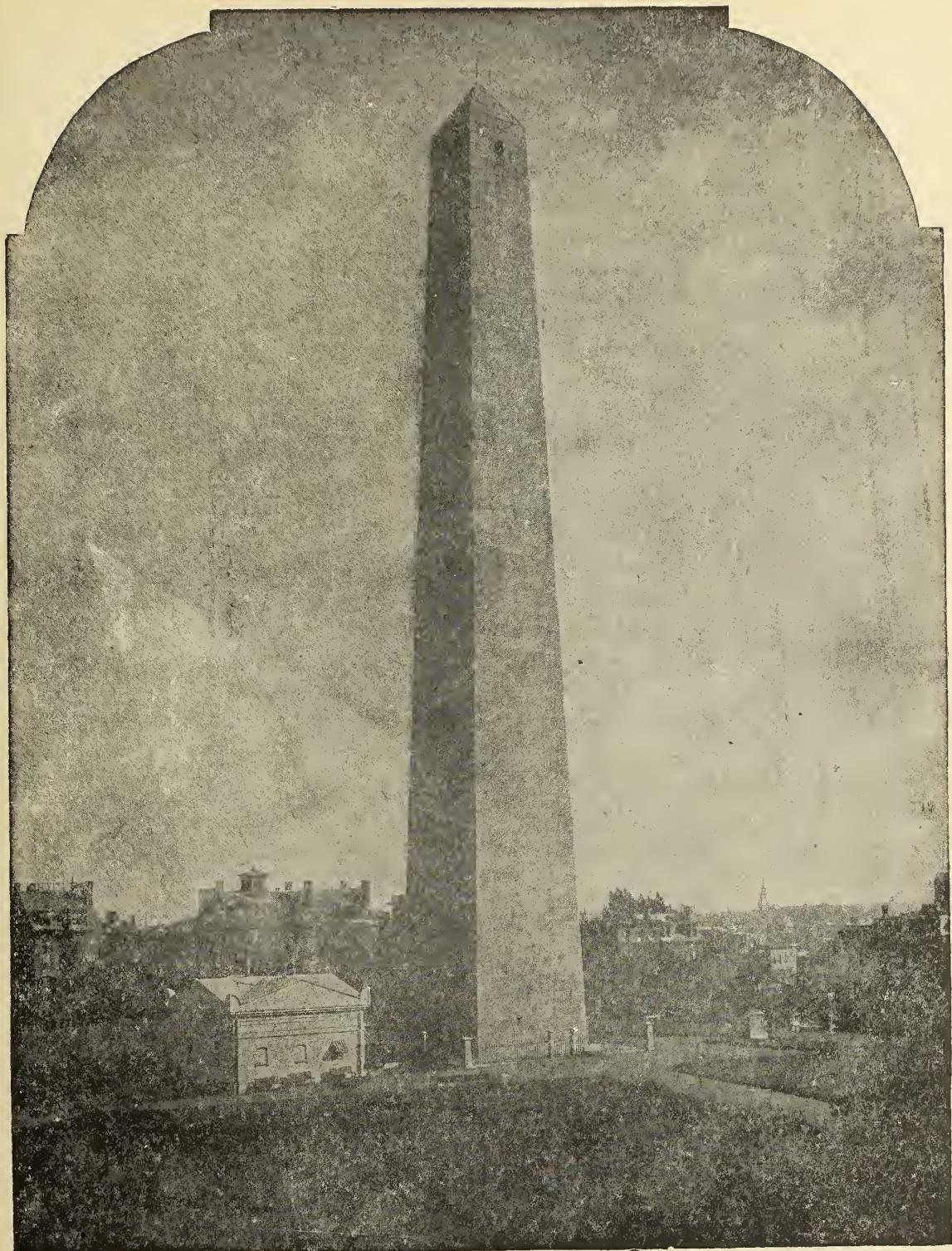
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**I**N their ragged regiments,  
Stood the old continentals,  
Yielding not;  
When the grenadiers were lungeing,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon shot;  
When the files of the isles,  
From the smoky night encampment, bore  
the banner of the rampant  
Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled  
the roll of the drummer,  
Through the morn!

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
Galloped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broad sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.  
Then the blue bullets flew,  
And the trooper-jackets redder at the  
touch of the leaden  
Rifle breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared,  
the iron six-pounder,  
Hurling death!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly,  
Blazed the fires;  
As the roar on the shore  
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er  
the green-sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder, cracked  
the black gunpowder,  
Cracking amain!

—GREY HUMPHREY McMMASTER.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.



## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

*June 17, 1775.*

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MARTIN L. WILLISTON, A.M.

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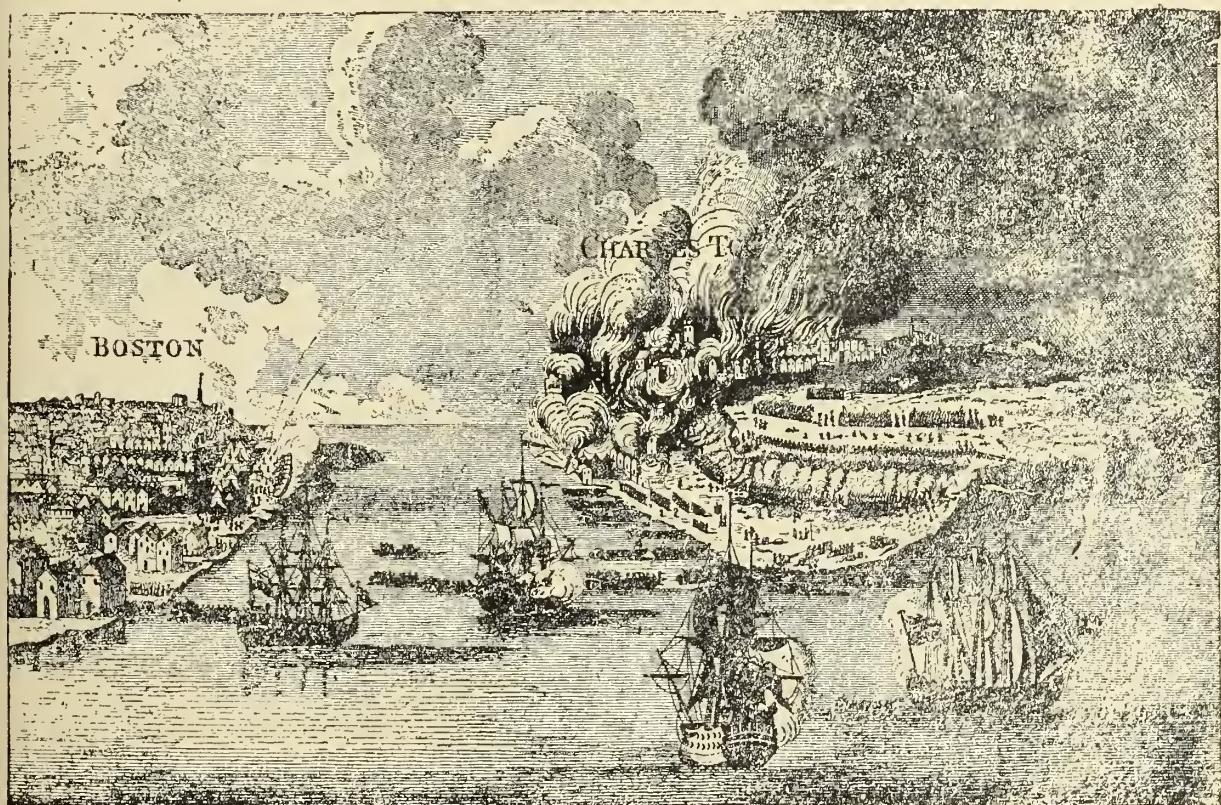
SUCH wild days! New England blood had never been so hot before. Everybody was excited in those four brave colonies all the way from Portsmouth on the Piscataqua to New Haven on "The Sound." Most of the people were feeling fierce and were willing in their anger to kill the men who had come from Old England with swords and muskets to make them bow to a king they had learned to hate for his pride and folly. Only a few weeks since they shot two hundred and seventy of these soldiers in red coats on a furious chase of almost twenty miles from Concord to Boston. Eight Americans had dropped dead on Lexington green, about sunrise of April 19, 1775; shot down like dogs by King George's troops—a cowardly killing, for the British with four hundred to our fifty, needed not to hurt a man, and yet have had their way all the while. But they paid a great price for that morning murder. The country turned out and soon had the thousand proud Englishmen on the run. Hundreds of "Yankees" were there stinging the frightened soldiers to death, crowding close to their line of march, making every stone wall a little fort,

shooting the wretches who had butchered their brethren, and teaching an all-the-afternoon lesson of terror and vengeance to a haughty enemy.

That dreadful and glorious day had brought twenty thousand men from the New England farms down to Boston, with flint-lock guns over their shoulders. It was a crowd rather than an army that had rushed together, a crowd of plain and sober country folks, just common every-day men who earned their living by hard work all the year around. They were peaceable people too, and great lovers of good order and quiet, but they had come out now on purpose to fight, and had shut up in Boston ten thousand British soldiers, trained and plucky fighters, famous fellows for a battle, admired and feared the wide world over for their terrible valor. But the angry New England farmers had come to let these powerful men know that Americans loved liberty well enough to die for it, and that it was dangerous business for foreign soldiers to be meddling where they were not wanted. Not a man in the British ranks dared come out of the town. There they were, an army of them, corked in by the despised "Yankees."

This was how matters stood June 16 in and about Boston. It had just been found out by the quick-witted Boston people that Gen. Gage, the British commander, meant, on June 18, to seize the hills on two sides of the city, and hold them with his army. Of course the news straightway got out of town and into the American camp. The patriot leaders resolved to get the start of their enemies, feeling that they had the first right to their own

cross the river from Boston and want to climb up Col. William Prescott, a farmer from Pepperell, Mass., led this tiny army, a bold man with a cool head, a first-rate commander. Brave Israel Putman of Connecticut was there too, the man who had become known all through the colonies as a hero, who dared, single-handed, to fight wolves, Indians, or even that swarthy old rascal Satan, himself. Before the fight began next day Gen.



VIEW OF THE ATTACK ON BUNKER HILL, WITH THE BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN, JUNE 17, 1775.

(Reproduced from an Ancient Engraving.)

hill tops—so one thousand men were marched out of Cambridge late in the evening, June 16, across the narrow isthmus of Charlestown “Neck” to Bunker hill, a height rising one hundred and ten feet above the water on either side of it. These men carried guns, pickaxes and spades, and were ordered to build a dirt fort before morning, and be ready to keep the British at the bottom of the hill if they should

Warren went too, as noble a spirit as ever dwelt in man's form, a well beloved physician, the favorite of all Boston, and one of the most valuable leaders of opinion in all the colonies. Warren chose to go as volunteer, taking his place, gun in hand, among the soldiers.

By midnight the men were hard at work on their little fort or redoubt, having concluded to go

## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

forward to Breed's hill, a third of a mile nearer Boston, than at first intended. Four busy hours went by, pick and shovel doing their best, and with the morning light came a vast surprise to the British, who saw almost more than they could believe to be so; stout fortifications crowned the Charlestown hill and were alive with a thousand saucy rebels. "Boom, boom!!" The cannon begin to roar from the English war-ships in Charles river at the base of the hill. The great iron balls rush at the bold fort and plunge wrathfully into the patriotic dirt-heap of the Americans. Nobody hurt, but everybody who is yet in bed scared and shaken half out of his wits, for the racket of a hundred cannon at once so early in the day is a sound as frightful as if Boston were being torn to pieces.

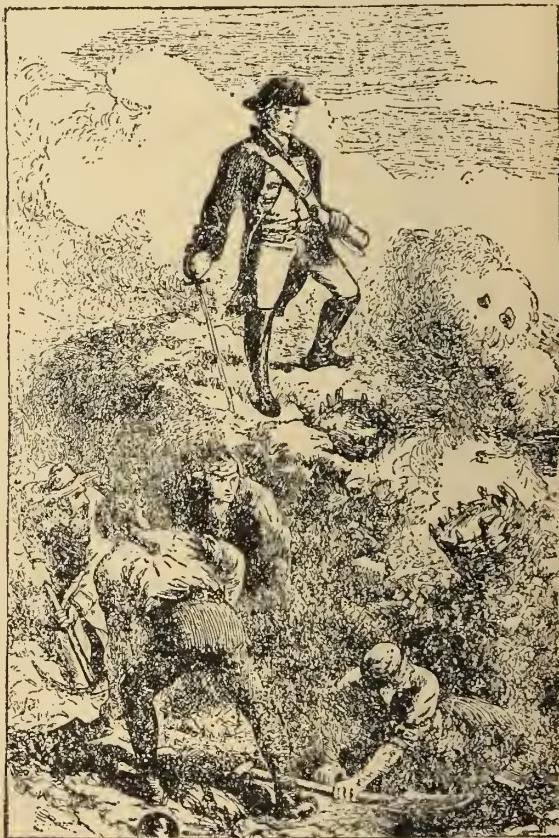
Into the streets hurried the people, then to the tops of their houses, to the church steeples, to the hills—all for a chance to see what was going on at Bunker and Breed's hills.

What they then saw, was their friends digging away as hard as ever, getting more dirt every minute between them and the British. "Bang-bang!!" It is war thundering from the ship and the shore. King George the Third is bellowing with anger at these Yankee boors on the hill who dare to throw dirt in his face. No wonder, either, for the British king had always supposed that these Americans were made on purpose for his personal convenience, and that if they did not act to suit him they not only insulted the king but also abused God, who created the common man for the special benefit of the king. So the storm of fire and iron is crashing upon that hill, where the plain people are bidding defiance to their king. The uproar is horrible, and the air is full of flying destruction. One would think those rustics up there would drop their work and run for their lives. The Yankee spade doesn't stop, however, and the saucy breastworks on the hill grow fast.

But the great guns have shaken good-natured Gen. Gage out of bed, and he comes forth dressed in a beautiful uniform to learn why his big iron war-dogs are barking so furiously. It almost spoils his good nature, though, to see that big bank

of fresh dirt across Charles river, and a thousand continentals making it bigger every minute. That is really ridiculous, or something worse.

What shall be done about it? Why, first, of course, eat our breakfast. When did gallant Englishman ever refuse to perform that foremost duty of the day? So Gen. Gage began the battle of Bunker hill by an able and successful attack on two mutton-chops and a coffee pot, completely



THE DEFENSE OF BUNKER HILL; PRESCOTT IN THE REDOUBT.

(From an Old Print.)

wiping out everything standing in his way. Much encouraged by this event, the general calls in his chief officers for a council of war. All agree that the "Rebels" must be brushed off that Charlestown hill top. Of course, it would only be necessary to send a few thousand British soldiers across the Charles river and start them up the hill. Those

farm laborers at the top will be glad enough to get out of the way as soon as they see the terrible troops coming. By noon the English army is across the river. Its first attack is made on its own provisions, and after having gotten the better of much beef and bread, it begins to think about

it can be most useful. It was really wonderful, and only lion-like men would or could have done it.

Sure now that the British really meant to attack the new works, Prescott and Putnam sent back to Cambridge for more soldiers, knowing that a thousand worn-out men were not enough for the



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

(From an Old Print.)

walking up the hill and taking possession of those offending earthworks.

Meantime the Americans have never stopped shoveling their spades. Hour after hour the work has gone on. Tired and hungry and thirsty—from sunrise till mid-day under a scorching summer sky, they fling that important dirt where

great fight that was coming. There were almost five thousand of those brave and proud English veterans down there by the river only a thousand yards away, almost ready now to make a rush for the little band of exhausted heroes.

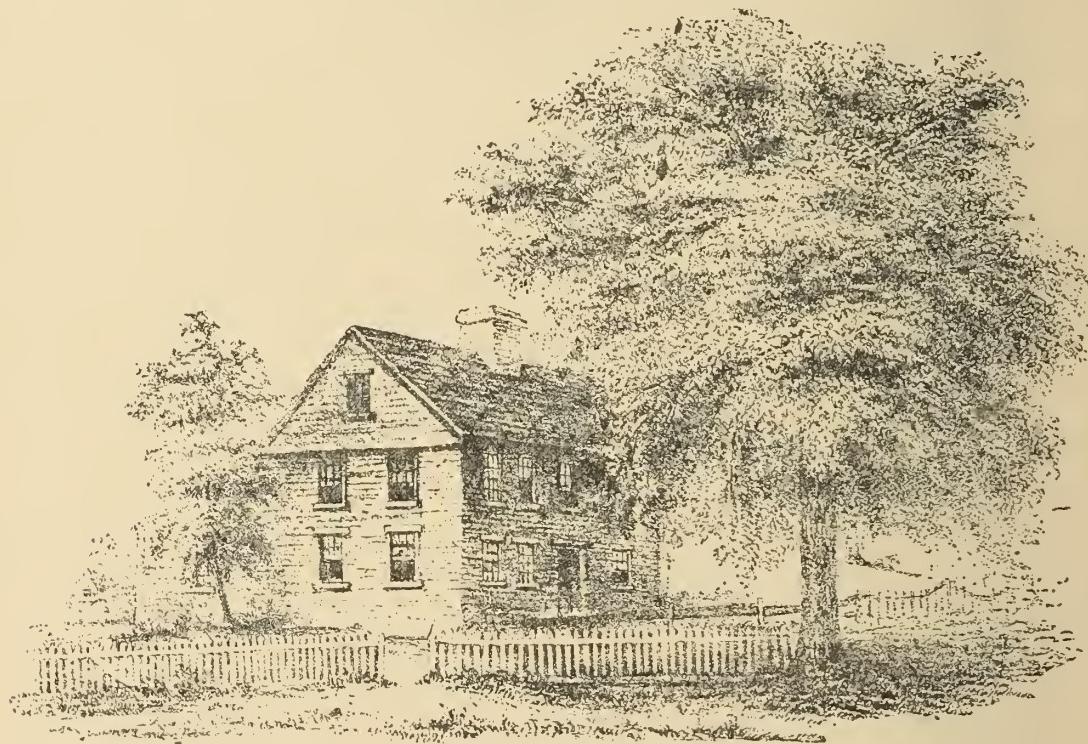
The American Gen. Ward, at Cambridge, is very slow in sending out the fresh troops called for, but

at last about two thousand five hundred Americans joined their comrades and were ready for the bloody work waiting them. Col. Stark had come with his New Hampshire riflemen. The farmer and blacksmith from Northampton, brave Seth Pomeroy, is there too, a famous soldier in the French and Indian war twenty years before, and now a general. He, like Warren, has to come to fight in the ranks, and is welcomed with a mighty cheer.

The Yankee spade has now stopped. The men who have handled it so well are resting. The

seen by the British, as he had been by Gen. Gage in the early morning. "Will he fight?" asked the general of Prescott's brother-in-law, who stood at his side. "Yes, sir, depend upon it, to the last drop of blood in him, but I cannot answer for his men." As we shall now see, the men soon made out to answer for themselves in an emphatic manner.

Three o'clock, afternoon. The British are starting. Splendid!! They march to music—thousands of them—firm and fearless—clothed in bright



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL WARREN.

dinner hour goes by and leaves them neither food nor drink, but does not take their grit away with it. They will stay to fight, though it be against hunger, thirst, weariness and British lead all at once, so they are soberly waiting for the deadly business to begin.

The American officers now go up and down the lines with cheering words. Col. Prescott mounts the redoubt to get a look at the enemy. Tall and powerful in person, he was, of course, at once

colors, straight up the hill. The Americans look on and wait. Prescott and Putnam are very busy among their men with last orders. "Wait, men! Patience. Let them come close. Not a shot till you can see the whites of their eyes! You are all marksmen; any man of you can kill a squirrel at a hundred yards. Aim at the handsome coats; pick off the officers. Steady! Fire low, and you will destroy them all!" Thus exhorted, the men lay quiet—*waiting*.

But that splendid army is coming on—glorious, terrible—the hundred British cannon keeping time to their steady tramp. In perfect order the men move up the slope, Gen. Howe at the right of their strong lines. Behind the American works fife and drum are playing “Yankee Doodle,” but all is silent where those men are waiting with their loaded guns for the enemy. Nearer—the British are within musket shot—out from their thick ranks suddenly leaps a sheet of fire, and a thousand bullets hiss over the heads of the Americans. No answer from the hill top; again and again the British fire as they come steadily on—but not a shot comes back. “Ha! It’s as we thought. The Yankee rebels can never stand before the king’s brave men. They have skulked away from their useless dirt heaps. On to the works—and confusion to all rebels!” How close they are—hardly more than a hundred feet away. Are they really going over? Will they win without a fight? Will nothing stop them? What is that! A terrible cry down the length of the silent works, fierce with defiance, dreadful with death, one word, awful as the wrath of God—“*F-i-r-e!*”

A burst of lightnings, a hurricane of death. Those once dull earthworks are ablaze with destruction. British soldiers never faced such a tempest of fire before. The whole front line falls before it. The living try to stagger forward—it is only eight rods to victory. “Forward for King George!” Again the blaze of those terrific rifles, and men go down by scores. “Up, comrades”—and the scarlet ranks try to push on, but those patient men who waited so well are hot with the battle, and kill without pity. It is no use. The whole British line breaks to pieces—and the proud army runs down the hill, beaten.

It is wonderful! Nothing like it was ever seen on earth before, a rabble of rustics fighting a king’s army half as large again as itself, and knocking it out of breath in a quarter of an hour. What a cheer! It is the American hurrah. Brave men, they have gloriously earned the right to it!

Putnam and Warren and the rest of the leaders are busy everywhere among their troops, praising their firmness, and making them ready for the new attack they are certain is speedily to come.

Sure enough, the red coats are getting into line. Now they are marching up the hill again, firing as before on the American works as soon as their bullets can be made to reach them.

Meanwhile, red-hot balls from the British batteries on Copp’s hill in Boston have set Charlestown in a blaze, adding new horror and sublimity to the hour of battle. The fated town was of wood, closely built, and it burned with great fury. Vast volumes of smoke rolled over the hill as the fight went on. The Americans waited again in courageous silence—while the enemy drew near. They suffered them to come even closer than at the first attack, without an answering shot. The British felt sure now that they were going over the works, and came hotly on. At six rods only the Americans hurled a monstrous volley into the English ranks, shattering them as before. The brave troops tried to stand fast, to struggle through the awful fire of those unerring rifles, but it was impossible to endure such a storm of slaughter more than a few minutes—and again the English gave way, rushing down the slope of the hill, now ghastly with a multitude of the wounded and dead.

Again that glorious cheer! Liberty has found her voice, having found her heroes. It looks as though the fight was done. And our soldiers are almost ready to believe that they are to hold their fort without more bloodshed. But the English are brave. Their generals resolve to try once more for the coveted hill top. It is difficult to persuade their troops to venture the new danger. But at last the lines are in shape, and the most of the survivors are moving toward the attack—though hundreds refuse to march.

The Americans wait for the third time. But they are well nigh helpless to resist. They have spent almost their last bullet. On the British come, furious, burning to destroy, with fixed bayonets this time, and fierce for revenge. The Americans fire their last “round” straight in the faces of their foe, killing a multitude, and then the fight is over, for the patriots can do no more. They clutch at the stones their spades had loosened, and fling them at the men who are swarming over the breastworks. This, however, only makes known their helplessness to the enemy, and hastens the disaster.

## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

"Retreat!" Sadly Prescott gives the order, his stout heart breaking with grief at the need of it. So the brave fellows go back, leaving the works they have held with matchless valor, and have twice made glorious with triumph.

The British are quite too worn out with the fight to follow, although they succeed in sending a volley into the retreating columns, that kills and wounds more of our people than the whole fight had done before. Gen. Warren was slain at this last moment—a loss to the American cause as great as the destruction of an army.

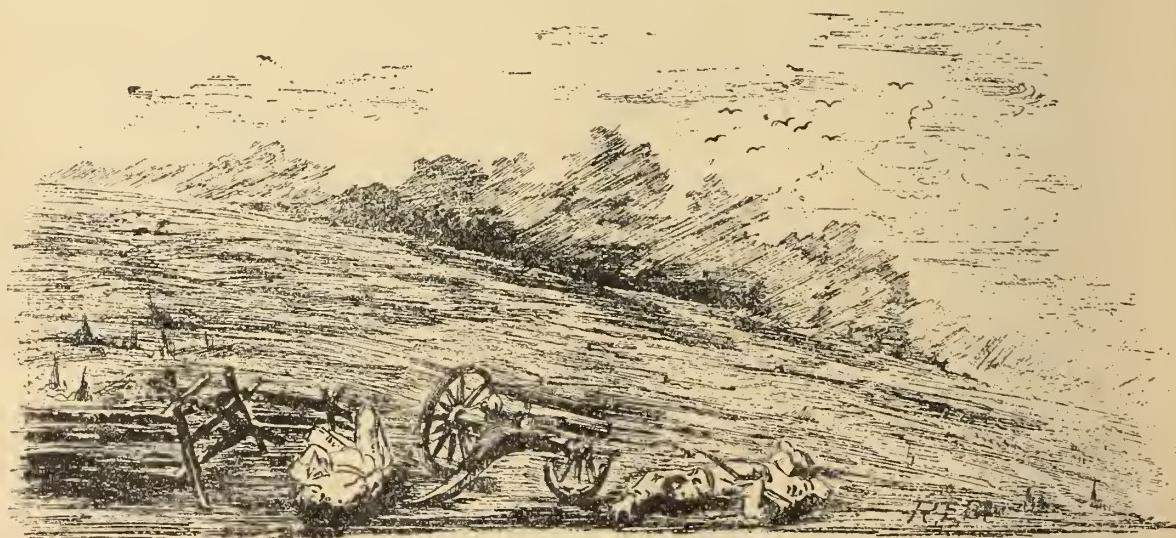
Five o'clock now, and the two hours just passed have added a crimson page to American history, and brought to the American name a glory that will last forever. We lost in the battle, all told, four hundred and fifty men. Gen. Gage confesses that one thousand and fifty-four of his men fell. We had to give up the field, it is true, but as all the world now looks at it, we ("we" means Americans) won a magnificent victory. The fight told the nations that Americans were fit to be free, and were able to be their own masters. It gave notice to humanity that a nation

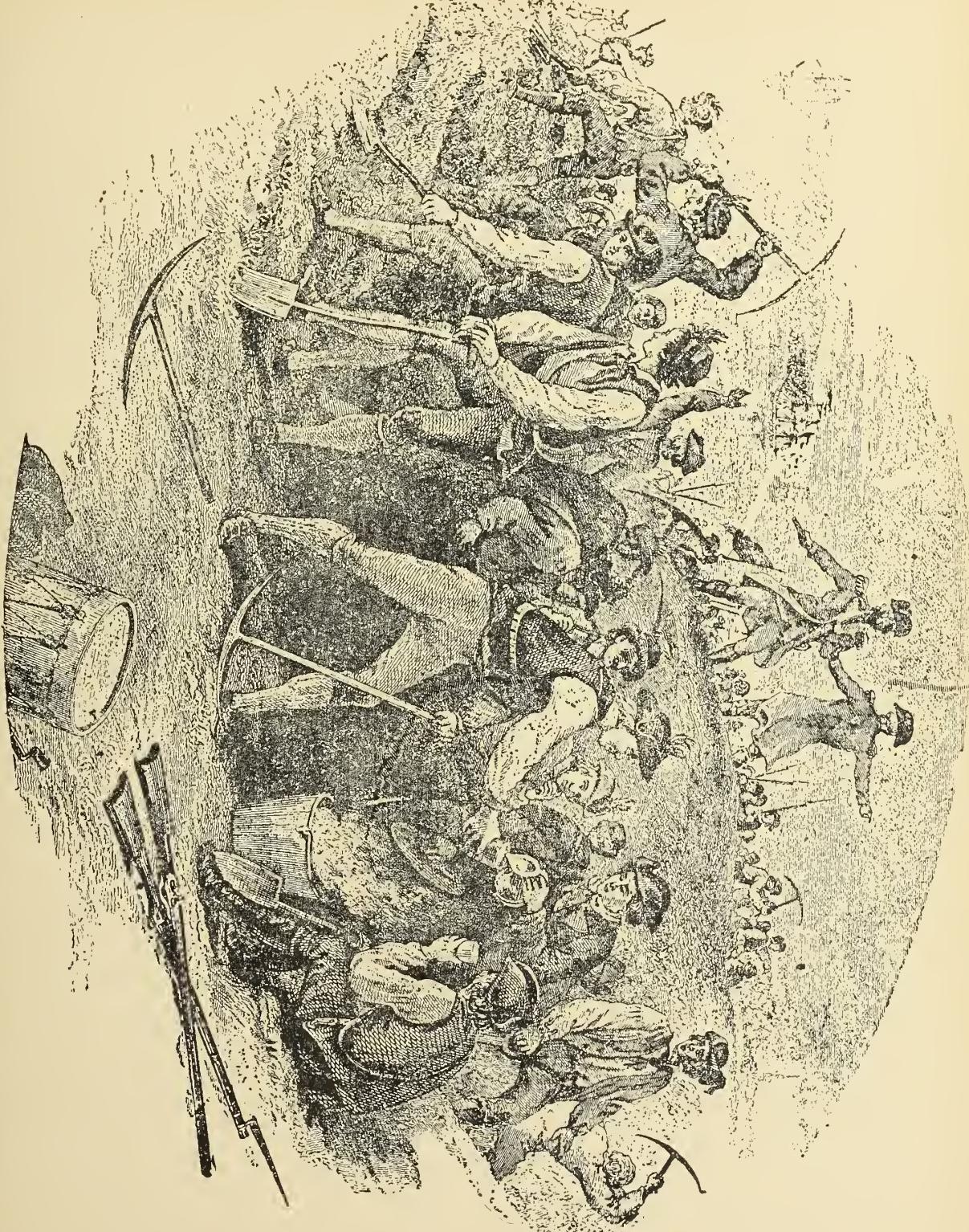
was born devoted to human liberty, and able to defend it. Humanity understood it so, for, as our own Ralph Waldo Emerson proudly says:

Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard around the world.

And what was thus heard said that five thousand of the best soldiers warlike England ever sent out to battle had twice in a single hour run away from a little more than half their number of untrained militia men who had been picked up in a hurry from the villages and farms of New England.

The battle of Bunker hill proved to be what the English general, Burgoyne, declared it, "a final loss to the British empire in America." People who could and would fight for the common rights of man as did those heroes of June 17, 1775, could not be kept beneath the feet of a king. So "Bunker Hill" was a tremendous declaration of American independence, uttered with the voice of loud battle and recorded in the blood of brave and generous men—a declaration, sacred with sacrifice unto death and glorious with deeds as great as ever shone in the story of the soul or added splendor to the memories of a nation.





WHAT THE MORNING OF JUNE 17, 1775, REVEALED ON BUNKER HILL.

(From an Old Print.)

# TWO FAMOUS SHIPS.

SOMETIME since it was announced that the Hartford, the grand old ship which bore Admiral Farragut to New Orleans and Mobile, is now lying in "Rotten Row" at Mare Island Navy yard, and is liable to be sold under the law which forbids the repair of any vessel at an expense of over 20 per cent of her original cost, unless Congress interposes by passing a law to make an exception in her favor and convert her into a school ship, or devote her to some like honorable and patriotic service. Moved by the circumstances Caspar Schenck of the U. S. Navy has published a poetic appeal to Dr. Holmes to save the Hartford as he did "Old Ironsides," thirty years ago.

## AN APPEAL TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O bard who saved Old Ironsides,  
Strike once again your lyre:  
Shake off the weight of four-score years  
And sing with wounded fire.  
  
Another grand old war-ship  
In danger stands to-day,  
A ship that's borne our banner  
Through many a storm and fray.  
  
Her guns are still, her sacred decks  
No more do heroes tread;  
And he who won her fame and his  
Is with the silent dead.  
  
But I think the brave old admiral  
Would look down from above  
And weep, if souls may weep in heaven  
To see his pride, his love,  
  
H<sup>I</sup>s ship—the grand old Hartford—  
Which neither foe nor gale  
Could conquer, now grown old and worn,  
Put up at last for sale.  
  
Sold to the highest bidder!  
Oh, shame! It must not be.  
What! make the war-worn charger  
A dray-horse of the sea!  
  
And we who fain would save her,  
Oh! we are all so weak,  
We have no bard to sing her praise,  
No mighty tongue to speak.  
  
But you who by one song grew great  
While yet your muse was young,  
And still would fill a nation's heart  
Though naught beside you'd sung.

Add to the debt we cannot pay,  
And strike your lyre once more  
To save the dear old Hartford  
From the "harpies of the shore."

In connection with this it is interesting to read Dr. Holmes' famous poem, and a history of the old ship which he saved. The order had gone forth from the Navy Department to break her up and sell her timbers. But it was countermanded through the opposition of public sentiment in arousing which Dr. Holmes' verses were largely instrumental. Here is the poem.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!  
  
Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!  
  
O better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

## THE HISTORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

The brave ship, the frigate *Constitution*, was one of the six frigates built to protect American commerce from the depredations of the North African pirates. Her keel was laid in 1794 at Hart's shipyard in Boston. She was not more than a third completed when a treaty of peace with the Dey of Algiers caused her construction to be suspended, and no further appropriation being made she remained two years upon the stocks—a fact which no doubt contributed to harden her oaken ribs and make her, in her time, the stanchest ship afloat. She was finally finished

through the contributions of patriotic women of Boston, and was launched in 1797.

The period of her most brilliant career was the war of 1812, though as early as 1804 she took a conspicuous part in chastising and subduing the insolence of the Barbary powers under the gallant but peppery Commodore Preble. A curious instance of Preble's temper is told in connection with his celebrated engagement before Tripoli. He was much annoyed at one period of the fight to see a vessel belonging to Captain Decatur's division engaging at a distance instead of closing with two others, as had been intended. Decatur, however, was obeying a signal of recall which had been sent up by mistake. Immediately after the engagement he hastened to the Constitution. As he stepped on the quarter deck, just as he had come out of battle, in a roundabout jacket, the breast of which was covered with blood from a wound received in a hand-to-hand conflict with the captain of one of the boats he had taken, his face grimy with powder, and armed to the teeth, every eye followed him with admiration. He approached his commander, and with the respectful salute said quietly, "Well, Commodore, I have brought you three of the gunboats."

For answer Preble seized the young officer by the collar with both hands, and shaking him as he might a refractory schoolboy, exclaimed, "Ay, sir, why did you not bring me more?" and turning on his heel disappeared in his cabin. Decatur involuntarily put his hand on the captured dirk which he wore on his breast. The whole thing was such an extraordinary performance for the quarter-deck of a man-of-war that the bystanders were dumb with amazement until Decatur ordered his boat preparatory to leaving the ship. The officers then crowded about him and besought him not to leave in his present frame of mind, reminding him of the Commodore's notoriously infirm temper, combined with brave qualities which they could not but respect. As they were still assuring him that no one would feel worse than Preble when he came to himself, the cabin steward announced that the Commodore wished to see Captain Decatur below. The indignant officer's first impulse was to refuse, but the instinct of obedience prevailed, and he followed the messenger.

A few moments later one of the older officers, feeling a little anxious at leaving the two alone, went to the cabin and found them amicably seated a few feet from each other in silence, while traces of tears were evident on the powder-stained cheeks of both.

#### THE ESCAPE OF OLD IRONSIDES

The earliest event in 1812 which brought the ship and her gallant commander, Captain Hull, to the notice of the country was her celebrated escape from the British squadron after a sixty-four hours' chase.

On the 12th of July of that year she left Annapolis for New York. On the 17th four vessels were sighted from her masthead and later a fifth appeared. Hull determined to bear down upon the last vessel and speak to her, taking

the precaution first, however to beat to quarters and clear the ship for action. In the evening he displayed a private signal without receiving any answer. It was only at dawn, when the stranger sent up a rocket and fired two gun signals, that Hull discovered she was the Guerriere, and that he was all but surrounded by Admiral Broke's squadron, which consisted of the African, eighty-four guns; the Shannon, thirty-eight guns; the Belvidera, thirty-six guns; the Guerriere, thirty-eight guns; the Eolus, thirty-two guns; and the captured American brig Nautilus, with her guns turned against her own nation.

Hull concluded he didn't care to speak the stranger. The Shannon's bow guns sent some emphatic remarks after him as he filed away, but as he was out of range they had only the effect of stimulating the Constitution's crew to greater exertion. Her boats were lowered with hawsers attaching them to the ship and filled with all the crew that could be spared from the guns, who pulled with the energy of men flying from death or capture. The enemy adopted the same measure, the Shannon availing herself not only of her own boats but those of the other vessels. Captain Brown, an American prisoner on board the Shannon, says that the English officers never considered for a moment the possibility of the Constitution escaping them, and a prize officer and crew were appointed to take her in triumph to Halifax. They conversed freely before him of the Yankee ship, but to all their questions he answered, "Gentlemen, you will never take that frigate." The Shannon, with the towing of her extra boats, was gradually gaining upon the Constitution, when to the astonishment of the enemy, the latter seemed to walk away like a thing of life.

Captain Brown, who had been watching his countrymen with a glass, saw that Hull was "kedging," but kept his discovery to himself. It had occurred to the quick-witted sailor to take soundings, and finding that he was in twenty-six fathoms of water he had all the available hawser in the ship bent to kedge anchors, which were successfully carried by a boat as far ahead as the lines would permit and dropped, the men then springing to the capstan and warping the ship rapidly up to the anchor. After a time the English squadron, discovering what was going on abroad the Yankee frigate, had recourse to the same device, but with little success.

Hull gave a further evidence during the chase, of his quick wit, by which he saved a full-rigged merchantman carrying the American flag. As she hove in sight the English ships, to lure her within their grasp, hoisted the American colors. Hull promptly let fly the British ensign at his masthead and sent forth such an unfriendly volley that the stranger, notwithstanding the apparent predominance of her countrymen, did not venture to draw near.

A final ruse of Hull's scattered his pursuers. On the morning of the third day the clouds to windward seemed to indicate a squall. Immediately on board the Constitution there was great show of preparations for a heavy gale. The sailors seemed intent upon taking in all the

lighter canvas and reefing the rest. The English crews were soon aloft making similar preparations, and the various vessels forsook their course to escape the gale. A driving rain shnt the Constitution from view, and under its friendly cover the sailors shook out the reefs, set the light sails again, and in less than an hour the brave ship was bounding along at the rate of eleven knots an hour. And thus ended the famous chase.

Shortly after the chase the Guerriere fell in with an American merchant ship, the John Adams. As she was sailing under a British license the English commander contented himself with inscribing the following challenge on her register: "Captain Dacres, commander of his British Majesty's frigate Guerriere, presents his compliments to Commodore Rodgers, of the United States frigate President, and will be very happy to meet him or any other American frigate of equal force to the President, off Sandy Hook for the purpose of having a social tete-a-tete."

On the arrival of John Adams in New York, Dacres' facetious challenge was published in all the papers throughout the country. Hull upon reading it, started in pursuit of the Guerriere. The object of his cruise was an open secret in the country, and hearts beat high with mingled feelings of hope and fear. Up to this time the English ensign at sea had never struck to the Stars and Stripes. In fact, for more than a quarter of a century England had rarely lowered her flag to any nation.

On the morning of August 19, Hull sighted the Guerriere and bore down upon her, clearing his ship for action and hoisting an American flag. The Guerriere sent up three English ensigns.

When everything was ready for action on board the Englishman, Captain Dacres turned to Captain Orne, an American prisoner, and said courteously, "Captain Orne, as I suppose you do not wish to fight against your countrymen you are at liberty to retire below the water line," and with chivalrous justice he permitted ten American sailors likewise to leave their quarters and go below for the same reason.

#### THE CHALLENGE OF CAPTAIN DACRES

The Guerriere opened the action with a broadside which fell short of the Constitution. The batteries of the latter, with the exception of an occasional shot, were silent for three-quarters of an hour, while the Guerriere kept up a somewhat ineffectual firing. The two were gradually nearing each other, and it was evident that Hull was saving his powder for short range.

Meanwhile Hull, who was a short, fat man, was vigorously pacing the deck watching every movement of his adversary. When the two vessels were within half pistol shot of each other he bent himself twice to the deck, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Now boys, pour it into them!" gesticulating so violently that the tight nether garments of his navy uniform came to grief. "Hull her, boys! Hull her!" shouted Lieutenant Morris. The tars

caught the pun, and cries of "Hull her! Hull her!" resounded through the ship.

The effect of the Constitution's first broadside upon the Guerriere was, Captain Orne says, as if she had received an earthquake. He and all in the cockpit were thrown violently from one side of the ship to the other; the blood came streaming down upon them from above, and immediately numbers of wounded were handed down to the surgeons. A second broadside brought down the Guerriere's mizzenmast, throwing the topmen far out into the water. The Constitution then moved slowly ahead, pouring in a devastating fire and luffed short round the bows of the enemy to avoid being raked, but fell foul of her, so that the Guerriere's bowsprit lay across her quarter-deck. Instantly the sharp blare of the bugle sounded on both ships calling away the boarders, but Dacres, seeing the crowd of sailors armed to the teeth ready to receive his men, called them back to the guns.

Just after the attempt to board, the sails of the Constitution filled and she shot ahead clear of her adversary. Almost at the same moment the Guerriere's fore-mast fell, carrying with it the main mast, leaving the proud ship a helpless wreck rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. Hull hauled off a short distance and was busy repairing damages when he saw that the enemy's ensign had reappeared and was flying defiantly on the wreck. The striking of the flag was a novel exercise to the English tars, and they came to it with bad grace. It is said that they begged to go down with the ship rather than strike their colors, and nailed an English jack to the stump of the mizzenmast; but when the Constitution bore down upon them to give the last blow, wiser and more humane counsels prevailed, and the flag was hauled down.

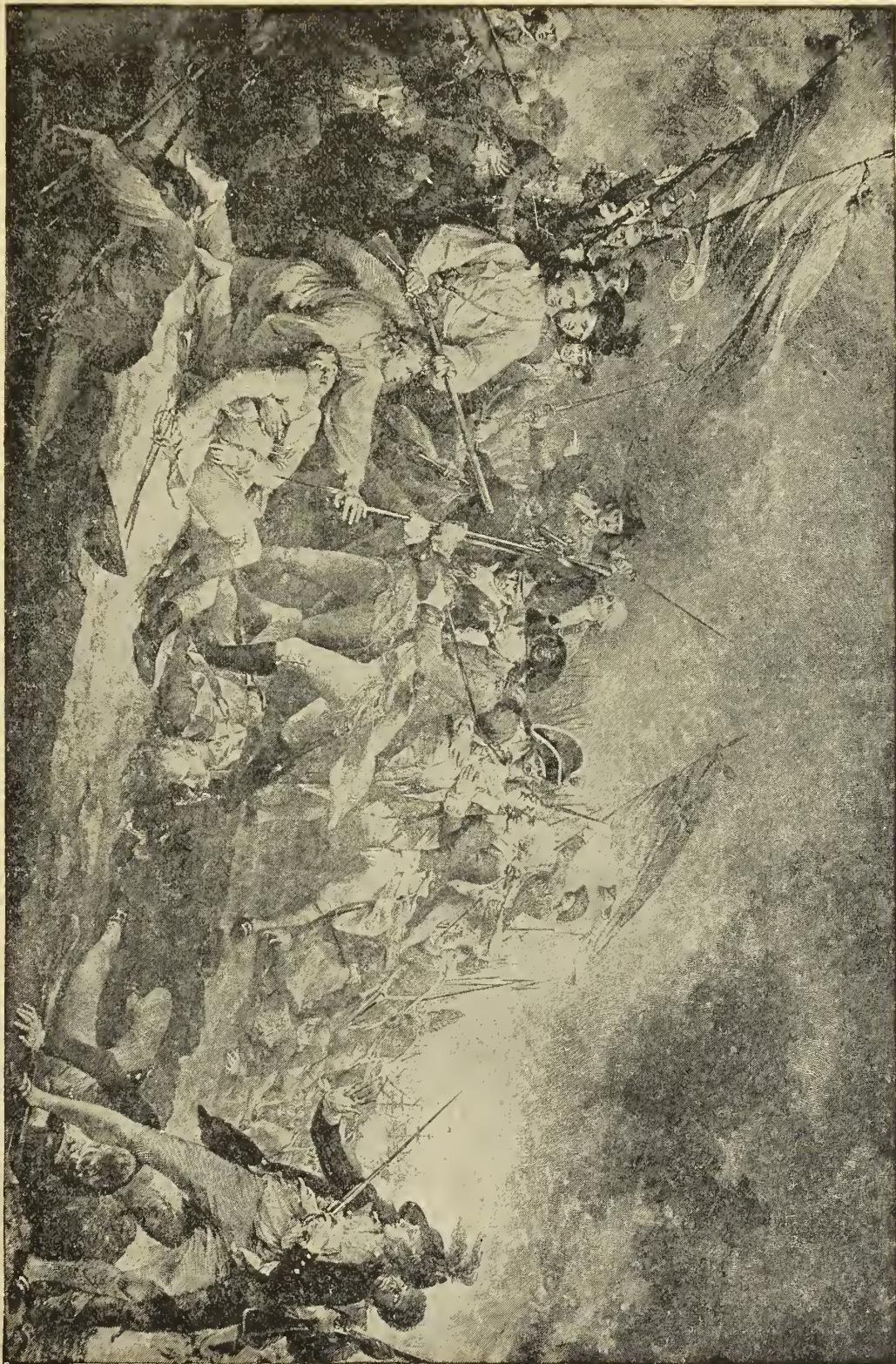
When the commander of the sinking ship reached the Constitution, Hull met him at the gangway and bending down to help him said, in hearty, off-hand manner: "Dacres, give me your hand. I know you are hurt." On the quarter deck Dacres unbuckled his sword from his hip and silently handed it to his captor. Hull put it gently from him, saying: "No, I'll not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it," and added, as a smile broke over his face, "but I'll trouble you for the hat." It appears the two men had been acquaintances before the war, and on one occasion, at the end of some good-natured banting on the subject of the two navies, had wagered a hat on the result of a possible conflict between their respective vessels.

On the afternoon of the day following the action the wreck was blown up. England's Guerriere was scattered to the winds. Her commander had had his little tete-a-tete and was a prisoner on board one of the American frigates about which but four days previous he had inscribed his challenge.

The ship on her arrival in Boston received a grand ovation. As she swept with stately grace into the harbor she was joined by a flotilla of gaily decorated boats, and every vessel dipped her flag to her. On the wharf was stationed

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

(From the Painting, by John Trumbull.)



## TWO FAMOUS SHIPS.

a company of artillery to welcome her with a national salute, which was returned by the batteries which had so staunchly defended the nation's honor.

## OLD IRONSIDES AND THE JAVA.

Captain Bainbridge, of Tripolitan fame, succeeded Captain Hull in command, and bravely maintained the gallant ship's reputation. Her first engagement under Bainbridge was with the Java. On December 29th of the same year he sighted her off the Braziliau coast, and saw that she was boldly bearing down upon him. As she neared him she hauled down her colors, leaving only a jack flying. Captain Bainbridge sent a shot across her bows as an order to raise them. It was answered by a broadside, which opened the action. At the end of half an hour a shot carried away the wheel of the Constitution. This was a serious loss, particularly as the Java, being very strong manned by a hundred supernumerary seamen, was actively handled and was showing herself the better sailor. In addition, Captain Bainbridge had received a bullet in his hip shortly after the engagement opened, and the shot that carried away the wheel had driven a copper bolt with great violence into his thigh. The pain of the wounds only seemed to madden the brave commander to greater exertion. He quickly improvised a steering gear by rigging tackle to the tiller head between decks, detailing a number of sailors to work it, and continued at his post transmitting his orders to the helmsmen through a line of midshipmen. "H-a-r-d-a-l-e-e," sounded the captain's deep bass on the quarter deck. "H-a-r-d-a-l-e-e," echoed the boyish voices of the midshipmen in varying treble until it reached the men at the steering lines. A sulphurous smoke hung like a pall over both ships, so that it was difficult to determine how the battle was going. The crashing of masts and spars could be heard on the adversary's deck, but the British tars could also be heard lustily cheering on their men, which

the brave fellows continued to do until the last gun was silenced. Finally about 4 o'clock the Java's batteries ceased firing, and she lay a helpless wreck, while the Constitution passed out of the two hours' battle with her royal yards across and without losing a single spar, though many were injured.

The Java, carrying as passengers a number of rich, titled Englishmen, was a valuable prize, but the Americans, to their credit, did not avail themselves of the right to plunder. An English admiral, on hearing of Bainbridge's chivalrous bearing to his prisoners, shook his head and observed that it looked ominous when a young commander, unaccustomed to victory, could treat his foes like an old Spanish cavalier.

Bainbridge on his return to Boston was greeted by a roar of artillery and the deafening cheers of a multitude assembled on the wharf to witness the entrance of the brave ship, their "Old Ironsides," as they called her from this time.

The taking of the Cyane and Levant, the last action in which the Constitution was engaged, is too familiar to need repeating.

Of the original ship there remains only a small part of the deck and two iron stanchions. She was repaired frequently, but in 1848 she had become a mere hulk and it was proposed to break her up. The proposition called forth Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, which caused an outbreak of popular feeling, and the glorious old veteran was rebuilt in 1850 at more than her first cost, by Hart, the son of the original builder. In 1876 she was again rebuilt at Philadelphia by the grandson of Hart, for there was always much sentiment associated with the old ship. She never had steam power, but always remained the frigate Constitution. Her last duty was transporting goods to the French Exposition of 1878, since which she has been in honorable retirement as a receiving ship at Portsmouth.



# THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

THERE is always a fascination about a fight with Indians to every boy. The story of our Indian wars will gain more boy readers than any other portion of our country's history.

The name Tippecanoe suggests the Indian's war-whoop and the tomahawk. It reminds us of the forest where the red men hunt and prowl—of the marsh and the fen—of the river hidden away among the hills, or winding silently along through the dense and tangled prairie land. And when we read of the dangers and difficulties preceding this memorable battle—of the treachery and the cruelty of the two Indian chiefs—Tecumseh and his brother, generally known as The Prophet—when we think of the self-denial and suffering of the early settlers of Indiana, our blood is stirred and we almost wish we had been permitted to participate in the exciting scenes of those early days.

It was in 1805 that the first really serious opposition was offered to the settlers on our western frontier. Up to that time the Indians had been willing to sell their lands to the white settlers, and to the government, and had moved farther and farther westward toward the great lakes and the Mississippi.

But about this period the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, foreseeing the ultimate fate of his people if they continued to move westward before the ever-increasing numbers of white men, began to urge his own and other tribes not to sell their lands; and he conspired with his



TECUMSEH.

brother, variously called Laulawasikaw (or Land Voice), Olliwachica, Tenskwatawa, or Pensquatawa, etc., but known everywhere as The Prophet, to form a confederacy of all the tribes on the western frontier, from the lakes to the gulf, and forcibly oppose the further encroachments upon their native hunting grounds.

During the next six years Tecumseh and his brother labored assiduously to accomplish this end, and just as it was about to be consummated, General Harrison determined to strike a fatal blow to the Confederacy. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in 1811, and this victory completely routed the Indians and defeated all organized opposition to the government purchase of lands.

Tecumseh had been roving from the most northern tribes by the lakes, and even in Canada, to the Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and other Indians in Florida, Alabama and Missouri, trying everywhere, and with apparent suc-

cess, to influence the tribes to join in open hostilities when he should request them so to do.

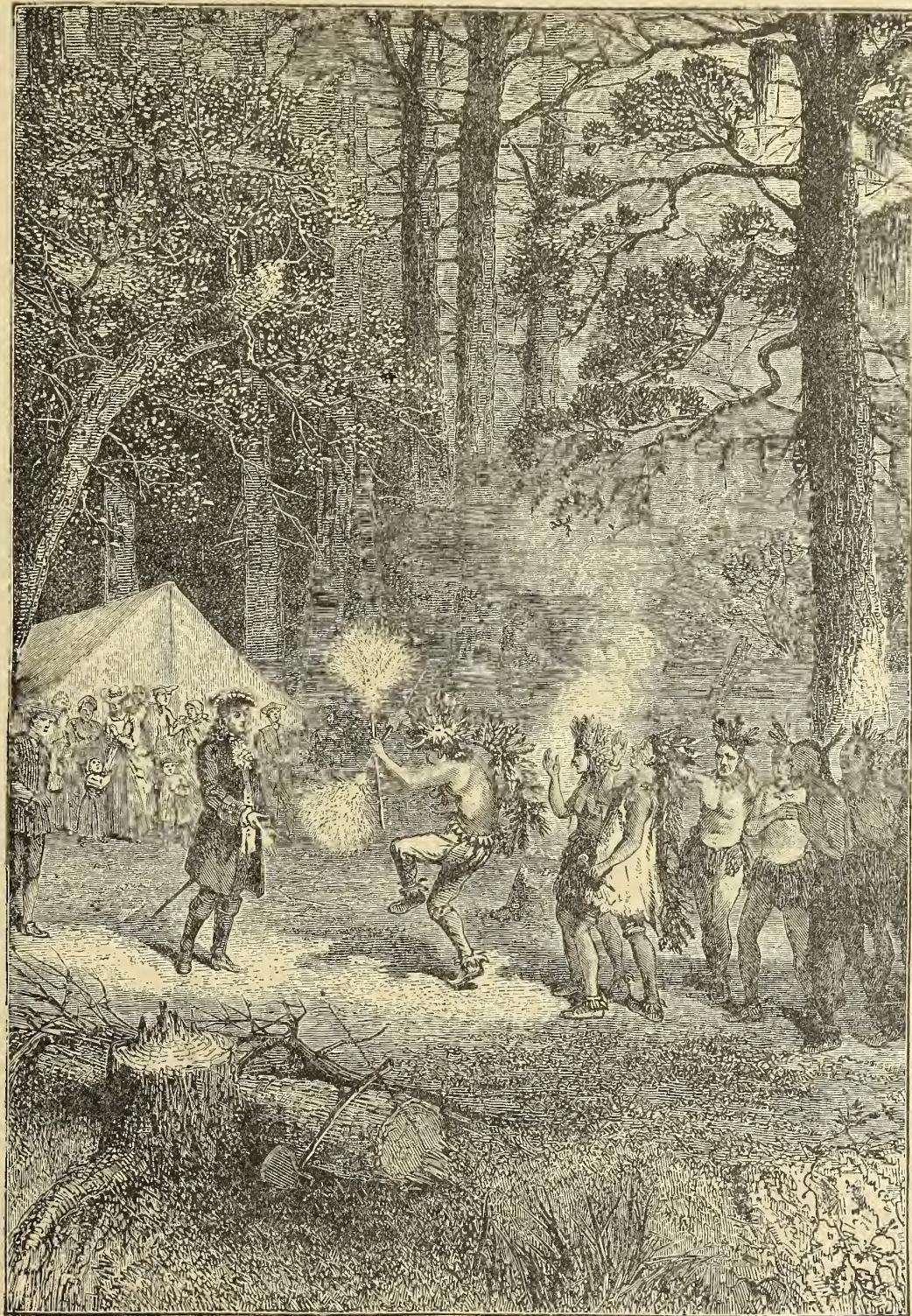
Tecumseh was eloquent, and his speeches were convincing. His followers placed implicit confidence in him. Governor Harrison thus refers to him in his report to the war department, after attending a council in which the two leaders had argued their respective rights and the interests of their people: "If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would perhaps be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him.



TECUMSEH'S OLDER BROTHER

"For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him today on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose.

"He is now upon the last round to put a finishing stroke upon his work. I hope, however, before his return that that part of the work which he considered complete will be demolished and even its foundation rooted up."



GENERAL HARRISON AT THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

While Tecumseh was thus hurrying about among the tribes and stirring them by his eloquence, The Prophet was equally active, though in a different way. He claimed to be a great "medicine man" and to have super-human powers given him by the Great Spirit. He adopted and taught many of the virtues of the Christians, but mingled with them the worst superstitions of the Indians, strongly urging the necessity of adhering to their native habits of dress and living.

Claiming to exercise supreme authority, he caused many persons to be put to death because they would not obey his dictates. His headquarters for a long time were at Greenville, Ohio, where his followers from many tribes came to receive his teachings.

Governor Harrison sent these Indians a letter in which he tried to dissuade them from believing in The Prophet. This letter closed as follows: "The above is addressed to you in the name of the Seventeen Fires. I now speak to you from myself, as a friend who wishes you nothing more sincerely than to see you prosperous and happy.

"Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the acts of an impostor. Drive him from your town and let peace and harmony prevail amongst you.

"Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burnt alive by their own friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career, and if you value the friendship of your great father, the President, if you wish to preserve the opinion of the Seventeen Fires, let me hear by the return of the bearer that you are determined to follow my advice."

The "Seventeen Fires" referred to the seventeen states, or council fires, which formed the Union at that time.

In the Spring of 1808, Tecumseh and The Prophet accepted an invitation from the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies to build a settlement at the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers. Their settlement was named Tippecanoe, but usually called Prophet's Town.

This became the headquarters of the confederacy they were forming. Tecumseh claimed that the Indians were one people, and that the various tribes should always act in harmony. No tribe or tribes should transfer any lands to the government without the consent and approval of a general council.

In 1809 three tribes, the Delawares, Miamis, and Pottawatomies, negotiated a treaty with Harrison, by which a tract of land on each side of the Wabash for sixty miles was sold to the government. Tecumseh was not present when this treaty was made, and when he learned of it he was very angry.

In August, 1810, Tecumseh visited Governor Harrison at Vincennes and held a council of ten days. In his opening speech he said: "Once there were no white men in all this country; then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit, to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching.

"They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes—but we are determined to go no farther.

"The only way to stop this evil is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and

equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be now—for it never was divided, but belongs to all.

"No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less.

"The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, who had it first; it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not good. The late sale is bad—it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all."

The council closed without a reconciliation. Early in 1811, the relations between this country and England being much strained, the British Indian agent in Canada made earnest efforts to secure the Indians of the northwest as allies against the United States in the event of war, which seemed to be inevitable.

Occasional acts of hostility were indulged in on both sides. Governor Harrison used conciliatory measures, and by letters and conferences endeavored to persuade the two brothers of the folly of their cause.

But Tecumseh took a band of warriors and proceeded down the Wabash, disclaiming to Harrison at Vincennes any hostile intention, and then passed on to the Indians of the South.

At midnight he held a conference of chiefs and they all agreed to commence hostilities when he should request them. The hostile purposes of the Indians were so apparent that the people of Vincennes, at a public meeting, July 31, 1811, asked the government to furnish them military protection.

Governor Harrison determined to enter at once upon an aggressive policy, and to march with an armed force upon Prophet's Town.



FORT HARRISON.

Prophet's Town, near the present village of Montmorenci, in the western part of Tippecanoe county.

The next afternoon the army arrived within about a mile and a half of The Prophet's Town. Here Governor Harrison halted and sent forward messengers with a flag of truce; but the Indians refused to receive them.

His command left Vincennes on the 26th of September. Two miles north of the present site of Terre Haute he erected Fort Harrison. This he left in charge of a small garrison on October 28th and proceeded northwest along the Wabash, with an army of nine hundred and ten men under arms.

Only two hundred and fifty of these were regular troops; these were under command of Col. John P. Boyd. About sixty of the volunteers were from Kentucky and the rest from the Indiana Territory.

No opposition was met with, and on the night of November 5th the army encamped about ten miles from Tippecanoe, or The

It was then decided to encamp for the night, and Harrison went out to look for a suitable place for the encampment.

He was met by a deputation from The Prophet which again disclaimed hostile intentions, and an arrangement was made for a meeting between Harrison and The Prophet on the following day, to conclude a treaty of peace.

On inquiring for a suitable camping ground he was referred to a site a mile and a half from the town, on what is now known as Burnett's creek. This location being satisfactory the army went into camp for the night.

Harrison knew too well the natural treachery of the Indians to permit him to encamp without due precaution. All the troops slept on their arms, ready for action at any moment.



The ground on which the camp was situated was surrounded on three sides by a marshy plain; on the fourth side (the left flank) was stationed a troop of one hundred and twenty mounted riflemen, as this was the side most exposed to first attack.

The right flank was composed of eighty mounted riflemen, known as "Yellow Jackets," from the color of their uniform. The front and rear were composed of infantry.

About a quarter after four o'clock in the morning the Indians suddenly made an attack on the left flank, falling upon the sleeping soldiers with a terrific yell and crowding their way almost inside the encampment.

The camp fires were immediately extinguished, as they helped the enemy to take a surer

aim. From the left flank the attack proceeded to the left of the front line, and here a bitter contest was waged for some time, several of the best officers falling before the Indians were driven back.

In a short time the firing extended along the whole front, the right flank, and part of the rear line.

As soon as daylight permitted, a general charge was made on the left flank, and the Indians were driven at the point of the bayonet into the marsh, whither they could not be pursued.

A similar rout was effected in the right flank also, and thus the victory was gained; the Americans losing thirty-seven men, and having one hundred and fifty-one wounded, of which number twenty-five were fatally injured.

It is probable that there were about as many Indians engaged in this conflict as the whole of our army. The number has been variously estimated from three hundred and fifty to one thousand, and their loss was about the same as ours.

Thirty-eight dead Indians were found on the field after the battle.

It is said that The Prophet stationed himself between his town and the battlefield and gave his directions to his warriors during the engagement, chanting war songs and uttering favorable prophecies.

The Indian chieftains engaged in the conflict were Whiteloon Stone-eater and Winnemac. The Indians were from the tribes of Shawnees, Wyandottes, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs, and Miamis, the majority of whom returned to their tribes after the battle, having lost faith in The Prophet.

The Prophet himself remained for a time with the Wyandottes, then went to Canada and enjoyed the protection of the British government. Afterwards he returned to the Shawnee tribe in Ohio and finally removed with that tribe to a place west of the Mississippi and died there, having been a pensioner of the British government for twenty-one years.

Tecumseh was greatly chagrined to learn of his brother's defeat. He joined the British army in 1812 and was killed at the Battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813.

A notable feature of this battle was the boldness with which the Indians exposed themselves, contrary to their usual custom. Doubtless this was because they trusted the word of The Prophet, that the bullets would not hurt them.

One of the Winnebago chiefs came close up to the American line and repaired his flint by the light of a smouldering fire, but a bullet from one of the white men pierced his heart.

One of the soldiers then went forward to take his scalp.

This he accomplished, but not being expert in scalping he was mortally wounded before he could complete the work.

The body of the chief was then rescued by his comrades, but was afterwards found by the American troops when they entered the town.

Undoubtedly the battle of Tippecanoe would have effectually quelled all Indian hostilities



TEN-SQUAT-A-WAY,  
THE PROPHET.

had not the war of 1812 immediately followed. However, the confederacy of tribes sought for by Tecumseh was completely shattered.

In 1812 Governor Harrison was made commander-in-chief of the United States Army in the Northwest and in 1813 was fought the battle of the Thames, in upper Canada, in which Tecumseh fell, and the Americans won a decisive victory.

The Tippecanoe battlefield is located about seven miles north of Lafayette, Indiana. It is enclosed by a substantial iron fence, which cost \$18,000.

The ground was purchased from the government in 1829 by John Tipton, who was engaged in the battle as a volunteer under Harrison and by him presented to the state in 1836, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle.

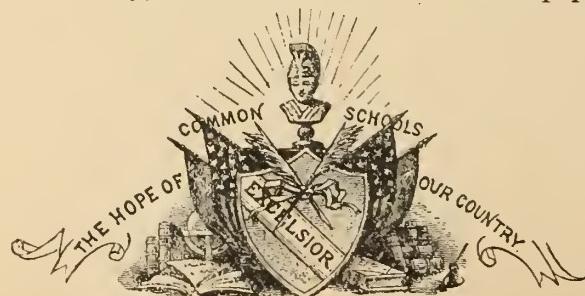
The tract thus donated embraced about sixteen and a half acres, but the iron fence now encloses not more than half this area. It has been a favorite spot for holding political mass meetings. In 1840 the Whigs rallied there for three days in great numbers, under the campaign cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" when Harrison was their candidate for president.

In 1844 they rallied again under the banner of Henry Clay. In 1856 both republicans and democrats assembled there, the democrats being addressed by John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, their candidate for vice-president. In 1888, when the grandson of General Harrison and our present president, was the republican candidate, another great rally was held in the celebrated grounds.

The grounds have been well cared for and are now frequently resorted to by picnic parties. Adjoining them is a camp-meeting enclosure, which is well filled during the month of August each year by the Methodists of north-western Indiana.

Many of the trees on the battlefield bear scars where bullets have been dug out, and in one place may be seen the spot which marks the grave of those who were killed in the battle. A memorial is now before Congress asking for \$50,000 to erect a monument in honor of these noble men. Adjoining the battlefield is the camp-ground of the Battle Ground Camp Meeting Association, which is a popular meeting place in the month of August for all persons in north-western Indiana, who are interested in camp-meeting or Chautauqua work.

Its tabernacle is said to seat 6,000 persons. Many beautiful cottages have been built in the grove and a large hotel has been erected for the accommodation of those who do not occupy cottages. George B. Chamberlin, of Lafayette, is secretary, and J. P. Clute, superintendent of the grounds. Visitors to the battlefield are shown great courtesy by these gentlemen, who take much pains to point out all points of interest. Being located at a point of such historic interest and natural beauty, it has become a resort of wide popularity.



# PAUL REVERE.

## A BIRTHDAY PARTY STORY.

BY MRS. ALICE H. PUTNAM.

THE eighteenth of April was Harry's birthday, and weeks before, mamma had promised him that the Burton boys, with their cousins Percy, Rob and Charley, should be invited to spend the afternoon and have a feast with the little lad who to-day reached his sixth year.

The morning was gloomy, and just after luncheon the rain began to fall in torrents, so both Harry and mamma felt that there was a sad disappointment in store for all of them. But about three o'clock, much to the surprise of every one, the Burtons' carriage drove up to the door, and out tumbled five as noisy, jolly little fellows as ever went visiting.

Mamma's courage faltered a little as she looked at the dark clouds and thought of the tennis court, vaulting bars, swings, foot balls, etc., in the pleasant yard, which would have offered such a fine field for the boys' operations.

Happily, the watertight sand table\* in the attic

was in working order, and there was a jar of moist clay, as well as a quantity of colored papers saved from diners' packages; these, with a glue pot, mamma felt sure would furnish entertainment even for so lively a sextet.

For some time the children amused themselves with picture books, puzzles, and the like, but at last came a general call for a story. What should it be about? "Oh, anything"—"About the Indians"—"Bout something fierce" suggests the gentlest, lovingest little pair of lips in the whole company—and mamma wonders where such ideas do come from; then she asks if a soldier story would do? That element seems to meet the desire of all the small hearts, and the story begins:

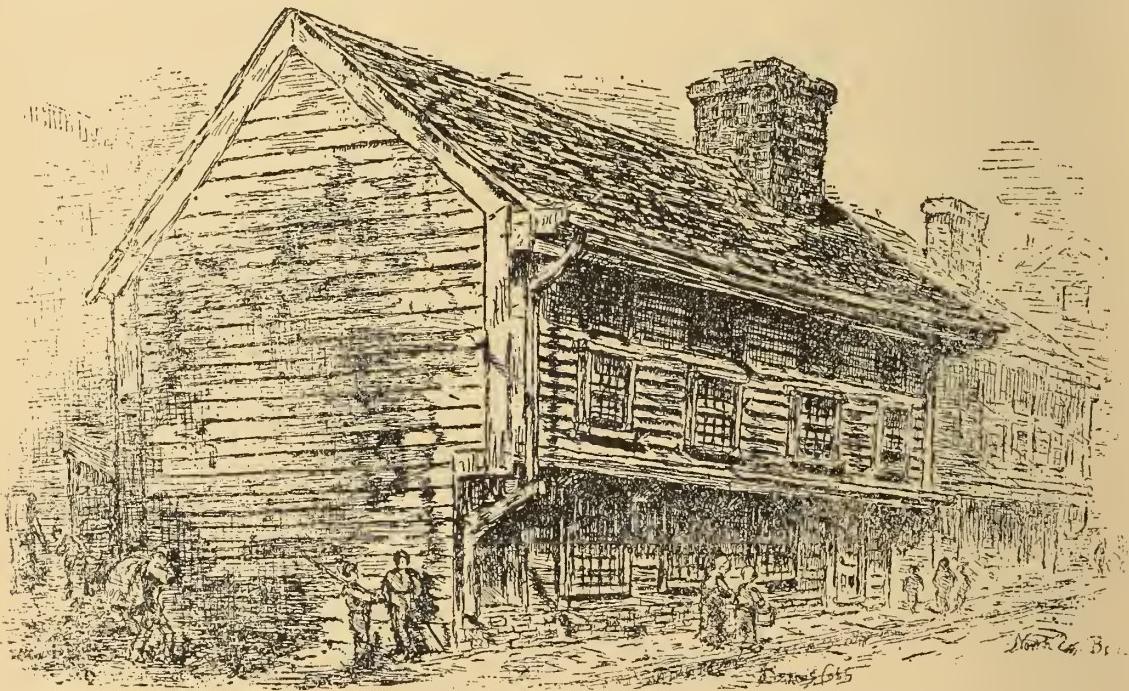
Once upon a time, long, long ago, some soldiers came sailing over the wide ocean. They had come from England where King George lived, and he wanted them to make our people promise to pay him money, and call him the king of this country as well as of England. The brave men over here, who had come in the Mayflower and other ships, said: "No! we will pay a fair price for what

\*A large tray 4x4 feet square, and about 15 inches deep, painted a bright blue, standing on low trucks on casters. It held about a bushel of sand.

you send us—but you can't be our king, we don't want any king—we want this to be a country where people can be free—and we want to take care of ourselves."

This made the king very angry, and as I said, he sent whole ship loads of soldiers over here to make us pay money that he had no right to claim. The English soldiers wore fine uniforms—red coats faced with buff, with white pantaloons and broad white sashes over their shoulders, and the leaders wore turned up hats with long plumes drooping over the sides. Our people had no such fine

Gage, the British leader, found this out. Then he thought he would send a troop of soldiers very quietly to either bring the things away from Concord or destroy them. But his secret leaked out, too. One of the Sons of Liberty was a stable boy, and as he was cleaning a horse one day, a servant of Gen. Gage's came in and began to boast about what great things his master was going to do. The stable boy could hardly wait to finish his work he was in such a hurry to warn our leaders. At last he told one of our good men what he had heard, and Gen. Warren sent for a Liberty man, Paul Revere, and



HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

clothes. They were farmers, and they wore at first just their working clothes, and were glad to have a good musket or a sword. But they had true hearts and wise heads. They called themselves "Sons of Liberty," and though they did not want to fight, yet if things came to the worst, they were ready even for that.

The Liberty boys were on the watch all the time, expecting that the leader of the red coats would try to conquer them. They hadn't many cannon, nor a great deal of food, and what they had, had been sent to Concord for safe keeping. Somehow, Gen.

asked him if he would be willing to gallop to Lexington and Concord and give the alarm there.

Paul Revere wasn't afraid of anything, so he made a plan by which his friend Capt. Pulling was to climb into the tower of the Old North Church, and look down on the British soldiers. As soon as Pulling should know which way they were going, he was to hang out a lantern from the tower window; if they went across the river in boats, he was to show two lights. It needed a brave heart to do this watching, as much as for Revere to give the alarm, for if the red coats got hold of the man who



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

gave the signals, they would punish him severely. Capt. Pulling got the church keys from the janitor, and all alone, just before midnight, he climbed into the dark old belfry. He looked down on the soldiers' barracks (houses), far below him. He saw the British man-of-war, the Somerset, lying in the harbor, and possibly he saw Paul Revere and his two friends pulling their little boat for dear life to the other side of the river. Then the lights from the two lanterns shone far over the waters. Revere sprang to the back of the good horse which Capt. Conant had ready for him, and with a dash he was off into the darkness. Faster and faster he urged the noble animal. The hoofs struck the granite by the roadside, sparks flew on every side, and the horse's eyes seemed as fiery as Paul's themselves. With the butt of his whip he knocked at the doors of the houses he passed, only stopping to call "To arms, to arms, the regulars are coming." No farmer, or doctor, or minister, or mother went to sleep again after hearing *that* call. They did not dare to make much noise, for they didn't know how near the red coats might be.

By two o'clock Revere had reached the end of his ride, and presently the alarm bells began to ring. Guns and swords were made ready. Ox carts were brought to haul things to safer places. Barrels of flour were hidden under the hay in barns. Cannon were buried in trenches in the fields, and men took plows and made believe they were just making the ground ready for spring work. By this time the regulars *had* come. It was a hard, sharp fight, but the end of it was that the British leaders found out that America could and would be free. So the red coats were called back to their own country, and George Washington became—not the king—but the ruler or president, whom the Sons of Liberty chose for themselves, and whom every one loved and trusted.

"And now, laddies," mamma says, "while I am getting tea ready, run up to the attic, and you'll find clay and sand to make a few mud pies." No second invitation is needed, for the occupations are familiar and always delightful.

The cloth was soon laid. Napkins are folded into boats, tents, cocked hats, etc., gaily decorated with tiny flags. The tea bell was rung, but

unlike the usual custom of small boys, they made no response. Again and again they were called, but no answer, until at last, fearing that some dreadful mischief was brewing, mamma went to the attic herself. She was greeted with shouts of welcome and was pulled in at least six different ways at once, in order that she might see her story illustrated in the plastic materials.

The "anchor blocks" had been used for a church. Nor was it a poor imitation of the "Old North," for Ned had remembered the picture of it in his "Boys of '76." Little paper row boats carried the regulars (red wooden beads) over the painted water. A fiery steed of clay, with four sticks for legs, galloped "under the alders," and over the rocky ledge. Cannon and balls were there, more by a score than the good farmers ever possessed.

Will insisted that he should not allow the red coats to cross the river in safety; so he had capsized all of his boats, and the men were safely buried in the sand. This act was very displeasing to the other recorders of the event. Rob said "the red coats must *get there*, even if there was trouble afterward—in fact that was what made all the fuss. How could the Sons of Liberty fight if there had been nobody to fight 'em?" (A potent question, and one mamma stored away in her memory in case of a boy's future needs.)

The assurance that tea was waiting brought comfort to the active minds, and for the next half hour there was very little said, but there was evidently a good deal of business transacted with sandwiches, chocolate and fruit.

After tea Harry's papa donned his regimentals, and drilled a small squad of "Liberty boys," and the evening was finished by singing "Yankee Doodle" and "America," accompanied by Percy's drum and Mill's fife. With the promise that the next time they came they should hear Mr. Longfellow's beautiful story of the ride to Lexington, six small boys went to their beds in a happy wholesome state of mind and stomach, with a germ of patriotism planted in their hearts, and a desire for more of the delights which history and literature has in store for them. ALICE H. PUTNAM,

Supt. Chicago Froebel Association.

# THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

AUGUST 16, 1777.

BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

REAT deeds are often done in little places; and it happened so a hundred and thirteen years ago near the village of Bennington, Vt. A few hundred poor men and boys, out of the way of the great world, fought a fight so brave and won a victory so splendid that we are getting the blessing of their valor to-day. Gen. John Stark and his seventeen hundred "Yankees" earned the thanks of all America for a thousand years by their good behavior when there was no one looking on but God. Let us look through a century and see what we can of August 16, 1777, with its fierce little battle flaming at the heart of the Green Mountains. That heroic day went far toward saving our America from the clutch of the British king.

It had been a very sober time throughout the colonies—matters had not been going well with the patriot cause. It looked to a good many as though King George might win, after all. Gen. Clinton was pushing up the Hudson river from New York with an army that seemed likely to have its own way for all Washington or any one else could do to stop it. Gen. Howe had gone off to Chesapeake bay with a hundred ships and ten thousand hard fighters, determined to drive the Americans out of Philadelphia—and here was John Burgoyne, as able a general as King George had sent across the ocean to subdue us, at the head of eight thousand fine troops, already on the upper waters of the Hudson, and never doubting he was to brush the few Continentals out of his way and join his army with Gen. Clinton's, not far from Albany. If this all came about, probably the English would win all they were fighting for. The colonies would be cut into three pieces, neither of which could be of much use or help to

the others, and then it would perhaps be in the power of the angry king and his big captains to stamp out American liberty at their leisure. This was the plan, at least, and it was beginning to look as if it might be carried through this very summer.

But Burgoyne and his men were also beginning to have a slow trip through the woods toward Albany. The patriots were ahead of them with muskets and axes, and they had spoiled the roads the British wanted to march on. It was a wilderness at best in that new country, and traveling was hard work in time of peace; what with big trees lying every way about, ditches to be filled, rocks to roll away, mud to drag through, and lively fellows with guns lurking in the thickets to be watched, it was getting to be a terrible business to go on at all, especially for an army with heavy wagons and heavy cannon.

Burgoyne did not like the looks of the affair—something must be done to hurry his journey to victory. Over at Bennington, thirty miles away across the hills, are a lot of fine horses and a good deal of rebel powder, with other useful things in war, so the general is told. Let us go over with a thousand men and pick up a thousand horses, with the other good things, and then march on to Albany. So Gen. Burgoyne starts Col. Baum on that promising business, with a gallant troop of Hessians, about a thousand of them.

But the Americans did not want to lose their horses, or their powder, and were on the lookout for Burgoyne. They had been anxious about a possible visit from the British army, and had taken some pains to be ready for it.

The New Hampshire people were alive to the situation, and had just sent Col. John Stark with

parts of two regiments to the help of the "Green Mountain Boys."

Stark was a model man for the business in hand, as brave a soldier as there was in the world, cool and careful when the battle was hottest, and able to manage his troops like a general of a hundred fights. This man who had filled the land with admiration for his magnificent service at "Bunker Hill," beloved and honored by every citizen of his native New Hampshire, has now gathered about one thousand seven hundred patriots at little Bennington, a tiny army ready to do or die for the land they love. It is the 14th of August: scouts, come in from the hills and forests to the westward report that the British are coming. Stark puts his men on the march at once, and camps that night in the woods five miles on the way toward the enemy. Col. Baum halts when he learns that the Yankees are near; sending back word to Gen. Burgoyne in the greatest haste for more troops. Burgoyne sent off Col. Breyman with eight hundred more picked troops instantly, to help the anxious Baum.

Col. Baum chose a strong position and began at once to build fortifications on the hillside. His men worked hard through the night, throwing down trees and throwing up dirt. They were still at it when the day dawned; but the American pickets were close by, and the popping of their well-aimed rifles announced death to every man careless enough to expose himself. About thirty Hessians fell under this harassing fire. Soon the rain began to fall and all day the heavens poured floods upon both armies, while the wind drove the storm against them with furious force. No battle possible in such an uproar of earth and sky! At dark arrived Parson Allen and two hundred and fifty men from Berkshire county, Massachusetts, after a swift march of forty miles through water, mud and lightning. The warlike Allen, who believed in the gospel of the bullet as thoroughly as in that of the Bible, went at once to Col. Stark and told him that he must give these Berkshire men a chance to fight soon; they had been called out several times, he said, and sent home again without firing a gun; if they were not allowed a tussle with the British this time, it was likely they

would not turn out at another call. "Good," said Stark, "they shall get their stomachs full this time and without long waiting."

The 16th of August came clear and hot. The British kept quiet, hoping Breyman and his eight hundred Germans would be at hand any moment.

By noon Stark is ready to launch his army into action. He gathers his men in a field out of the enemy's sight, mounts a rail fence and talks them full of fight, aiming his words as if they were guns, every one hitting its mark. "My men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for seven pounds and 'tuppence' per head. Are you worth more?

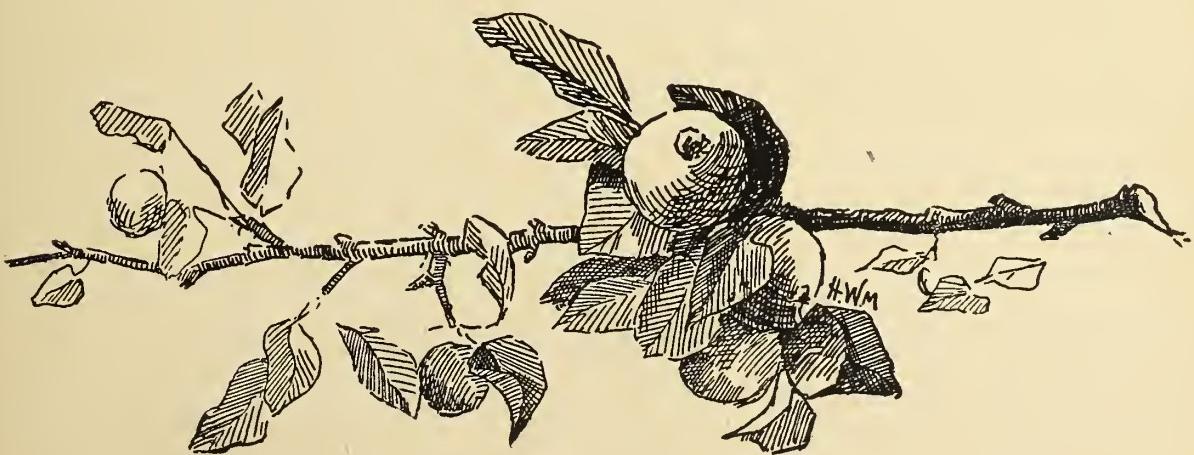
"The American flag shall wave over yonder hill before to-morrow's sun, or to-night Mollie Stark sleeps a widow." Then he sent the soldiers to their work—three hundred and fifty through the woods to the right, four hundred to the left, to get at the rear of the enemy unobserved, while the rest of his army was marched out into full view of the British and kept moving back and forth for two puzzling hours in order to hold the enemy's attention and perplex them. Three o'clock! Strange sounds in the woods behind the British. Is it another storm about to break? Yes, and at once. Crash!! Lead and fire! "Hurrah!!" The Americans are coming. It is battle everywhere—front and rear, and in the heart of the camp. There's fighting enough now to suit the Berkshire parson and his flock; and they are all doing their best, the parson in the thick of it. How the rifles crack! It's a deadly game. These Hessians are brave fellows. How stoutly they stand and take this whirlwind of sudden destruction! They give back volley for volley, fighting fiercely for honor and life. Surprised, enraged, confused, they hold the works with desperation, falling fast. Look—here comes Stark with a thousand riflemen, straight against the works at the front. His men shout as they run; at close quarters they begin a deadly fire, and the poor fellows behind the works go down by scores. The Indians, two hundred of them, break from the British lines and rush, crazed with terror, into the woods, and never come back.

Closer press the Americans, cautious and fierce, not for an instant letting up the fire of those terrible rifles. They fight from behind trees, rocks, hillocks—but nearer always. Half past four! There rises a mighty shout, and the whole American force rushes at the fortifications. In smoke and flame they are over the works among the enemy. The British ranks go to pieces. The brave Baum drops dying with a bullet through him. Madly the Hessians try to fly. Americans everywhere! Scarcely a man gets away. The whole force slain, wounded, captured. It is five o'clock, and victory!

The prisoners are marched over to Bennington, and the patriots scatter in joyous exultation to celebrate their triumph. Suddenly out of the mysterious forest rolls again the roar of battle. What! More British to fight? Breyman's eight hundred, who have been hurrying all day in the heat over the hills, are come at last, tired and lame with the heavy march, and they are crowding our skirmishers back with an ugly fire. But here is Seth Warner with a hundred and fifty "Green Mountain Boys" just arrived from Manchester, twenty miles away, and on they go with a dash, followed by a thousand and more whom Stark gathers up out of the disorder, for this unexpected business. Fierce is the new fight. The American rush is terrific. The British

resistance is heroic. For an hour matters are furious. Then the patriots hurl themselves on the weary and wasted lines of the enemy, crushing all the fight out of them. Every Hessian who could, ran off, throwing away his gun as he went. Hundreds were captured. The dead and wounded lay where they had fallen. Victory the second! The Americans had crowded the long half day with glories. Seven hundred prisoners in their hands, all their military stores saved, a staggering blow dealt to Burgoyne and the entire British cause, all this gained at a loss to themselves of less than a tenth as many men as they had cost the enemy—a wonderful showing for a little troop of mountain militia daring an attack upon veteran soldiers stationed behind fortifications in a superior position. The fight made certain the surrender of Burgoyne and his army a little while later; it made certain the break-down of the entire English plan for cutting the colonies off from each other; it proved to the world that America was able and sure to win its liberties in spite of the king and all his armies.

The long seven years of war, the battling, glorious revolution of our fathers, left no more splendid day to shine in history than "Bennington," with its story of the dauntless Stark and his "Green Mountain Boys."



# BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

OCTOBER 7-16, 1777.

AFTER collecting thirty day's provision Burgoyne passed the Hudson, and encamped at Saratoga. Gates, with numbers already equal, and continually augmenting, began to advance toward him with a resolution to oppose his progress at the risk of a battle.

He encamped at Stillwater, and Burgoyne hastened forward to open the way with his sword. On the 17th of September the two armies were within four miles of each other. Two days after, skirmishes between advance parties terminated in an engagement almost general, in which the utmost efforts of the British merely enabled them to maintain the footing of the preceding day.

Burgoyne, unassisted by the British forces under Clinton at New York, found himself unable to pursue his march down the river, and in the hope of this assistance, was content to remain in his camp, and stand on the defensive.

His army was likewise diminished by the desertion of the Indians and the Canadian militia, to less than one-half of its original number. Gates finding his force largely increasing, being plentifully supplied with provisions, and knowing that Burgoyne had only a limited store, which was rapidly lessening, and could not be recruited, was not without hopes that victory would come, in time, even without a battle.

His troops were so numerous, and his fortified position so strong, that he was able to take measures for preventing the retreat of the enemy, by occupying the strong posts in his rear. Accordingly nineteen days passed without any further operations, a delay as ruinous to one party as it was advantageous to the other.

At the end of this period, the British general found his prospects of assistance as remote as ever, and the consumption of his stores so alarming, that retreat or victory became the unavoidable alternative.

On the 8th of October a warm action ensued, in which the British were everywhere repulsed, and a part of their lines occupied by their enemies. Burgoyne's loss was very considerable in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the favorable situation of Gates' army made its losses in the battle of no moment.

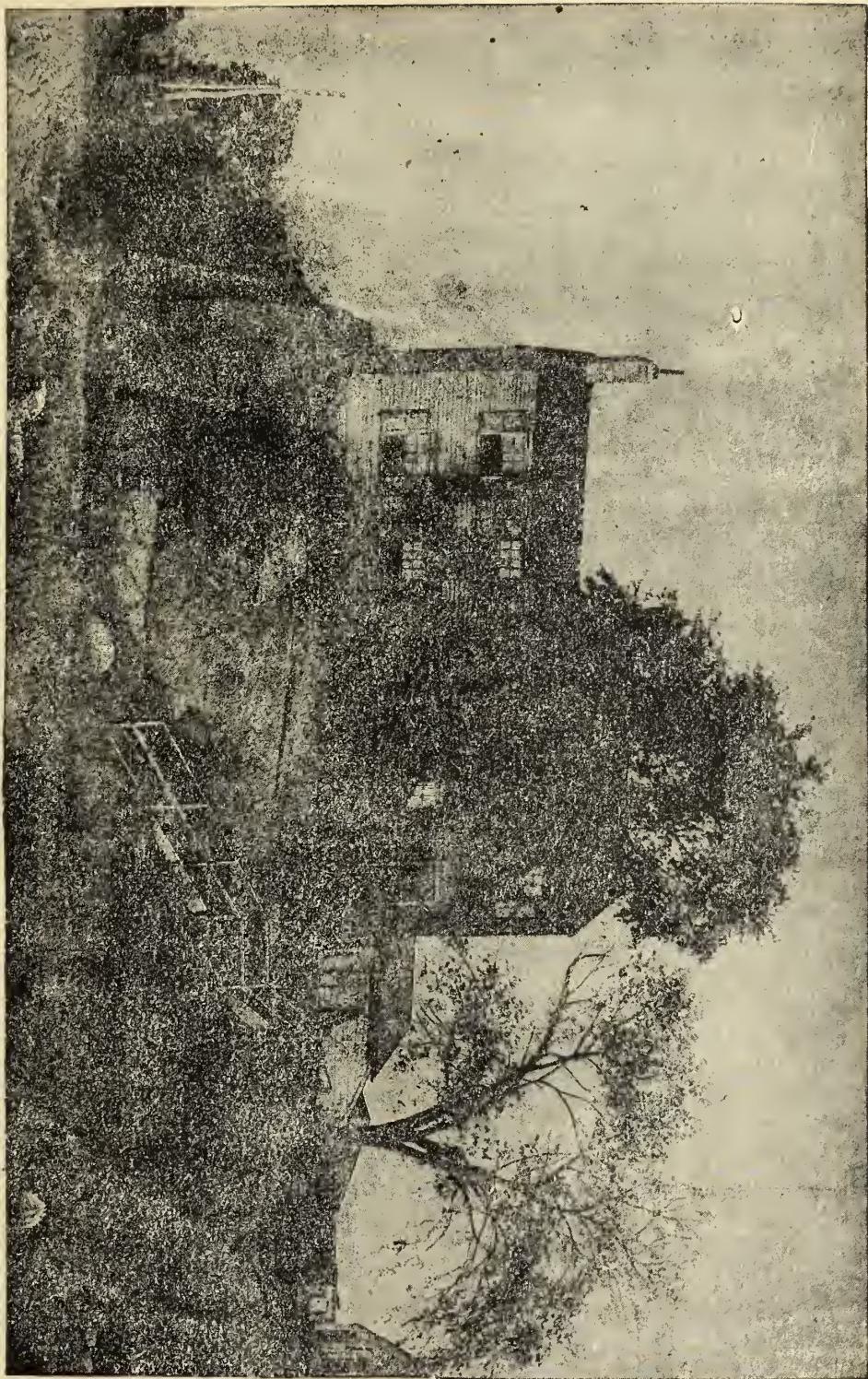
Burgoyne retired to a stronger camp, but the measures immediately taken by Gates, to cut off his retreat, compelled him without delay to regain his former camp at Saratoga. There he arrived with little molestation from his adversary.

His provisions being now reduced to the supply of a few days, the transport of artillery and baggage toward Canada being rendered impracticable by the judicious measures of his adversary, the British general resolved upon a rapid retreat, merely with what the soldiers could carry on their backs.

On a careful scrutiny, however, it was found that they were deprived even of this resource, as the passes through which their route lay were so strongly guarded that nothing but artillery could clear them. In this desperate situation a parley took place, and on the 16th of October the whole army surrendered to Gates.

The prize obtained consisted of more than five thousand prisoners, some fine artillery, seven thousand muskets, clothing for seven thousand men, with a great quantity of tents, and other military stores. All the frontier fortresses were immediately abandoned to the victors.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of this success. It may be considered as deciding the war of the Revolution, as from that period the British cause began rapidly to decline. The capture of Cornwallis was not of more importance than that of Burgoyne, nor was it in itself an event of greater splendor, or productive of more exultation.



BIRTHPLACE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## March of General Burgoyne.

AS this general advanced his army, the inhabitants fled in the wildest consternation. The horrors of war, however mitigated by the laws and civilization, are at all times sufficiently terrific; but when to these the fierce cruelties of a cloud of savages are superadded, those only who have been familiar with an American border warfare can form an adequate opinion of its atrocities.

Among the fugitives driven from their peaceful abode on the present occasion, was Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, a lady who has been somewhat celebrated as one of the early poets of our country.

She was the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, of the city of New York, and the wife of John J. Bleecker, Esq., of New Rochelle, whose enterprise, together with his lady's love for the wild scenery of the forest, had induced him to exchange a residence among the busy haunts of men for a solitary plantation in the vale of the Tomhanic, a mountain stream flowing into the Hoosic River, about twenty miles from Albany.

Mr. Bleecker's residence lay directly in the march of Burgoyne, on whose approach he hastened to Albany to provide accommodations for his family.

But a few hours after his departure, Mrs. Bleecker, as she sat at the table, received intelligence that the enemy, with tomahawk and brand, was within two miles of her residence.

Instant flight was the only alternative. Taking one of her children in her arms, and seizing the other by the hand, she started off on foot, attended only by a young mulatto girl, and leaving her house and all its contents a prey to the Indians.

The roads were encumbered by carriages, loaded with women and children, each intent upon his or her own safety; so that no assistance could be obtained, and her only recourse was to mingle in the fugitive throng, and participate in the common panic and common distress.

Having traveled about five miles on foot, however, she succeeded in obtaining a seat for the children in a wagon, which served to facilitate her march. On the following morning she was met by her husband, who conducted her to Albany, and thence down the Hudson as far as Red Hook, one of her children dying by the way.

Amid this scene of desolation and affright, there was yet one woman whose proud spirit was undaunted. It was the wife of General Schuyler.

The general's country-seat was upon his estate in Saratoga, standing upon the margin of the river. On the approach of Burgoyne, Mrs. Schuyler went up to Saratoga, in order to remove their furniture. Her carriage was attended by only a single armed man on horseback.

When within two miles of her house, she encountered a crowd of panic-stricken people, who recited to her the tragic fate of Miss M'Crea, and, representing to her the danger of proceeding farther in the face of the enemy, urged her to return.

She had yet to pass through a dense forest, within which even then some of the savage troops might be lurking for prey.

But to these prudential counsels she would not listen. "The general's wife," she exclaimed, "must not be afraid!" and, pushing forward, she accomplished her purpose.

Before the mansion was evacuated, however, the general himself had a narrow escape from assassination by the hand of a savage, who had insinuated himself into the house for that purpose.

It was at the hour of bedtime in the evening, and while the general was preparing to retire for the night, a female servant, who was coming in from the hall, saw a gleam of light reflected from the blade of a knife, in the hand of some person whose dark outline she discerned behind the door.

The servant was a black slave, who had sufficient presence of mind not to appear to have made the discovery.

Passing directly through the door into the apartment where the general was, yet standing near the fireplace, with an air of unconcern she pretended to arrange such articles as were disposed upon the mantlepiece, while in an under-tone she informed her master of her discovery, and said, aloud:

"I will call the guard."

The general instantly seized his arms, while the faithful servant hurried out by another door into a long hall, upon the floor of which lay a loose board which creaked beneath the tread.

By the noise she made in tramping rapidly upon the board, the Indian—for such he proved—being led to suppose that the Philistines were upon him

in numbers, sprang from his concealment and fled.

He was pursued, however, by the guard, and a few friendly Indians attached to the person of General Schuyler, overtaken, and made prisoner.

Exasperated at his treachery, the friendly Indians were resolved to put him to death, and it was with much difficulty that they were prevented

The effect of the incidents we have been detailing, and other recitals of savage cruelties, not all, as General Burgoyne represented, without foundation, was extensive and powerful.

The cry of vengeance was universal, and a spirit was aroused which proved of speedy and great advantage to the American arms.

### THE "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS."

**M**AJOR W. H., an officer who was distinguished for his bravery and gallant spirit, had under his charge about three hundred "Green Mountain boys"—a most significant appellation in those days—all of whom were sharpshooters, accustomed to the field, and strangers to fear.

This corps was placed on an advantageous piece of ground, partly concealed by bushes, at the Battle of Saratoga. The enemy were duly apprised of their position, and it was deemed important to dislodge them.

Accordingly, a formidable detachment, estimated at about five hundred strong, was ordered to march against them. They advanced upon a charge, thinking to decide the contest without much loss and with little difficulty.

The Americans undismayed, were prepared to receive them. Major H. gave peremptory orders to his troops to reserve their fire until the word of command; the enemy therefore rushed on without interruption until they had approached within a few rods of this Spartan band, when, pursuant to order, so deadly a fire was poured into their ranks, that those who escaped retreated in dismay and confusion.

The surviving officers, and they were few in number, soon rallied their forces and brought them a second time to the charge, advancing to the line of their comrades who had fallen. Here they received a second fire not less destructive than the

first. The enemy were completely panic struck, and fell back in wild disorder.

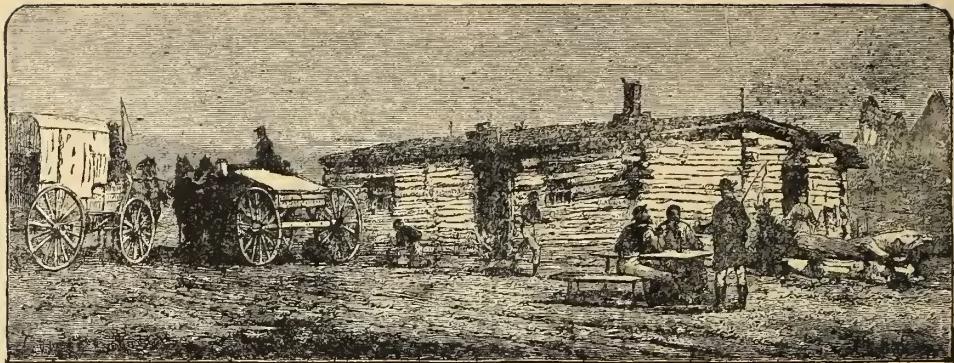
The few remaining officers, however, who behaved with dauntless bravery, and probably thirsting for vengeance, rallied their troops once more, although but few were left, and brought them a third time to the charge.

The issue of this attempt was not less fatal than the others; for after receiving the third fire, the survivors fled in terror and despair, and soon surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Their astonishment was past utterance when they found that out of the whole force with whom they had been associated, no more than thirty-six remained! The others lay stretched upon the field in mute silence, presenting a terrible spectacle of the power and unyielding spirit of freemen, when summoned to battle in defence of invaded rights.

Immediately after the issue of the engagement, my informant repaired to that part of the field which had been attended with such fatal consequences to the enemy. He was horror struck on witnessing the scene that presented itself to his view.

And his declaration to the writer of this article was, "I never beheld so awful a spectacle as here greeted my eyes. It was a winrow of dead men from one end of the line to the other." The contrast of the "Green Mountain boys," was scarcely less striking, as but few of them were injured.

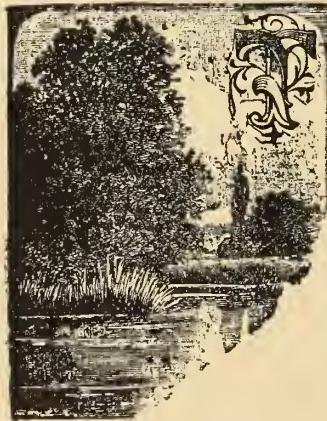


## San Jacinto--A Battle of Destiny.

APRIL 21st, 1836.

MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

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HERE was a great fight by a little army at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of April 21st, 1836, near the river San Jacinto, Texas—a fight that deserves to be remembered by all American people. It was a

the many, that did not leave a single man of the many with a gun in his hand, nor one out of two of them with the breath in his body—such are the figures and facts of the furious little afternoon-battle of San Jacinto.

But it is not the fury of the fight that makes it important to us; fury is common in battle—nor its size—a hundred times as many men have fought in battles less important—but its *results*; *these* do concern us. The fight opened the door with its bloody hands, for great events to pass through into our nation.

San Jacinto, that is to say, Samuel Houston, and his seven hundred frontiersmen of stout hearts and deadly marksmanship, in less than half an hour, settled it twenty-five years before hand, that there was to be a great Civil War in the United States; they settled it with a single rush that all the gold of California was to jingle in “Uncle Sam’s” pocket, not in Mexican purses; that Texas was to be an American, not a “Greaser” State, and that the English language was to be the speech of all the dwellers in that vast and magnificent realm, which sweeps westward from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Pacific. They settled it that the spirit, the

quick, sharp fight, vastly brave on one side, with splendid men running and shouting furiously for about fifteen minutes, shooting as they ran, shouting and shooting together, and smashing an army almost twice as big as their own, the very first minute they reached it. Samuel Houston rode at the front of this fierce rush of valor, and the magnificent quarter of an hour that, under his orders, tore a Mexican army to pieces as if lightning had shattered it, made him famous forever. Seven hundred Texans, farmers, herdsmen, hunters, against thirteen hundred Mexicans, “regulars,” practiced in war, and a victory of the few over

ideas, the institutions of the Saxon, should speedily prevail over a million square miles, that had been claimed as forever their own by Mexican indolence, ignorance and feebleness. Of course, Gen. Sam Houston and his ragged riflemen, did not know they were doing all this at San Jacinto. So far as they could see, they were simply giving a few hundred detested Mexican soldiers a monstrous thrashing. They hated these fellows who had come up from the Southwest, wagging their Spanish tongues and flourishing their loaded guns, and had just now squatted behind a breastwork of saddles and wagon boxes, meaning to deal out death, wholesale, among the Texan patriots.

The business of the hour was to wipe out this murderous horde, fresh from the butchery of helpless men, and ready to butcher more, if better soldiers than they did not stop them. That was what this fight was for. Houston's people were not thinking of future wars, nor of what might yet become of the United States. There was enough to fill their minds in the fierce little war that was just then blazing about their own homes, and it was as much as they could do to care for their one lone State of Texas, that was just fifty-one days old that very hour. They were bent on saving their households and their herds, their personal and political independence. So they hurled themselves straight at the enemy's lines, and with a crash, obliterated them. That was all they thought of doing, and it was quite enough for valorous men to do.

But, the fight was a fight for the coming ages, after all. These brave fellows, like many others, were building better than they knew. Houston was the unconscious forerunner of Grant and Sheridan, of Jackson and Lee. The marksmen of the Brazos made certain the great slaughter by the Potomac and the Mississippi. San Jacinto was the egg out of which at last were hatched Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the sublimity of Appomattox. But for the gallant boys in leather breeches by the banks of San Jacinto, three millions of "boys in blue" and boys in "butternut," would not have gone marching and warring across a dozen States of our Union, twenty-five years

later. But this is the way history is made; great things start small, and here a battle-splendor fifteen minutes long, was enough to cause the reconstruction of a mighty nation.

How could this be true? What was this distant hour that it should send its might down the American ages, and guide their destiny? For answer, we must know what Texas meant just then and there. This spacious Texas is little known yet, to the world at large, and even to the majority of Americans. Fifty-five years ago it was a vast, sunny, lonely, empty Paradise, an Eden of fine weather, wholesome air, and magnificent promise: it was a kind of territorial postscript, or loose annex to disorderly Mexico, the property by the law of nations of that absurd and boyish Republic. Mexico had seen the prosperity of the United States under its free institutions, and it wanted to prosper, too; so in the year 1822 it cut loose from its offensive political step-mother, Spain, and declared itself henceforth a free North American Republic. But a declaration is one thing, freedom is another, and Mexico was neither free nor republican. Its people were ignorant and servile; its government was weak and uncertain, and was a cause for dangerous quarreling among the ablest and most reckless men. Santa Anna was perhaps the most brilliant of all these Mexican rascals, and by his audacity and shrewdness he gained the front place in Mexican affairs. Five times this bold, able, bad man got the unhappy land into his power, five times he was hurled out of office by an angry people, and by men as bad and bold as himself. For several years before 1836, he had been at the top, and had fought a number of battles, winning them all, till he thought himself one of the world's greatest soldiers. He had also been cruel and violent, oppressing the people and butchering his enemies when he could catch them. Through his officers he had abused the Texans till they would bear it no longer. They were only a few thousand, all told, and were nearly all natives of the United States, where they had been trained to love of liberty and law, and to fierce hatred of all unjust interference with their personal rights of every sort. They were an utterly different people from the population of Mexico generally, who

had not so much as an idea of self-government, to say nothing of desire for it or the ability to maintain it if attempted. The Texans were men who would die rather than wear the fetters of a despot. The Mexicans, as yet, were people who would not know what to do with themselves unless they felt some sort of political yoke upon their banded necks. Santa Anna knew the Mexican, but the American he could not know, and he supposed these Texan people could be put down by murder as the rest of his uneasy Empire had been; so he started out with 5,000 soldiers for the official butchery of all Texans who should stand in his way.

But these American settlers had no thought of giving up or of backing down before Santa Anna's cut-throats. Their answer was: "Come this way if you dare; we are few, but we can fight, and we *will be free*."

March 1st, 1836, the little legislature at Harrisburg declared Texas a free and independent Republic, and prepared to make its declaration good

with perhaps three thousand fighting men among them, very widely scattered. By March 6th, Gen. Houston had at his back, in the hamlet of Gonzales, 374 brave fellows, not enough, of course, to destroy 5,000; on that very day, fifty miles west of them, at the Alamo (Fort of the "Poplar Tree"), 4,000 Mexicans, under Santa Anna, captured the few who were left of the 172 men of the garrison, that had stood out against them through eleven days of hard fighting. Every one of the prisoners was immediately butchered; among the murdered was the famous hunter, David Crockett. March 27th, at Goliad, fifty miles south of Gonzales, Santa Anna contrived, after a savage fight, to get 350 Texans into his hands; after they were disarmed, with his usual ferocity he shot them dead to the last man. He thought he was scaring Texas into submission by his atrocities, but never did murderer make a more desperate mistake. He had not been dealing with Mexicans. Americans never have been butchered into obedience; it is not likely they ever will be. The Texans were infuriated, not intimidated by the blood-baths at the Alamo and at Goliad. Houston's tiny army increased. He kept his small force moving, skillfully keeping out of Santa Anna's way, until his own men should gain enough both in number and discipline, to make a pitched battle with an enemy of thrice their own number, if need be. Houston's adroit marches were followed by Santa Anna, who swaggered and bragged with foolish pride over his triumphant murder of five hundred defenseless men. He was so sure of his prey that he incautiously let his army be scattered, and on the morning of April 20th he had only 900 men under his immediate command, at San Jacinto, near the head of Galveston Bay; only a mile away were the Texans, about 700 of them, camped in the woods, covered with mud, their clothing in rags, their muscles toughened by the marching of weeks, and every man eager to fight without a minute's delay.

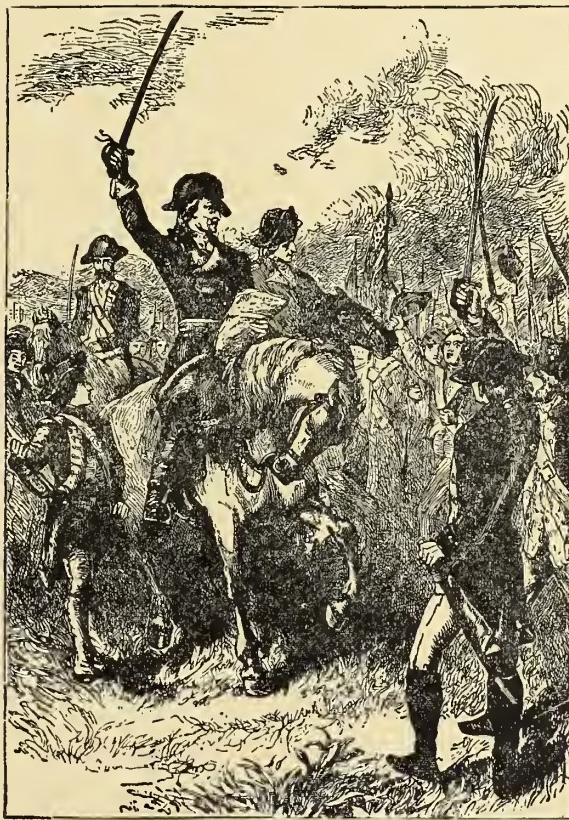
Houston was ready now, sure of his men, and willing to hurl them at the insolent Mexican president and his trained murderers. He drew his men up in battle line, at the edge of the



SAMUEL HOUSTON.

by creating an army to meet and fight the approaching host. Samuel Houston, a native of Tennessee, and for a time its governor, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all Texan forces, a remarkable and powerful man, both in body and soul.

There could not have been at that time 10,000 white people, all told, throughout that vast land,



AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

woods, in full sight of Santa Anna's army, which was camped at the crest of an open slope three thousand feet away. In the early afternoon the Mexicans started down the slope to brush these few ragged riflemen away. They came toward the waiting Texans, with laughter and jeers, pleased to think that there was another bloody treat awaiting them, like the red business at the Alamo. These Texans watched and kept still, till the Mexicans were within two hundred and fifty yards of them; then somebody spoke, (Houston), and said one sharp, short word, greatly to the point just then, "Fire!"—crash—it was the only cannon of the Texans, a twelve-pounder, whirling canister-shot right through the Mexicans, and halting half a dozen of them forever. Rattle and crack! the Texan rifles were speaking with deadly directness. In ten minutes the Mexicans had heard all they cared to from that source for the afternoon, and concluded to go at once back to camp and rest; no sooner decided than done, and back they went, taking their twenty dead and wounded comrades along. Nobody laughed. The fun seemed to have entirely stopped. The Mexicans had not succeeded in making a joke of the matter, and the Texans had not intended any.

Houston kept his men in their places; he had not meant that this should be the final fight. He had wished to show his troops by a lively test, that in a fair fight the Mexicans were not their equals, but he felt that a victory in a defensive fight would be less complete than one gained in a bold attack; hence he had ordered his soldiers to fire at long range on the advancing enemy, too far to hurt them very much, but near enough to frighten them back to camp. Not a Texan had been hit.

At about six that evening, the Texans saw 500 fresh troops march into the Mexican camp, making the enemy just about double their own number, but they were not frightened. They posted their guards and went to sleep, so as to be ready for the next day's business, whatever it might be.

#### THE BATTLE.

April 21st brought a clear sky and pleasant weather, and a fierce wish for battle to the rank

and file in the Texan camp. The Mexicans ate their breakfast, and sat down behind their new-made breastworks of camp stuff and turf, waiting for the Texans to show them what to do.

Soon after noon Houston called his leading officers together in council, over the question, "Is it best to attack the enemy, or to wait for them to attack?" A large majority favored waiting. The General dismissed the council, and went at once to the soldiers, who were anxiously waiting the decision of their leaders. He was cheered as he approached; standing among them he exclaimed, "My men, we are seven hundred strong, and every man a hero; yonder, at a thousand yards, are fifteen hundred Mexicans, murderers of our brave countrymen. We can beat them. Shall we wait till to-morrow, or shall we fight NOW?"

With a mighty shout, the entire seven hundred cried, "Now! Now! Remember the Alamo. Let us fight NOW!!!" "Fight we will, boys, and fight to win," roared Houston. "Let every man look to his gun." Orders were instantly given for an immediate charge, and the woods were alive with the joyful stir of the rallying army. Five minutes brought the enthusiastic little host into line, fully prepared for the desperate business in prospect. Every man felt the importance of the hour, and stood ready to pledge his life to his duty. With burning eyes the men looked toward the silent camp of the enemy, with wrath that only blood could quench.

Houston rode down the line, as it stood for a moment, waiting his final order, his majestic presence acting as a new inspiration to the already aroused heroes. Then he took his station in front of them, and said a few flaming words, his noble features glowing with the light of a high courage and a purpose sublime.

"Brave men," he said, "your hour has come; it is your one chance to thrash those Mexican devils, and save Texas. Remember the Alamo—and go in!" Not a very finished oration, but very much to the point. It suited the occasion, and kindled the coming victory. A tremendous shout went up from the entire seven hundred,—"Remember the Alamo!" The very tree-tops shook with that stormy shout, loud herald of approaching battle.



Houston quickly made his dispositions for the charge, giving each officer of the line rapid and exact orders as to his work. In ten minutes he had his army ready for action. Placing himself in front of the impatient ranks, he cried, "Ready! steady, men—Charge!" With a spring, the men went forward. Out of the woods in an instant, the compact little army pushes straight toward the hostile crest, at a quick step, with arms trailed; the gait is a lively one, but not a run, the commander wisely saving the wind and muscle of his troops for the final rush. Houston rides a few rods in advance of his soldiers, the pride of their gallant hearts and the wonder of the enemy, who can hardly believe that he is really leading a serious attack on an entrenched force twice the size of his own. His gigantic size impresses them, even at a distance, and his splendid courage confounds them.

Santa Anna was asleep when the Texans began their march; roused by an aide, he would not believe an attack was really intended. Climbing a tree, he saw the enemy coming, and saw, too, that in five minutes a crash would come also; he was on the ground in a second, and he brought his men to their posts with a quick shout; he ordered five hundred troops on the "double quick" to the left of his line, where he looked for the heaviest shock, and then hurried the length of the column, with words of encouragement, and cursing the "Texan ragamuffins."

But the "ragamuffins" did not mind the Mexican's curse; steadily they came on, silently, too, wasting no breath, losing no time, a marching fate. At five hundred yards the two Mexican cannon opened on them; badly aimed, the shot flew far above the advancing lines, causing not even a tremor in the ranks—straight on!—and now the Mexican front is spitting fire spitefully. Flash—flash—a thousand nervous rifles scalding in racket and smoke, at the coming terror down there on the ever-narrowing slope of green! But the rifles are as wild as the cannon were, and hurt nobody, their indefinite bullets singing and soaring aloft, as those grim fellows move straight onward below, at the same sure pace. Only a hundred yards away—it is terrible, this silent advance—why

don't they *do* something, shout or shoot? Not a sound from the oncoming column! Oh, yes, hark! that is the tramp of their march on the prairie turf, heard between the spatter and clatter of the excited musketry of the Mexicans. How near! and always coming nearer! One can see their faces, and the fierceness in them. They are hardly a hundred feet off now—quick with your guns, Santa Anna! Stop them, or Texas is free. Still they come, and never a word—ha—at last there's a sound. "H-a-l-t!" It is Houston's shout. The column instantly stands—it is only thirty yards now from front to hostile front.

"S-t-e-a-d-y!" cries the intrepid leader. "Pick your men, all of you—Ready!" The seven hundred rifles click as one. "A-i-m!?" The Mexican front is instantly "covered" by the terrible marks-men of the frontier. Another second of time—"F-i-r-e!?" Then a single crash, a monstrous unit of destruction, deafening, hideous, final! The Mexicans go down in winrows; their works are instantly lined with the dead. The living stand for a second, dazed and aghast, unable to act or even think. Look! listen! The rush of a living whirlwind! A cry more terrible than the maddest uproar of battle! "The Alamo! The Alamo! Remember the Alamo!" Seven hundred furies let loose—not men any more, but incarnate vengeance, mad for human blood! That single Texan volley ended the fight. The actual contest was not two minutes long. The smoke was not cleared from the Texan rifles before Houston's men were in the midst of the Mexicans, beating their brains out. The whole of Santa Anna's force immediately went to pieces. Those who still had legs and life, ran, and were shot, stabbed and clubbed to death in hundreds, by their now crazed pursuers. Over six hundred of them were slain. Houston tried to call his troops off from the slaughter, but for half an hour nothing could check their fury, as the fresh memory of their murdered mates blazed up in their angry souls. Finally, tired with the killing, they granted life to more than seven hundred captured wretches. Not a Mexican got away. The total Texan loss was 8 killed and 25 wounded.

Santa Anna ran off as soon as that awful volley

smote his army, and he hid for three days in the tall grass of a swamp, clothed in the garments of one of the dead soldiers. He crept into Houston's camp at last, filthy with swamp-mud and nearly starved, and then, making himself known to his conqueror, he begged for his worthless life. Of course, the troops wanted to shoot him as a human butcher, but Houston would not murder even a murderer, and spared the creature. Along with his villainous existence, Santa Anna saved unimpaired, his vanity, and once he felt his head secure on his shoulders, he said to General Houston, "You have won immortal renown, for you have conquered the Napoleon of the West." The cruel and conceited Mexican was right as to the victor's renown, though ridiculous as to his own rank in the universe.

That one fateful volley at San Jacinto made Texas an Independent Republic, severing it for-

ever from the Mexican State, and making its final addition to the United States certain. Annexed, Texas so encouraged the growth of slavery and so emboldened the champions of its extension to insist that their "peculiar institution" had a right to the whole of the United States, that at last they made bold to bring on the mighty war which settled it forever, that America was to be the freeman's land and our Union a compact nation which no faction can tear apart, a single people, with a common flag and an undivided destiny. Houston and his gallant men laid their valorous hands on the fate of our great country, and in eighteen minutes from their break out of the woods, near Buffalo Creek, till the Mexican lines were shattered, they turned the tide of universal American history into the broadening channels of its mighty present.

We have rightly named San Jacinto, a Battle of destiny.

#### A CONTINENTAL CURIOSITY.

THE following singular verses illustrate the odd fancies, common during the days of our Fathers. There was much pleasure taken, during the "Revolution," in thrusting the pen as well as the sword, at King George, his politicians and his red-coated men; the more of oddity there was in the lines written, the more taking they proved, and words like those here given were very popular. We are indebted to Mr. J. H. Stambaugh of State Line, Ind., for their discovery, as we had never chanced to see them in print. We are sure the readers of the YOUNG AMERICAN ANNUAL will enjoy the quaint conceits of the production, as made clear in its "Explanation" and "Result."

#### REVOLUTIONARY POEM.

Hark! Hark! the trumpet sounds,—the din of war's alarms,  
O'er seas and solid grounds,—doth call us all to arms.  
Who for King George doth stand,—their honors soon shall shine,  
Their ruin is at hand,—who with the Congress join.  
The acts of Parliament,—in them I much delight

I hate their cursed intent,—who for the Congress fight.

#### II.

The Tories of the day,—they are my daily toast,  
They soon will sneak away,—who independence boast.

Who now resistance hold,—they have my hand and heart.

May they for slaves be sold,—who act a whigish part.

#### III.

On Mansfield North and Bute,—may daily blessings pour,

Confusion and Dispute,—on Congress evermore.

To North and British lord,—may honors still be done,

I wish a black cord,—for General Washington.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### EXPLANATION.

Read. 1st—As usual.

2nd—To commas only.

3rd—From commas to periods.

#### RESULT.

1st—The Revolutionary cause is condemned.

2nd—It is praised.

3rd—“ “ .

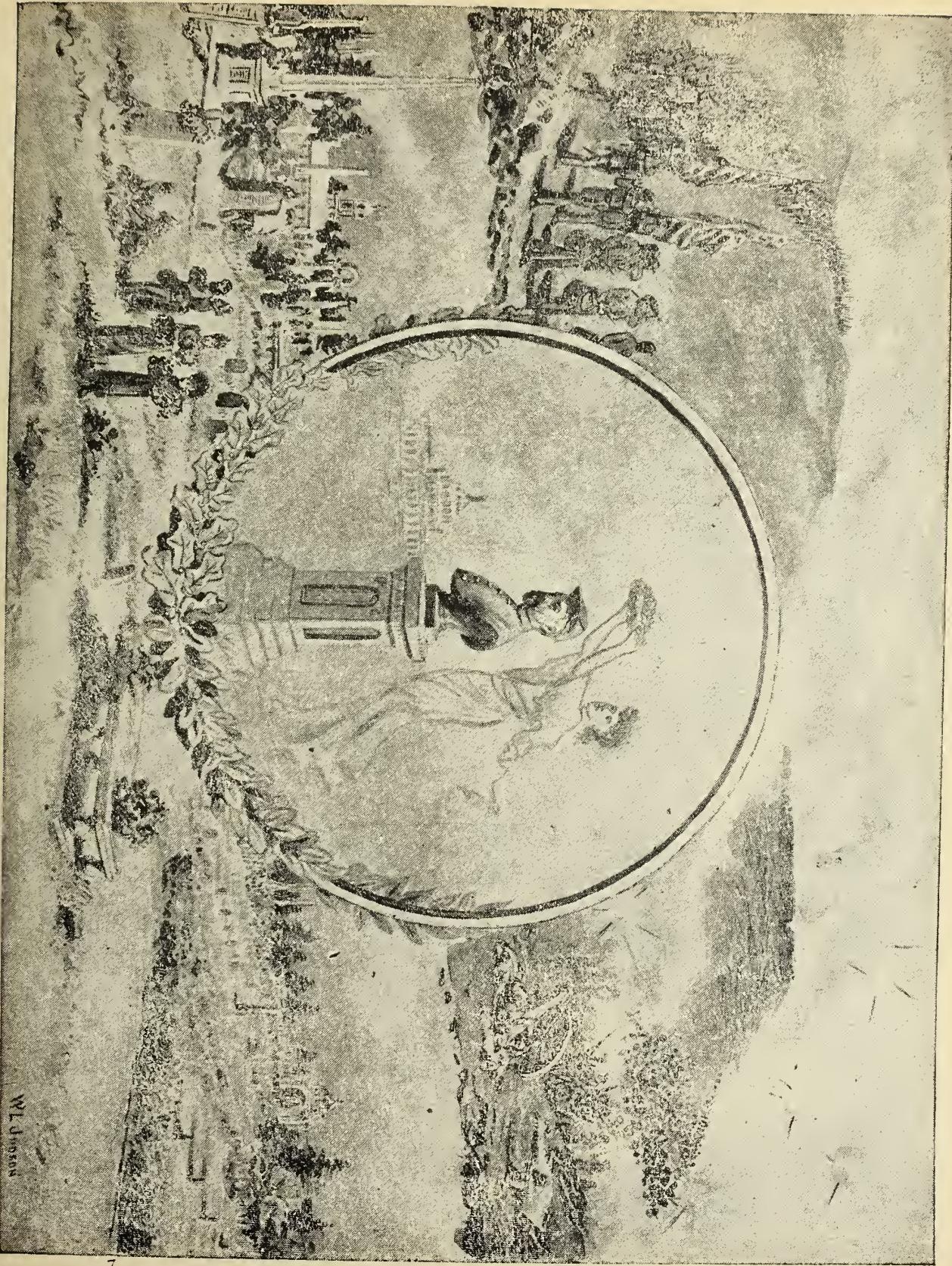
# How They Sang the "Star Spangled Banner" when Lincoln was Inaugurated.

BY THOMAS NAST.

I WAS in Washington a few days prior to the inauguration of Lincoln in 1861, having been sent by the Harpers to take sketches when that event should come off. I did nothing but walk around the city and feel the public pulse, so to speak. There was no necessity of saying anything to anybody. You intuitively recognized that trouble was brewing. Many people had sworn that Lincoln should not be inaugurated. Their utterances had fired the Northern heart, and the people loyal to the old flag were just as determined that the lawfully elected President should be inaugurated, though blood should flow in the attempt. It was an awful time. People looked different from what they do now. Little knots of men could be seen conversing together in whispers on street-corners, and even the whispers ceased when a person unknown to them approached. Everybody seemed to suspect every one else. Women looked askance at each other, and children obliged to be out, would scurry home as if frightened, probably having been given warning by their parents. The streets at night, for several nights prior to the inaugural ceremonies, were practically deserted. There was a hush over everything. It seemed to me that the shadow of death was hovering near. I had constantly floating before my eyes, sable plumes and trappings of woe. I could hear dirges constantly, and thought for awhile that I would have to leave the place or go crazy. I knew all these sombre thoughts were but imagination, but I also knew that the something which had influenced my imagination was tangible, really existed. The 4th of March came and Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated quietly and without ostentation. After the services were over and it became known that Mr. Lincoln had really been inducted into office, there went up a savage snarl

from the disaffected ones. The snarl was infectious. It was answered by just as savage growls all over the city. But nothing was said. A single yell of defiance, a pistol-shot, or even an oath would have precipitated a conflict. Men simply glared at each other and gnashed their teeth, but were careful not to grit them so it could be heard. I went to my room in the Willard and sat down to do some work. I couldn't work. The stillness was oppressive. At least a dozen times I picked up my pencils only to throw them down again. I got up and paced the floor nervously. I heard men on either side of me doing the same thing. Walking didn't relieve the severe mental strain. I sat down in my chair and pressed my head to my hands. Suddenly I heard a window go up and some one step out on the balcony of the Ebbitt House, directly opposite. Everybody in the hotels had heard him. "What is he going to do?" I asked myself, and I suppose every one else propounded the same mental interrogatory. We hadn't to wait long. He began to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" in a clear, strong voice. The effect was magical, electrical. One window went up, and another, and then another, and heads popped out all over the neighborhood. People began to stir on the streets. A crowd soon gathered. The grand old song was taken up and sung by thousands. The spell was broken, and when the song was finished, tongues were loosened, and cheer after cheer rent the air. The man rooming next to me, rapped on my door and insisted that I should take a walk with him. As we passed along the corridors we were joined by others, men wild with joy, some of them weeping and throwing their arms around each other's neck. Others were singing, and all were happy.

Washington was itself again. The "Star Spangled Banner" had saved it.



# AMERICA'S MEMORIAL DAY.

AFTER the passions of war—What? Peace, with her serene soul, and kinder thoughts! We, the people, have chosen a day to recall the toil and tears of those years of strife, when the nation was being redeemed in its own blood. We cover with flowers the graves of our honored dead and decorate the sod with the flag for which those who there sleep, endured and died. A beautiful and wise custom! The deeds we thus consecrate with affection and honor have made the nation immortal. The men who did them belong to us and to the innumerable generations that are to follow us, and their fame is as sacred to every American as it is safe to an imperishable renown. We desire this number of our Magazine to resound with the great story of our patriot dead, to whom we owe it, that America is glorious for us who live. We have chosen several of the best utterances from lips of eloquent Americans as they spoke their hearts out above the dust of the martyrs of the Union.

**AMID THE GRAVES OF THOSE WHO FELL AT GETTYSBURG, SAID ABRAHAM LINCOLN,**

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

AT MT. AUBURN, SAID RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

"We hear much of the language of flowers. With them we crown the head of childhood, and deck the brow of beauty. They grace the festival. They soothe the grief of the funeral. They tell the deepest secrets of love, and pass into the cells of memory, never to be forgotten. But where have flowers ever been applied by man to a nobler, fitter purpose than by us to-day? Have we not done well to give the sweetest products of our native land, to the memory of those who died to defend it? May not these flowers best spend the brief hour of their unassuming lives in doing honor to heroes, and wither and meet death on the graves of the truest hearts that ever bled? Our heroes died that there should not be sunken in the soil of this land the corner stone of an empire of slavery. Well, then, may we devote to their memory this annual offering the earth pours



A HALT IN THE MARCH.

into our hands, in the infinite prodigality of nature!

How soothingly has the hand of Time fallen upon all that this day recalls! Hero, soldier, wherever in these consecrated grounds you sleep, our earth has made its circuit but a few times round the sun since you poured out your life in the din and carnage of battle, or at the crack of the stealthy rifle on the detached march, on picket-duty, or felt it ebbing, ebbing away in the hospital. It is not long ago that there were breaking hearts for you,—

"\* \* \* \* \* The tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony were thine."

But, now, tears have given place to joy, to pride, to honor. Your memory is an heritage to your family. Memorials of you are gathered and kept by the hand of affection and pride. Your name is on the monument, or the mural tablet. Your picture is on the wall of the mansion, or in the humble home is your simple photograph, perhaps the more dear, as a youth in civic dress, and as you last crossed the threshhold of your home—a soldier. Already, they who have sown in tears have reaped in joy; and they who, a few days, as it were, ago came up hither weeping, bearing precious seed, have to-day returned hither again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

### THE OLD BLUE COAT.

1864.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,  
Though never I passed the man before?  
Because my heart was full and proud  
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,  
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;  
Enough that in the front of foes  
His country's blue great-coat he wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,  
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor,  
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,  
I only marked the coat he wore:  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line,  
From Shem or Ham in the days of yore.  
For surely he was a brother of mine,  
Who for my sake the war coat wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write  
Or he might be rich in learned yore:  
But I know he could make his mark in fight,  
And nobler gown no scholar wore,  
Than the blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

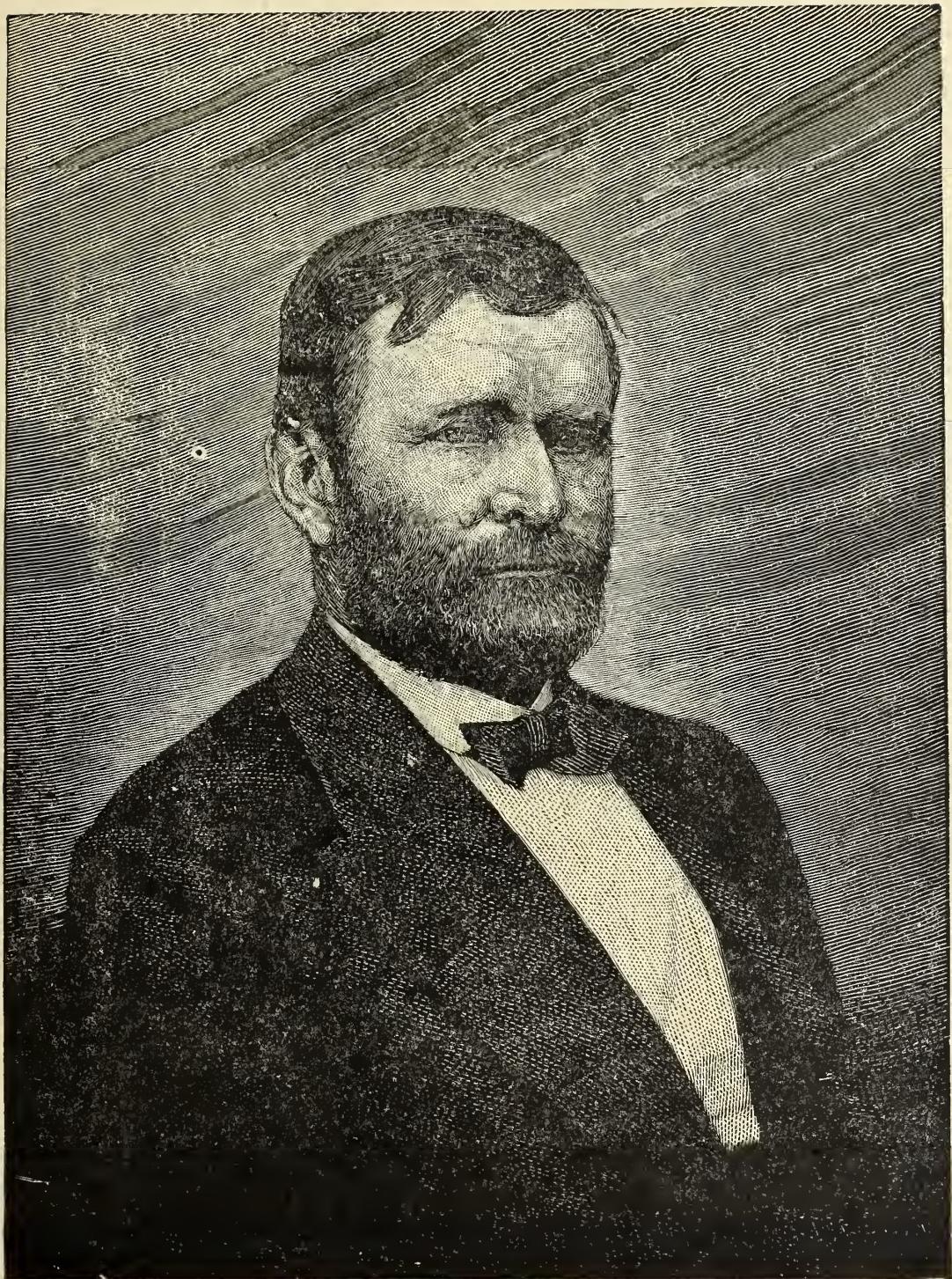
He had worn it long, and borne it far;  
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,  
From midnight chill till the morning star,  
That warnèd great-coat, the sentry wore.  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks  
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;  
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks,  
In the morning sun, no more he wore  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,  
From the seven days' battling and marching sore,  
Or with Kearny and Pope, 'mid the steely storm  
As the night closed in that coat he wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when right over him Jackson dashed,  
That collar or cape some bullet tore;  
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed;  
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves  
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;  
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves  
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.



GENERAL GRANT.

That garb of honor tells enough,  
Though I its story guess no more;  
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,  
That the coat is mail which that soldier wore.  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.  
  
He may hang it up when the peace shall come,  
And the moths may find it behind the door;  
But his children will point, when they hear a drum,  
To the proud old coat the soldier wore.  
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

SAID GEN. CARL SCHURZ AT ST. LOUIS:

MY FRIENDS: We stand in view of many thousand soldiers' graves—soldiers who received their wounds on the rough edge of battle, soldiers who sank down under the burden of fatigue and toil, or who inhaled the fatal breath of disease from the deadly vapors raised by the Southern sun, or amidst the inhuman torments of captivity. To say that they died a glorious death would be saying little, for the same is said of those who, following the lead of vain and greedy conquerors, found their graves among enslaved nations, slaves themselves to the selfish and despotic will that ruled them. For our dead we have a higher praise. It was not forced obedience to the command of a tyrant that dragged them from their homes; not the lust of conquest, nor the scarcely nobler thirst for glory. When the life of the nation was attempted, when the cause of liberty and human rights called for their aid, they rushed forth to rally under the banner they loved, with grand singleness of purpose and heroic devotion, leaving house and home, wife and child, father

and mother—leaving all behind them, to meet toil and danger, hunger, sickness, wounds and death, for nothing but the sublime satisfaction of doing their duty to their country and to mankind. Other soldiers have fought as well as ours; but proudly may we say, that no soldier ever battled with more unselfish zeal for a nobler cause than the American volunteer. That is his unmatched glory.



Honor to those who returned home from the field safe and victorious! Honor to them! But they have already received a high reward. The names of many are inscribed upon the rolls of renown, and all are left to rejoice over the great results of their struggles. Theirs is the happiness to read the praise of their sufferings and deeds in the beaming eyes of their children. But those upon whose graves we stand here, and many thousands like them, have gone down lonesome and nameless; the hands of strangers have closed their eyelids, and most of them now rest forever, far away from those to whom they were most dear. Therefore, you have come here to-day, patriotic men and women, to adorn these mounds with the offerings of your affection, of gratitude, and to prove that the great American heart forgets not one who has laid down his life that the republic might live, and that the eternal rights of human nature might be safe.

These flowers are beautiful, but their beauty fades over night. To-morrow's sun will wither it. What would this offering be worth if the spirit which brings it here proved as perishable as these flowers? If we could forget that we owe a higher duty to our dead than the mere ornament we strew upon their graves? Would not this be a wanton mockery, if our hearts were not full of the sacred resolution to devote our lives to that for which they have died? We shall disgrace their memories if ever we prove faithless to their example.

Then, in the awful presence of these innumerable graves, let us pronounce this vow: By every drop of blood that has been shed in the great struggle; by every moan and sigh of the wounded and dying; by every tear that has moistened the pale cheek of mother, widow and orphan; by the terrors of death that swept over our battle-fields and haunted the beds of agony in our hospitals—here we record the sacred promise that these men shall not have died in vain; that no prejudice shall move us from our purpose; that no obstacle, ever so formidable, shall make us falter in our resolve; that we will not rest until we can crown their graves with the monument of the final victory of the right, until the great American Republic, one and indivisible, is firmly grounded upon impartial justice and the equal rights of all.

Their bodies lie mouldering in the grave,  
Their souls are marching on!

—Yes, marching on with the van of the grand army of liberty, hovering over our banners as they advance for new struggles, quickening our resolution with their inspiring presence, striking confusion into the hearts of our enemies, and overwhelming those who have proved faithless with the deep damnation of their treachery. So we will march on together—on and on, united, fearless, irresistible, until the grand consummation is reached, so that when we lay down our heads mankind may bless us, as we now bless those who have preceded us.

### THE HERO'S REST.

“You whom

Our song cannot reach with its transient breath,  
Deaf ears that are stopped with the brown dust of death,  
Blind eyes that are dark to your own deathless glory,  
Silenced hearts that are heedless of praise murmured  
o'er ye,  
Sleep deep; sleep in peace; sleep in memory ever,  
Wrapt, each soul, in the deeds of its deathless endeavor,  
Till that great final peace shall be struck through the  
world,  
Till the stars be recalled and the firmament furled,  
In the dawn of a daylight undying; until

The signal of Zion be seen on the hill

Of the Lord, when the day of the battle is done,  
And the conflict with Time by Eternity won.

\* \* \* \* \*

“What is worth living for, is worth dying for, too,  
And therefore all honor, brave hearts, unto you,  
Who have fallen that Freedom, more fair by your death,  
A pilgrim may walk where your blood on her path  
Leads her steps to your graves.

“Let them babble above you!

Sleep well, where no breath of detraction may move you!  
And the peace the world gives not, is yours at the last.”

# THE WAR THAT SAVED US.

MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

WE Americans have come a quarter of a century down, or up, as we choose to regard it, from a great war, the greatest ever waged by man—the war of states, of brother with brother. It was a war bitter, cruel and glorious—bitter, it was a family quarrel, cruel—it killed five hundred thousand men, glorious—it saved us; it saved our America.

When the great Civil War began no one understood it very well. Neither side quite knew what had brought the fight about, and we all believed it would soon be over—a battle or two, and then the Union under the old flag, just as before. We thought so, but we made a mistake, four years wide with rivers of blood and woe flowing through.

The war greatly surprised us who were caught in its abrupt storm of death—yet, it did not come in a hurry. It had been making ready for a long time, under our very eyes, but we did not see it. We ourselves, North and South, had been busy for several generations in a way sure to make it come at last; we had been building the two sides of our country on two contradictory and hostile ideas.

The North held by the doctrine of the universal right to liberty, that to enslave any human being was un-American. The South stood for the doctrine that liberty was the right of a part of the people and that to enslave an African was judicious and patriotic. The North said “America for humanity!” The South said “America for the white man!”

This was the difference that finally brought the disagreeing sections to blows, for it is conflicting ideas that go to war after all. The two seeds out of which hostilities were to grow were, strangely enough, planted the same year, in fateful 1620,

one of them at Plymouth Rock, amid Winter snows, on an icy coast, in tribulation, pain and faith. The Mayflower, ship of destiny, brought hither a nation’s fate, with its lading of convictions, its golden ingots of truth. The “Pilgrim Fathers” were great believers; they maintained the greatness of God and the worth of man. They did not fully understand the logic of their own convictions, but universal liberty was in them and sure to blossom out of them at last.

The other seed from which the great war grew was planted on Virginia soil at little Jamestown in the form of a cargo of kidnapped negroes, brought in a Dutch ship from Africa and sold as farm stock to the planters who had found tobacco-raising in the wilderness unpleasantly laborious. Slavery once rooted thrrove vigorously and became so wrought into the social system of the southern half of our country, that it finally transformed that section into what was practically a separate nation; it created an aristocratic society, where it was maintained almost without question, that rights and privileges were by divine order the belongings of a class and not of all the people. The North, without the un-American curse of human slavery had become completely Democratic, that is to say, devoted to the popular theory of society, and rejecting the idea that one sort of man had any rights that every other sort of man did not possess. The Declaration of Independence was thoroughly believed in by the immense majority of the people in the so-called “Free States,” although the immortal words of that great utterance of the Fathers had been called a collection of “glittering generalities” by an able lawyer who wished to please the South and



THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER DECORATING THE PICTURES.

to rebuke the North for claiming that Thomas Jefferson meant what he said when he wrote "All men are created equal and are possessed of certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." "This is true," said the liberty-loving North. "It is false!" cried the slave-holding South, and the difference became bitter between the sections and the more it was debated the further the two sides in the discussion were from agreeing; as usual the people on both sides were quite sincere and believed that the great God was of their party. The dispute was unmistakable by this time. It was to be a deed of grants for the ownership of the noblest empire on earth. There would be no half-way settlement of the matter. As the prophetic Lincoln declared in 1856, "America must be all free or all slave."

The first collision between the two great antagonists occurred on the open prairie, a contest for the Territory of Kansas; the South was resolved it should come into the Union a slave State; the free North said, "No, it must be free," and free it became after several years of turmoil and blood-shed. It was on this preliminary battle-field that fierce old John Brown came to view, waving in the name of the God of battles on the institution of slavery this wild crusade in 1859, an attack with twenty armed men, in the State of Virginia, at once heroic and fantastic, roused North and South alike, as if it had been a trumpet call to battle.

In 1861 the trumpet did sound. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was chosen our President by a party pledged to do what it could to prevent the farther spread of slavery in the nation. The Southern leaders said this was no better than a declaration of war against their cherished institution and that it was time to withdraw from a Union where government was hostile to their most sacred interests. State after state amid anger and rejoicings declared itself no more of us, South Carolina leading the way, December 20, 1860. In February, 1861, Jefferson Davis was chosen President of the new attempt at a nation; he declared that as matters were going

the North would "soon smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel."

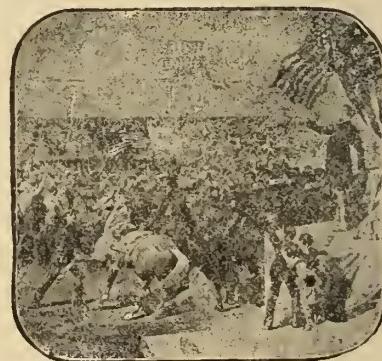
His prophesy came true, with the important additions, of Northern powder and steel as fatal as the kind he had promised.

At Fort Sumpter, April 12-13, 1861, the first lightning of the war flashed. Twenty-five men under Major Anderson, fought four thousand; for twenty-four hours they starved and suffocated, they surrendered; and the "stars and stripes" came down and the rattle-snake flag went up.

Wild days followed; all America was convulsed by the event. The South was beside itself with joy, the North, with wrath. Said Jefferson Davis: "By May 1st, the flag of our new Southern nation will float over the old Capitol at Washington." Said Abraham Lincoln: "Americans, let us fight for the Union." From end to end of this land went up a shout, "Let us fight for the Union."

Such an awakening of an amazed and wrathful people the world had never seen. It had been impossible for the North to believe that the South really *meant war*, but once the flag had been fired on and a fortress had been wrested from United States troops at the cannon's mouth, twenty-million Americans blazed into a frenzy of loyal rage.

President Lincoln might have had a million men within a month, for battle, could the government



have equipped and organized them. He called for 75,000 and instantly an army of volunteers sprung into existence. Washington became the storm-center of this outburst of war. The old



EDWARD EVERETT, AS DELIVERING HIS GREAT SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

flag came thither above a marching host of patriots who were willing to perish to redeem it.

The South was equally aroused. Lincoln's call for soldiers to put down rebellion angered the manhood of ten belligerent States, and set an army on the march to resist the force that threatened what was held to be the sacred cause of Southern Independence.

A skirmish here and there along the opposing lines, and then the awful crash at Bull Run where 40,000 men flew at each other's throats, where both armies were defeated in turn, first the Southern then the Northern! The Northern defeat became a panic and the panic, of course, became a run-away. The Southern army was too badly beaten to chase after its flying foe, but the glory of the day was its own, while annihilation overwhelmed the North.

After this followed one awful battle after another, with defeat and victory strangely coming and going across the standards of the two mighty contestants. The armies seemed everywhere equally brave. Men never bore butchery better, nor faced death with steadier ranks than these warring brothers on the hundreds of battle-fields that reddened with good American blood.

In the midst of the conflict there went out from Washington a word that sounded louder than the voice of battle and carried with it the power of



many victories. Abraham Lincoln proclaimed the negro slave a free man, pledging the power of the nation to crush the system of human bond-

age, that fruitful cause of national discord. The pen and the sword were mated henceforth in the struggle for the nation. "The Emancipation Proclamation" won the applause of a world and made the issue of the war certain. It grew more and more clear to the witnessing humanity that the struggle here was over the question of universal rights and that it was not as had been widely supposed a mere ill-natured outbreak between jealous sections. Here was something more at stake than a question as to how people should hire their servants in different parts of the United States, which Carlyle had rashly declared was all the American blood-shedding was about.

It was all clear now. The war meant the right to be free, and it went its bloody course without a halt, winning the victories of man *for* man. Crimson Gettysburg went by with its immense success, and Vicksburg robed in glories, Chamauga's days of woe, Sherman's matchless marches and at last the terrible rush of Grant's iron ranks that went swift up to the great hours of Appomattox, and lifted the Union forever above the perils of disruption and assured to its great destiny the final ages.

When the great struggle was done, the world rejoiced and cursed. The *people* everywhere were glad, for our cause was their cause. The perpetuity of the Republic meant the permanence of democratic institutions; the stability of the Union was the guarantee of popular liberty. The kings and the lords of the earth were angry at the triumph of the Union. American liberty was a rebuke and a threat to their oppressions and their privileges. The enemies of the people, the world over, felt that a united America was a warning that their term were nearly over.

It had cost us heavily to win our liberties and establish the nation. Half a million of the sons of the Republic lay in soldier's graves, and we poured out treasure as we had our blood. The South lay in ruins, strewn with the ghastly wrecks of war. But these many lives and this immense outlay were not too great a price for the infinite gain of a ransomed nation.

## THE THRILLING STORY OF ORION P. HOWE, THE DRUMMER BOY OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

**A** STORY that has been twice told by General Sherman and more than once sung by patriotic poet, ought not to be forgotten. Among the several boy musicians of the regiment the youngest were two sons of Principal-Musician Howe, one but twelve and the other fourteen years of age when enrolled. They were both small of their years. Our "infant drummers" attracted much



attention on dress parade in the great camps of instruction, at Camp Douglas even rivalling our original "giant color-guard." The little Howes drummed well, proved hardy, never seemed home-

sick, were treated as regimental pets, and passed through battle after battle, and march after march, untouched by disease, unscathed by bullet and shell. In the charge of May 19th the youngest Howe, like the other musicians, with a white handkerchief tied about the left arm to designate him as a non-combatant, followed in the rear of the line to assist the wounded. At the advanced

position finally held by the regiment, it was essential to our safety not to allow any cessation in the firing, and the cartridge-boxes became rapidly depleted. Ammunition, from the difficulties of the ground, could only be brought to us by special messengers and in such quantity as they were able to carry about the person. Sergeant-Major Hartsook was instructed to go back to the regimental ordnance wagon, take command of the musicians and such other men as he might find detailed near our camp, and send them to the front one by one, with cartridges. This dangerous duty was promptly and well performed.

The little drummer, by his own statement, was not at this time with the other musicians, but in the ravine just in rear of the regiment, having been ordered back from the front to be out of danger, by the colonel. About him were several dead and wounded men. Collecting the ammunition from their cartridge-boxes, and using his blouse for a sack, he carried this up to the command. Flattered with some praise then received, he started for the ordnance wagon and returned in safety, with his small but valuable contribution.

Again he sped down across the ravine and up the steep opposite slope. We could see him nearly the whole way as he ran through what seemed like a hailstorm of canister and musket-balls, so

thickly did these fall about him, each throwing up its little puff of dust where it struck the dry hillside. Suddenly he dropped, and hearts sank, thinking his brief career ended; but he had only tripped over some obstacle. Often he stumbled, sometimes he fell prostrate, but was quickly up again, and finally disappeared from us, limping, over the summit, and the Fifty-fifth saw him no more for several months. As the boy sped away the last time the colonel shouted to him, as he alleges, "bring calibre fifty-four." General Sherman's letter to the War Department will best tell the rest of the story:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }  
CAMP ON BIG BLACK, Aug. 8, 1863. }

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SIR: I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a young lad named Orion P. Howe, of Waukegan, Illinois, who belongs to the 55th Illinois, but is at present absent at his home, wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman.

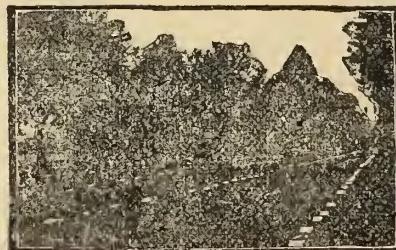
When the assault on Vicksburg was at its height, on

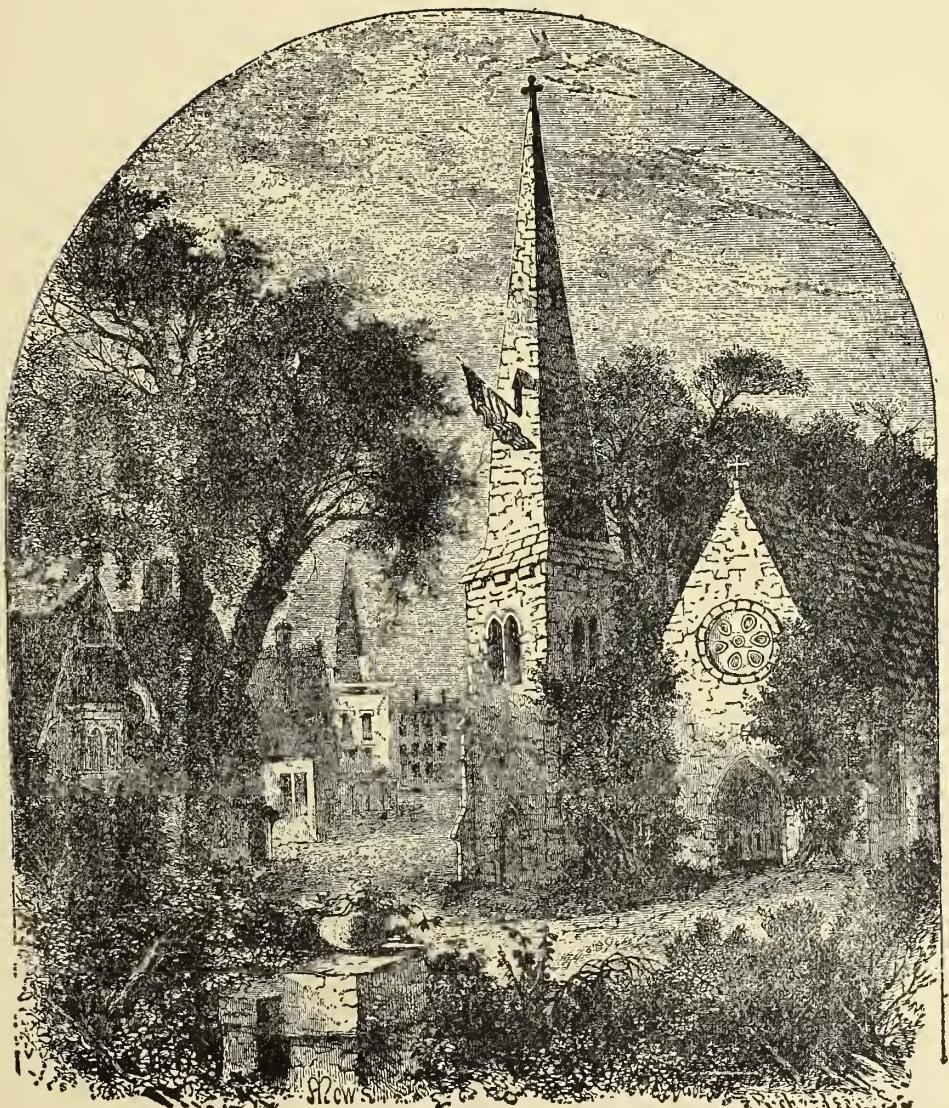
the 19th of May, and I was in front near the road which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy, boy's cry: "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malmborg; the men are all out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away!" Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges; and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called as loud as he could, "Calibre 54!"

I have not seen the boy since, and his colonel, Malmborg, on inquiring, gave me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education. What arrested my attention there was, and what renews my memory of the fact now is, that one so young, carrying a musket-ball wound through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part even of the calibre of the musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one.

I'll warrant the boy has in him the elements of a man, and I commend him to the Government as one worthy the fostering care of some one of its National Institutions.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,  
W. T. SHERMAN. *Maj-Gen. Commanding.*





"PUT THE COLORS OF YOUR COUNTRY JUST BELOW THE CROSS OF CHRIST."

*Bishop Matthew M. Simpson. D. D.*

# THEY WERE THE LAST

BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

THEY went out of the world together, in May, to the patriot's reward, the last of the heroes of the Revolution, William Hutchins of Maine, and Lemuel Cook from Connecticut. They lived long enough to see the nation they had helped to create, grow to greatness, and conquer its place in history as the leader of the liberties of the race. It became a wonder to all patriots to see these venerable relics of long-vanished days. William Hutchins, when over a hundred years old, was invited to attend a Fourth of July celebration at Bangor. In the face of protests of friends, who feared for his life from the excitement and effort required, he accepted the invitation.

A government vessel was employed to convey the grand old hero the forty miles from his home at Castine, to Bangor. As he sailed past Fort Knox, on the Penobscot, the great guns roared a salute of welcome in his honor.



WILLIAM HUTCHINS.

When he landed at Bangor, tens of thousands of enthusiastic people were there to receive him, all eager to behold and to honor a man who had marched and fought under the command of Geo. Washington. He was escorted through the streets of the city amid a storm of continuous and joyful shouts. Vice President Hamlin presided at the notable banquet that followed. Here the aged veteran made a speech, that was warm with the revolutionary fire of his earliest days, and he roused the already enkindled minds of his auditors to white heat. Among other things he said, "My friends told me that the effort to be here might cause my death; but I thought I could

never die any better than by celebrating the glorious Fourth."

Lemuel Cook enlisted as a "regular" in the Continental army when he was seventeen years old, in the Spring of 1781. He marched from northern New Jersey to Yorktown, Va., in Washington's army, and did his share in the splendid fighting that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis and his army of 10,000, October 19th, 1871.



LEMUEL COOK.

He remained in the service of his country till June, 1783, watching the war out, when the English government finally acknowledged the Independence of the United States, and the Revolutionary army was disbanded at Newburg, on the Hudson. His honorable "discharge" was signed by Washington's own hand, a treasure the proud old hero kept with affectionate reverence to the close of his honored life.

The war over, this gallant American youth, who had served his country so well in the field, showed an equal fidelity to its interests at the fireside, for he soon married, and begat eleven brave children, to enjoy and perpetuate the blessings his valor had secured.

Both of these venerable soldiers of the Republic were born in the year 1764, and died in May, 1866, living past the second great war for American liberties, rejoicing at the last in the glorious spectacle of the Flag of the Fathers floating above a people that war was never more to divide, nor slavery to distract or disgrace. They linked the past of heroism to the future of imperial destinies, and died.

# With the United States Flag Should Float over the School House.

FRED S. MACY, LINDEN, MASS.

WHERE the minds of the young are trained, is the place where the country is made; where the love of study resides, is the place where rulers are made; where the Flag floats over the work of all the pupils, love of country and love of fellow-countrymen go hand in hand.

The training of a child is incomplete, unless it teach him to love his flag. If it does this, he will work harder, benefitting himself and those around him; he will be actuated by better thoughts, he will aim higher, and if he continue working beneath the emblem of freedom of speech, and personal liberty, he will become a true citizen when at home, and an able defender of his country when abroad.

The more he and his associates see the flag, if their training be good, the more will they love it; and if they are made to believe that by their work the future welfare of this country is determined, and that the flag above them is their's, in the true sense of the word, the slightest insult to it will not be tolerated, and anyone scorning to recognize our banner, will be despised forever. If the spirit of a true-hearted American boy or girl defends it now, in youth, how much more strongly will it influence its possessor when he or she becomes a man or woman!

It is much pleasanter to study our history with the Flag waving above us. The settlement of the New World, the early New England colonies, their trouble in the French and Indian wars, their subsequent trouble with England,—all these early events will be remembered more readily, whilst the Declaration of Independence, the Revolution and its accompanying trials, the Emancipation of the negroes as a result of the late war, the many thrilling and heroic actions of the sons of liberty in that great struggle, will be seen in a new and clearer light, and the brave men who fell beneath our banner will need no monuments to make their deeds dear to the memory of the people, for the monument will be in the people's hearts, and made manifest by the devotion of the people to their country.

Any young American raised in a patriotic atmosphere will be inspired to follow the example of these brave men; and if he follow out his inspiration, he cannot fail to become a true, loyal, and patriotic citizen.

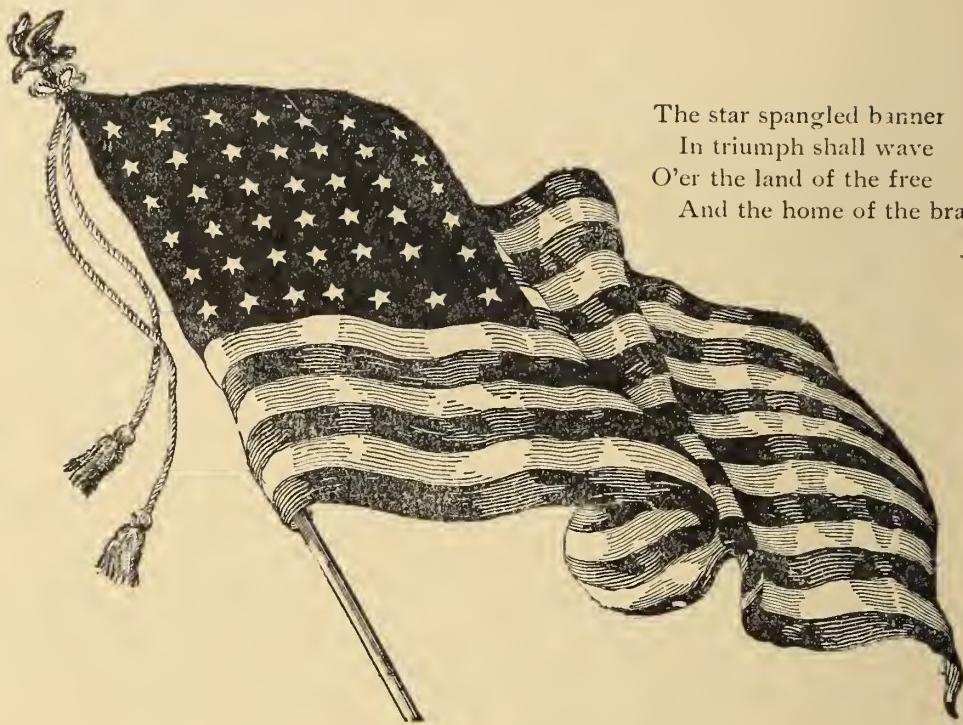
Many of the political disagreements will be done away with, if, while they are young, the future rulers of this land are made to study under the shadow of the flag. They will learn to love this

country and its emblem, and the votes of a candidate will not be secured by show and bribery, but by the sound judgment of a loyal people. The vast hordes of ignorant foreigners who come into this country annually, must learn that the American Flag is the emblem of a land of plenty and patriotism; and if they send their children to the public schools, over which the flag waves, they cannot fail to share to a certain extent, the enthusiasm of their offspring.

A certain school in a city near Boston, upon the raising of its flag, each morning, sings a hymn; afterwards, the members of the "Flag Committee" are asked *why* they place it aloft, and to the question, suitable answers are given. The placing of this flag, and the exercises attending it, have effected the surmounting of nearly every public building, and block of buildings in the city, by a similar emblem; and the foreigners respect this country, and sing its hymns. These is no reason why this should not be the case in every city, town, and borough in the United States; and if a leader were found in each, to further the work of patriotism, the example of this city would be followed.

If the people of to-day wish this country to prosper, they must love it, urging their children to do the same; and untiring allegiance, together with the love of God, will make the people of this land an example to all others. America's national hymn will not be a trivial "Yankee Doodle," but a ringing hymn of patriotism, and one heard throughout the world. If we show a constant allegiance to our country and its flag, the generations in the future will further the work which our antecedents commenced and we have continued, and will not be ashamed to call us their fathers; neither will they have to blush for any disgrace brought upon the country through our lack of patriotism; for love of country will make it too dear to be sold or made a means of profit to ourselves.

Then let us love it,—all us boys and girls,—loving nothing that wrongfully opposes it; let us be worthy the name of Americans, and, wherever we may be, earnestly work for the welfare of the flag, always uphold its interests, and, if need be, lose all we possess for its cause. We may not have to undergo the tortures of another Valley Forge, we shall probably never have another war, but a true, willing American can yet find many ways of using his patriotism, both politically and socially; and if we continue to keep the American flag ever in view, above the school house, we shall not fail to reap the reward of patriotic devotion.



The star spangled banner  
In triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave.

WRITTEN FOR FLAG-RAISING EXERCISES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY J. C. MACY.

*What flag is this, with crimson bars and white?  
Who flings it forth to wave in jubilant air?  
What emblem dear, that throngs should thus unite  
To sing and speak its worth in praises fair?*

*He who should come with such inquiries here,  
Would find his answer in each pitying face!  
Amazed the throng would be, should he appear  
Who ne'er till then, had heard of free-born man.*

*O, starry flag, with white and crimson bars!  
O, flood-caught emblem of a glorious land  
O, pride of veterans in the smoke of war!  
O, flag, carese'd by dying hero's hand!*

*Wave on! and to the end of time wave on  
Untouch'd by other than a loyal throng!  
Thy stripes and stars so dearly loved and won,  
To God, to Freedom, and to Right, belong!*

# Raising the School House Flag.



**T**O DAY the birthright of her bogen the younger nation sings  
As on the pinions of the light the banner lifts its wings  
To-day the future on us smiles and studious labors cease,  
To set the flag above the school, our fortress wall of peace  
War bugles old, storm-heaving drums and veterans scared and true  
And children marching for the States "morn roses wine'd with dew  
Behind ye thrice a hundred years before a thousand grand,  
What says the past to you to-day, O children of the land?  
What are thy legends? O thou flag that gladdest land and sea  
What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee?  
Flag of the sun that giveth life,  
Flag of the breeze that blows for all  
Flag in the sea that flows for all  
Flag of the school that stands for all  
Flag of the people one and all  
The pearlclad bugles blow and blow across the silver seas  
What is thy meaning in the air? O hanner answer me

NO AZURE, pow' er old art thou, burn on the Father's spear  
No oriflame of Red Cross Knight, or confuted cavalier  
No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud,  
Nor Shamrock green nor Thistle red, nor Rampart Lion proud  
No burning bees on laetitia in gold and crimson wrought  
Nor eagle poising in the sky above the ocean  
No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray  
When the long Vikings turned their backs from nothern Norway  
Nor double-headed eagles, nor the golden hands unfurled  
Sun as the Prophet Piloted toward the sunset world  
No artist's vision circlet-crowned such as knightly pride  
Old Balboa thron upon the ar o'er the Pacific tide  
Not een St George's Cross is there led that Mayflower on  
Nor old St Andrew's Cross of faith—the Double Cross<sup>1</sup> is gone  
The peacock blythe blow and blow across the silver sea  
What is thy meaning? O thou flag that day of jubilee?  
Flag of the sun that shines for all  
Flag of the breeze that blows for it  
Flag of the sea that flows for all  
Flag of the school that stands for all  
Flag of the people, one and all—  
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

**O** CHILDREN of the States, you flag more happy lustres deck  
Than orbisannes of old Norway or Oregon or Rosebel.  
The Covenanter's field of blue, caught from the clear sk<sup>y</sup> see  
And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.

The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white,  
As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light  
All hail to the celestial flag on this prophetic day!

That mingled with the light of heaven the morn's eternal ray  
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,  
And speakest thou to every soul the great world's jubilee?

**O** MY America, whose flag we throne amid the sky,  
Beneath whose folds 'tis safe to live and nobly die, death to die,  
I hear the peaceful bugle blow across the silver sea.  
And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in these,  
So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,  
Behind us stand an hundred years, before a thousand grand,  
Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea,  
Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee  
Flag of the *in*, that shines for all  
Flut of the breeze that blows for all

Flag of the sea that flows for all,  
Flag of the SCHOOL that stands for all  
Flag of the people, one and all  
Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail!  
Hail, glorious years to come!



# IN AN AMERICAN BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY

## PART I.

"O H, that's all tomfoolery! Miss Gray won't find it out."

The speaker balanced herself deftly on the foot-board of the bed and glanced defiantly at a girl sitting by the window. The other girls in the room laughed. No one could help laughing at Tan Field. Even quiet Sue Detlow smiled as she answered doubtfully, "Perhaps not."

It was now four months since Tan Field had been placed in Miss Gray's fashionable boarding-school in New York; but she was apparently little more civilized than on the morning she arrived fresh from Montana. Her father, a cattle-king, as was privately whispered among the girls, had accompanied her, and had had a long talk with Miss Gray, remaining closeted in her office for nearly two hours, much to the disgust of the girls who were on guard at the upper front windows, anxious to see a real cattle-king. Much to the disgust, too, of Tan, who was left meanwhile in the parlor, and who had ample time to exhaust the delights of the album of photographs from the old masters, and to glance over the titles of the books in an oak case on one side of the room. But Geikie's "Hours with the Bible" and Mrs. Jameson's "Lives of the Poets" seemed to appal her. She turned impatiently to the window, where the decorous lace curtains hid the street from view. Parting the curtains she stepped between them, and stood looking up and down the street, whistling softly and drumming on the glass with her fingers.

She was still standing there when her father and Miss Gray entered the room.

Tan looked over her shoulder at them. "Well, am I to stay here?" she demanded of her father.

"Yes, chicken," he replied.

"And we hope that you will be very happy, dear," said Miss Gray, stepping to her side and putting a motherly arm about her.

Tan was not conscious that the motherly arm

drew her into the room and that the curtains fell properly into place behind her; but she felt, in a dumb sort of way, that Miss Gray was "right nice," and she wondered vaguely if her own mother had not looked like her.

No one could say how long Miss Gray had been teaching. Mothers had begun to send their daughters back to her care; but she was still plump and fair; and the brown hair combed softly down each side of her round face, was unstreaked with gray. She seemed to know the way straight to a girl's heart. And Tan somehow felt that perhaps, after all, she should not hate boarding-school so much as she had expected.

No one would have guessed this feeling, however, as she responded brusquely, "Oh, I reckon I shall get along all right."

Then she turned to her father, "Now, pa, you've got to come to see me Christmas. I've been thinking about it and I can't get along if you don't. And you must be sure and send me plenty of chink. And don't forget to have Sam feed Gypsy two lumps of sugar every day."

"Yes, Tan, I shan't forget," he replied, bending to kiss her.

There was a suspicion of moisture in his keen, gray eyes; but Tan's brown ones were hard and bright as she returned the kiss.

"You'll have to hurry, pa, if you catch that eight-thirty," she said practically. And accompanying him to the door she stood watching until the broad, portly figure was out of sight. As she closed the door and turned around, Miss Gray, who had been regarding her with a quiet smile, stepped from the parlor, saying, "Come, Tan, we will go and see about your room."

Wise Miss Gray! she guessed at a glance that the girl was making a brave struggle against homesickness, and that the struggle would not manifest itself in tears and loss of appetite, but in all sorts of wild

escapades; and like the wise woman that she was, she made haste to bespeak a warm corner in Tan's heart.

Meanwhile the girls upstairs had watched the departure of the cattle-king quite as eagerly as Tan.

"Why, he doesn't wear a slouch hat!"

"Nor buckskin leggings!"

"Nor carry a riding-whip!" — they exclaimed, half in fun, half in earnest, crowding eagerly about the window to get a good look at the tall, broad-shouldered man, in dark business suit and Derby hat, who walked rapidly down the street.

If they were interested in the cattle-king, much more were they interested in his daughter when she appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning.

Poor Tan! The three long tables, with their double lines of eyes, were an ordeal for her. But she was used to riding the most unmanageable horses on the ranch, and it was with something of the same spirit that she held up her head as she entered the room.

One minute after, not a girl there but could have told every detail of her dress, from the tightly-twisted Psyche knot of her back hair and the aggressive, country-cut bang in front to the high-heels and pointed toes of her little shoes. Her dress, which was evidently new and "ready made," was not particularly noticeable. But she was brave in diamonds—diamonds large as peas flashed in her pretty ears, diamonds on her fingers sparkled with every movement of her hands, and a solitaire lace-pin was thrust carelessly through the collar of her dress.

The girls gasped. The father had disappointed all their ideas as to what a rancher should be; but the daughter promised more entertainment. They exchanged glances, apparently innocent and ingenuous, but really deep-fraught with meaning.

Such was Tan's introduction to the school; and now, four months later, she was sitting on the foot-board, idly swinging her feet and evidently the prime favorite in the room.

How she had done it, would be hard to tell. Perhaps by an adaptability of temperament and observant eyes; but perhaps, more than all, by a certain sturdy independence which characterized her actions. Girls like to be led. Here was a leader, and they had yielded her the place.

Only one other girl held equal power with Tan, and that was quiet Sue Detlow. Curiously enough the girls were room-mates; and, naturally enough, they were antagonistic in nearly every trait of character.

So, when Tan announced defiantly that Miss Gray would not find it out, Sue shook her head and answered doubtfully, "Perhaps not."

Tan gave her another defiant look, and then went on, "Let's see how many we can count on. There's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven of us here."

Sue was apparently absorbed in sharpening a lead-pencil; but at this she looked up, "You may count me out," she said quickly.

"Oh, Sue!" protested the girls.

"I can't help it," she replied briefly. "I don't like it."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tan. "It isn't breaking any rule; because there aren't any to break. And there isn't anything so awful wicked in having a little something to eat over in the gym, and sitting up a little later than usual."

"No, it isn't breaking any rule," said Sue, critically examining the pencil point, "but that's why it's all the meaner; because Miss Gray trusts us so, and lets us do things that girls in other schools are never allowed to do."

"Trusts your grandmother!" responded Tan, irreverently. "I shall have a spread if I have to have it alone."

The other girls, who had been looking doubtfully from Sue to Tan, seemed impressed by this.

"Oh, yes, let's have it."

"Come on, Sue," they pleaded.

"I can't."

"Then there's just one thing," announced Tan, from the foot-board, "you've got to promise not to give us away."

"No, I can't promise that either."

Tan looked at her in open-mouthed astonishment—"Well, I wouldn't be a sneak if I could help it," said she at last.

Sue made no response; but her face flushed as she bent over the waste-basket to shake the pencil whittlings from her lap.

"Now, girls," said Tan, ignoring her, "what let's have?"

"Ice cream," "pickles," "chicken-salad," "macaroons," "olives," "marshmallows." The names tumbled breathlessly one over the other and all together.

"Hold on," exclaimed she, "we must have a list."

"I don't see how we are to get the things," put in Alice Graham from her seat on the floor. "We're never let to go out without a chaperon."

"Oh, that's half the fun," returned Tan. "We'll manage it somehow. Let's see—today's Friday. We must have it next Friday night after the musicale—say twelve o'clock. My cousin, Tom Brett, is coming to the musicale; and I'll get him to bring a jar of chicken-salad; and we'll shy it upstairs somehow. I'll be responsible for that—now, who'll take the other things?"

Each girl assumed responsibility for one article on the bill of fare, and the conclave broke up just as the bell rang for study-hour.

The teacher in charge of study-hour that afternoon, found the girls unusually quiet and thoughtful. If she could have looked into their heads, however, she might have been startled to find how

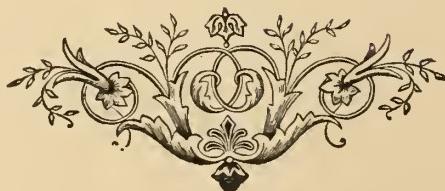
far were their thoughts from the Punic wars of the next day's lesson.

Tan was especially absorbed. Her powers of managing were called into full play and she was in her element. Before study-hour was over, every detail of the campaign was arranged in her mind, and as she passed Miss Gray on the stairs, she smiled wickedly to herself at the thought of that good lady's surprise should she discover the mischief that was afoot.

It was strange how little hold Miss Gray had gained over Tan. She loved Miss Gray; but, as she often told her frankly, she hated boarding-school life; it smothered her. She longed to be out of doors.

"I'm afraid I shall have to do something so awful that you'll have to expel me, and then I can go home," said she to Miss Gray one day after a long talk in the office; and Miss Gray began to think that she would.

During the four months Tan had been in school more mischief had been carried on than for four years before.





TAN PLANNING THE FEAST.

# IN AN AMERICAN BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

## PART II.

THE day after her arrival she had worked off the "smothered" feeling by sliding down the shining front banister ; only desisting when, on her tenth trip, she nearly upset the staid butler just as he was opening the door to admit Miss Gray.

The next day she went out without a chaperon, and did not return until after Miss Gray, much worried, had sent word of her disappearance to the police station.

It was never possible to count on what she would do next. Her resources seemed inexhaustible, and all the mischief in the house came at last to be laid to her charge.

If the gas jets refused to light and court plaster was found stuck over each tip, no one doubted that Tan was at the bottom of it.

When all the histories in the house disappeared, it was Tan who was sternly admonished to bring them back.

Something must be done. She was demoralizing the whole school. Nevertheless, Miss Gray would not give up. The experiment interested her, she had never before failed in winning a girl's loyal obedience ; and her pride as well as her motherly love was roused. Moreover, she had a strong ally in Mr. Field, who regularly forwarded her an account of Tan's misdeeds, exactly as Tan wrote them to him.

So Miss Gray bided her time, trusting that a certain fine grain which now and then showed itself in Tan's nature, would, under favorable circumstances, work itself out.

All the following week a subdued flutter of excitement pervaded the school.

Tan's plans worked better than ever she had dared to hope. A caterer had been found who, for a consideration, would bring a can of ice cream into the alley back of the gymnasium at half-past nine o'clock, and wait there until a rope was let down ; and all the other arrangements promised to

succeed. Tom Brett had expressed himself as more than willing to bring the salad ; and he had also, after much pleading on Tan's part, consented to aid her in another escapade, wilder than any in which she had yet indulged.

Friday evening at last arrived, and as Tan floated down the long staircase, looking charmingly innocent and demure, no one would have guessed that this well-bred young lady with coiffured hair and correct dress often chose to make a flying descent on the dark banister, instead of tripping demurely down as now, her feet stealing in and out her petticoats like the poetical mice.

At the foot of the stairs stood Tom Brett, looking, in his black dress suit, exactly like one of a dozen young men ; not so like, however, that Tan failed to recognize him and smile bewitchingly. He stepped eagerly forward to join her.

" You must take me in to pay my respects to Miss Gray," said she. " It is at least half an hour since I saw her, and it is highly important that I should present myself in orthodox fashion."

And Tom for answer, as he bent over to examine her roses, said softly, " The salad is under my coat in the dressing-room."

So Tan paid her respects to Miss Gray, who looked more motherly and beautiful than ever tonight, in black velvet and white lace.

She smiled at Tan's ingenuous face, wondering a little to herself at the power by which young girls could thus blossom into angels.

And Tan, looking at Miss Gray, felt a twinge of her conscience at this " last worst thing " which she contemplated.

Nevertheless she found an opportunity soon after to steal up to the gentlemen's dressing-room, and transfer a heavy parcel to the gymnasium.

The musicale was a grand success. Miss Gray's musicales were always a success, and always crowded.

It grew warm in the room and some one opened a window near Tan. No wonder that she soon began to cough, and look apprehensively at the open window. Some one closed it; but Tan continued to cough violently, and at last, in seeming despair, left the room. Only the initiated noticed that it was just half-past nine o'clock. Ten o'clock came, and the guests began to disperse. Half-past ten, and the girls went up-stairs. Eleven, and their rooms were dark and silent; presumably everyone was safe in bed. Twelve o'clock, and the watchman patrolling the block could see no light, not even in Miss Gray's room.

And now ghostly figures began to steal down the dark corridors, but so quietly that even had Miss Gray been listening at her door—which she was not—she could not have heard a footfall.

Not a sound was heard, as the ghostly procession filed swiftly toward the gymnasium. Not a whisper broke upon the darkness, as they entered the room, and Tan, who was last in the line, closed the door and softly turned the key.

The gymnasium, although separated from the main building by a long hall, was shut off by only one door. If this door were opened for any reason, after the gas in the room was lighted, it would discover them to anyone who might chance to be up in the main house. It had been agreed, therefore, that they should make sure, before the gas was lighted, of all the revelers being present, so there might be no occasion to open the door. If anyone were absent, the others were to wait in the dark until she came.

It was pitch dark in the room, for the shutters had been carefully closed early in the evening by the girls who spread the table. There had been little danger of discovery, for no one except the girls ever came to the gymnasium after tea.

No one could see her neighbor; but there was a delicious aroma of chicken salad in the air. Some girl sniffed with satisfaction.

"Hush," whispered Tan. "Alice Graham."

"Present."

"Bessie Miner."

"Here."

"Grace Sutton."

"Present."

So Tan went through the whole list of feasters;

and from each came a responsive "here" or "present."

"All right," said Tan, with evident satisfaction, "now we'll have a light."

A scratch of a match, a flash of light—and an awful discovery. There, at the head of the table, sat Miss Gray, beautiful in velvet and lace, and smiling quietly at their confusion.

"I knew, girls," said she, in the gentle, loving voice the girls knew so well, "that you could not have a really happy time unless you felt that I knew of your feast; so I came down. I hope that I am not an unwelcome guest."

For a moment no one spoke, until Tan, bending low over Miss Gray's hand, kissed it almost reverently. Then, turning to the girls, she threw back her head something after the fashion of that first morning when she entered the breakfast room.

"Girls," she began, with a curious thrill and ring in her voice, "Sue Detlow was right; it was a mean thing to do when Miss Gray loves us and trusts us so. Shall I tell her that you are all as sorry as I am?"

As with one voice, came the answer "Yes!"

"Miss Gray," said Tan, in a low voice, "we are truly sorry. It's no make believe, and you may trust us again—if you will."

"Then, girls, we will eat the feast in celebration of this new compact," replied Miss Gray, smiling, though her mouth trembled a little and her spectacles seemed very troublesome.

"Do you mean it, Miss Gray?"

"So late at night!"

"And aren't you going to punish us?"

"No."

"Isn't she lovely!"

"I don't see how we could have been so mean."

There was a buzz and hum up and down the long table such as would have distracted a less collected person than Miss Gray. But she sat calmly at the head of the table, smiling serenely through her spectacles at the girls, and critically tasting the salad.

Presently she bent over and whispered to Tan, who sat at her right hand, "Tan, don't you want to ask Sue to come down?"

Tan looked up with a flash in her eye. "Miss Gray, you know how we love to have you here;

and I do want to do everything that's nice ; but I hate a sneak ! I told the girls that Sue was right about our being mean ; but what she did was meaner yet ”

Miss Gray laid her hand on Tan's arm. “ Tan,” said she, “ will you believe me if I tell you that Sue told me less about this than you yourself.”

“ Then she told you mighty little,” returned Tan, springing up and starting for the door.

No one knew what she said to Sue. But after a time, the two girls came in arm and arm and with a look of good understanding on their faces.

At last the feast was done ; and only little rows of olive stones remained to tell what had been.

“ Good-night, girls,” said Miss Gray, as they crowded around her. “ Breakfast will be served an hour later tomorrow morning, sleep well ; and don't leave me out of the next feast.”

“ Indeed we won't, Miss Gray !”

Ten minutes later there came a light tap at Miss Gray's door ; and in response to her “ come in,” Tan entered the room.

“ Miss Gray,” she began, incoherently, “ I don't know whether I ought to go down. It will serve him right to have to wait, but he takes cold awful easy.”

“ What are you talking about, Tan ?”

“ Why, Tom. He was going to meet me at the

door here at half-past two ; and I was going home to Montana. He had bought me a through ticket and engaged my section and all—but, oh, Miss Gray, I don't want to go ! I want to stay and have you teach me how to become such a woman as you are.”

Miss Gray glanced at her watch. It was thirty-five minutes past two.

“ Wait here, Tan,” said she ; and, throwing a light shawl about her, she went quickly down stairs.

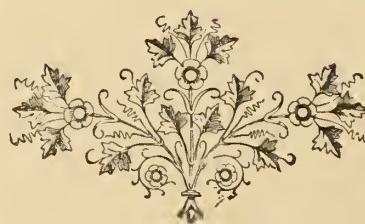
Tom could never be persuaded to tell Tan about that meeting between him and Miss Gray, but he always afterward spoke of her as “ the finest woman going.”

When Miss Gray returned to her room, she and Tan had a long talk. Tan looks back to that night as the point where two roads met for her, and to that talk as the friendly guiding hand which showed her the safe road.

Only one thing Miss Gray refused to tell her ; and that was, who had told about the feast. And it was not until years after that Tan knew that her own father was the “ middle man,” and that, on that eventful Friday night, there had gone flashing across the wires from Montana to New York this mysterious message :

“ Feast, gymnasium, midnight, Friday, January 14.

“ (Signed) O. C. FIELD.”



# BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

A TRUE CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

## PART I.

**A**MONG the rapid developments of geographical centers during the last half century there is no more striking example than the rise and progress of California.

About thirty years ago the first rude settlement was established upon the site of the now famous city of San Francisco. At that time the gold mania was at its height; and rough, horny-fisted men, tempted by the glittering tales of the El Dorado in the Far West, had started upon their perilous enterprise, and slowly but perseveringly crept onward across the barren prairies of America.

Savage tribes of Indians attempted to obstruct their progress, and many of the hardy pioneers fell before the tomahawk and arrow; their fair-haired scalps adorned the wigwams of the barbarous victors, and remained as trophies—blood-stained emblems of the first rough footsteps of advancing civilization.

It is useless to argue upon the great principles of right and wrong; the fact remains, that civilization, misconstrued by philanthropists, means "*force*," and savagery means weakness—the force must advance, the weakness must recede, and eventually disappear.

Thus from the earliest history the world has revolved in clouds and sunshine; the dark days of barbarism, after a glow of fearful red, bursting into the bright light of what we term "civilization."

And so the pioneers advanced across America, rifle in hand, representing the germ of the East that must extend its sway.

The wagons traveled wearily over trackless plains, salt efflorescence and alkali, which drifted before the wind like dusty snow, and nearly choked the weary animals and men. Miles after miles, weeks after weeks, in constant toil, the

pioneers labored on toward the unknown land. The oxen sickened upon the wretched sage-scrub and water charged with soda; the wagons sank in the deep gullies; but the spirit of the pioneers never faltered. The Indians hovered around their path. Many of their comrades had fallen from fatigue or arrow, and had found rest in the rough-hewn graves that marked the track in this march of desolation; but there was no murmur for retreat, the iron nerve and will of the Anglo-Saxons was driving like a wedge slowly but surely forward.

The salt plains were passed, and the pine-clad mountains of Nevada, trackless and snow-drifted, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, chilled and bewildered the almost hopeless emigrants. Enormous trees, fallen in countless tempests, strewed the forests and blocked the advance of wheels. The ax for the first time sounded in those solitudes, and with painful labor the way was cleared. The wagons crept forward, down into deep valleys where lakes sparkled with clear water from the melted snow, and reflected the dark foliage of the overhanging pines; then upward over heights where icy pinnacles froze into glassy rocks above their route. The night was never silent. When the pine logs crackled and sparkled into bright fireworks high in air the cry of the wolves was heard around the camp, and the grizzly bear was distinguished by its guttural roar. In those days this giant of the forest was instinctively dreaded, as the rifles were of exceedingly small caliber, owing to the difficulty of transporting heavy ammunition.

At length the slope was toward the west; the wagons traveled quicker; the temperature increased, and all hearts became lighter as the route was inclining downward. The forests no longer

intercepted the distant view, and far beyond the plain which stretched to the horizon was a faint gray line, apparently high above the earth. The sea ! the sea !

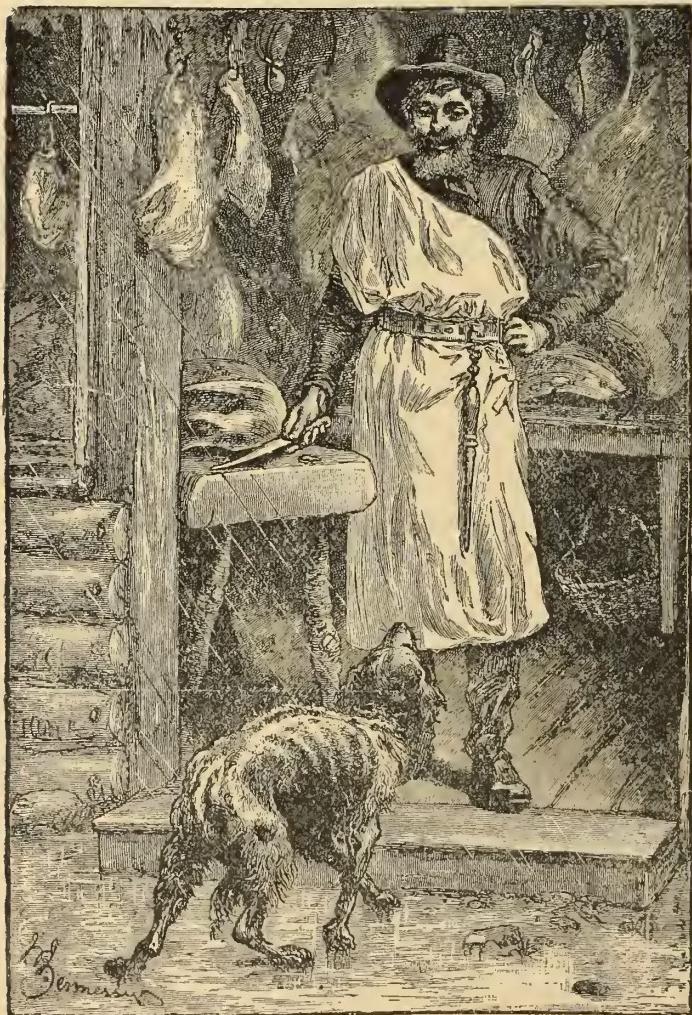
Who can appreciate the feeling of delight which braced the hearts of those early pioneers when there was no longer a doubt, but the broad Pacific

point where the hills rose boldly from the sea, and formed an abrupt entrance to this vast harbor.

That gap or inroad of the Pacific, with steep hills upon either side, forms the neck, or what is now termed the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Ships enter the Golden Gate in the present day between frowning batteries upon either side, which completely command the entrance of the strait. This narrow throat is hardly a mile in width, and the hills being several hundred feet above the water level, give an imposing appearance to the approach.

There is a barren aspect owing to the absence of trees, and the great surge of the Pacific bursting upon the perpendicular rocks outside the Golden Gate throws a cloud of spray high into the air and gives an appearance of wild desolation to this dangerous coast. Rocky islands fringe the shore. These are the resort of seals, and are almost covered with huge sea lions, which bask in the warm sunshine, and curiously manage to raise themselves from rock to rock by their flappers and tails, until they reach an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the sea. Many of these creatures exceed the bulk of a large Norman horse ; as they are never disturbed, no change has taken place in their habits or numbers, while the country around has been thoroughly transformed.

The barren sandy waste upon which the city of San Francisco has been erected was the first spot where the early settlers landed when their vessels entered the Golden Gate. A few huts were rapidly built, and as, by degrees, fresh adventurers arrived, a nucleus was formed which has grown into an important city, exposed to prevailing winds and fogs which chill the climate and try the constitutions of men and animals. On the opposite side of the harbor, with a fruitful soil and more sheltered locality, the country is dotted with pretty villas and well-kept gardens.



"Well, I guess you air an elegant performer in the way of disappearances!"

lay before them ! Following the slopes of the Sacramento River, they at length emerged upon the plain now known as the Sacramento Valley ; and, skirting the broad lake or inlet of the sea which stretches for about fifty miles land-locked from the ocean, they halted opposite the sandy

BUMMER AND LAZARUS.



A. ZEISE & CO. CHI.

BUMMER GROWN PLUMP AND HANDSOME.

The city grew forthwith. There was a strange energy throughout the ever-increasing population. This in our slow and steady-going country would have been called a temporary insanity, and the desponding minds of England would have prophesied a lamentable reaction. But the city grew.

With the increase of wealth came the demand for luxuries and refinement. With the demand came the ever certain supply.

Here within a few years was built up a modern landmark of the world's progress, and in a quarter of a century an example was effected of commercial development and the results of gold—that omnipotent ruler, gold ; dominator or tyrant, or idol of this world, without which no such word as "civilization" could be constructed, and we should have remained in the barbarity of an iron age.

One of the first necessities in a community is food. The butcher and the baker are two early and important citizens.

When San Francisco was in progress of development there was necessarily a butcher's shop.

The shop that is connected with this story was kept by a respectable citizen, and the supply of meat would have rivaled many such establishments in our great cities.

It was a cold day in mid-winter, and although no snow is known in San Francisco, the wind was cutting through the broad street like the edge of a knife. People were wrapped in greatcoats, and were hurrying to their business with umbrellas up and well bent toward the blast, that drove a misty rain straight into their faces and made the pavement slippery. Everybody was in rapid movement, as the day was not favorable to loiterers ; even the butcher in his open shop was walking to and fro, and occasionally stopped to sharpen his knife briskly, as though an excuse for exercise.

The only object in the street that was not in movement was a thin and hungry dog, which sat wistfully upon the wet pavement, and gazed imploringly at the butcher's display of meat.

It was, or rather should have been, a dog of considerable size, but it was in such a reduced condition that its skin hung loosely upon a framework of bones, and its drawn face, tightened upon its jaws, exhibited a melancholy picture of suffering

and neglect. Occasionally the under jaw chattered with cold, misery and anxiety, as it attempted to gain the butcher's attention by a complaining whine. This friendless dog had probably been owned by some stranger to the country, who might have died, but no one knew the animal, neither had it been seen at that butcher's shop before.

The butcher had just sharpened his knife, and to try its edge he trimmed off a ragged end of a joint and threw the morsel to the expectant dog.

That titbit never reached the ground, but was dexterously caught, and as instantly swallowed by the hungry beggar. "Well, I guess you air an elegant performer in the way of disappearances !" exclaimed the butcher, who followed his exclamation by jerking a larger piece high into the air. In an instant the dog was upon its hind legs, and the falling steak was as cleverly intercepted, and vanished out of sight.

"Well, I declare, if you ain't a real conjurer, and you'd keep me at this trick till you'd have swallered a whole ox, you would. You think me fool enough to play this losing game, do yer, pitch and toss the whole of my shop down your hungry throat? Not if I know it." In spite of this declaration, the kind butcher threw several pieces to the hungry dog, all of which were as quickly swallowed, without an attempt at chewing.

"Well, I've seen a good many dogs in my life, but I never met such a regular 'bummer' \* as you be; if you haven't packed away within that ugly hide of yours as large a lot of beef as would have stuffed a crowd of famished miners, and you're not half played out yet!" With reckless generosity the butcher cut a large steak from a coarse joint and threw it expectantly to the dog, with the exclamation, "Now, Bummer, old boy, I guess that's kill or cure, ain't it? that's choking or consolation, suffocation or satisfaction, to the hungriest dog as I ever see'd upon four legs, or I'm no judge."

The butcher was right; it appeared that the dog was satisfied, as, instead of eating the flesh, it hesitated for a few moments, and then, taking the large morsel in its mouth, it left the shop, and, turning a corner of the street, disappeared from view.

\*A bummer is a beggar, or vagrant, or an idle vagabond, or a forager in an army.

# BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

A TRUE CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

## PART II.

THE butcher seemed half disappointed at this retreat. "Ha!" he said to himself, "you're like the rest of 'em: eat as much as you can swaller; fill out your skin at other people's expense; when you're full, then fill your pockets and go off without saying thank yer! I wonder you didn't ask for something to drink, that's regular human natur. I do believe you'll come back agin tomorrow, for you're a regular bummer, out and out."

On the following morning a change had taken place; the sun was bright, the streets were dry, and people were hurrying along at the usual business pace through the broad thoroughfares of San Francisco. Knots of mining speculators were to be seen at intervals, looking at the published lists of stocks and shares with that haggard anxiety of features that marks the inward misery of the gambler.

The shops were open, and although many were of rude appearance, a marked improvement was to be seen, as plate-glass fronts had been erected, and many others were in progress, showing the general prosperity of the country in the quality of the goods exposed to view.

The butcher's shop had just been put in order, and the butcher himself was busily engaged in suspending choice carcases and joints to the various hooks, sufficient to entice the hungry house-keeper who was going about in search of the daily wants.

A dog sat before the butcher's shop, looking intently at the tempting display.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the butcher; "here you are again, Bummer, my boy! I thought we should have the honor of a second call; why, you are the coolest old customer I ever came across—can't wait, but must go visiting at sunrise. Early birds get the worms, eh, Bummer? Come along, old boy; you're a knowing one, like most hungry

creatures; come in here, old lad. Why, I never felt such a bag of bones! poor old chap," said the now sympathising butcher, as he patted the miserable dog, who, having ventured up on the invitation, had crept hesitatingly within the shop.

That day the friendship between Bummer and the butcher was made firm. "I always wanted another dog since old Tiger was run over and killed," said the butcher to himself, "and now I've got one cheap. He's a thin specimen now, that's sartin; but I think I can stuff him out within a fortnight and make him quite a fine figure of a dog. And he's curly and got a well-shaped head, and a regular benevolent kind of an eye, and a good set of teeth to take care of himself with; and I do think ne'll turn out a respectable character some day; won't you, Bummer, eh?" In this strain the now patronizing butcher assumed the protectorate of the houseless Bummer; and the dog, who apparently appreciated his position, licked the hand of his new master, and by those endearments which exhibit the affection of the canine race, he quickly secured the sympathy of the rough but good-natured citizen.

That day was the beginning of Bummer's reign. Stray dogs peeped into the butcher's shop with the intention of purloining and sirloining, but the ever-watchful guardian would rush upon the largest sized intruder without a moment's hesitation, and no policeman could have surpassed Bummer in the rapidity of his attack or in his detective abilities; his sole object appeared to be the watch and guard of the shop door throughout the day.

The evening came. Shortly after sunset the butcher called his new acquaintance, and, after patting him upon the back, he threw him a large piece of meat. To his astonishment the dog seized it eagerly, but, instead of devouring it upon the spot, our friend Bummer leisurely quitted the shop

and trotted off along the street with the flesh secured within his jaws.

The night arrived, but the dog had apparently deserted his new master.

On the following morning, before the shop was open, Bummer was to be seen waiting expectantly in the street ; and as the butcher opened the door, the dog rushed in, and, leaping upon his master, evinced the greatest pleasure at the meeting.

Day after day Bummer arrived in the early morning, kept watch within the shop throughout the hours of business, but retreated in the evening, carrying his supper with him to some mysterious haunt in San Francisco.

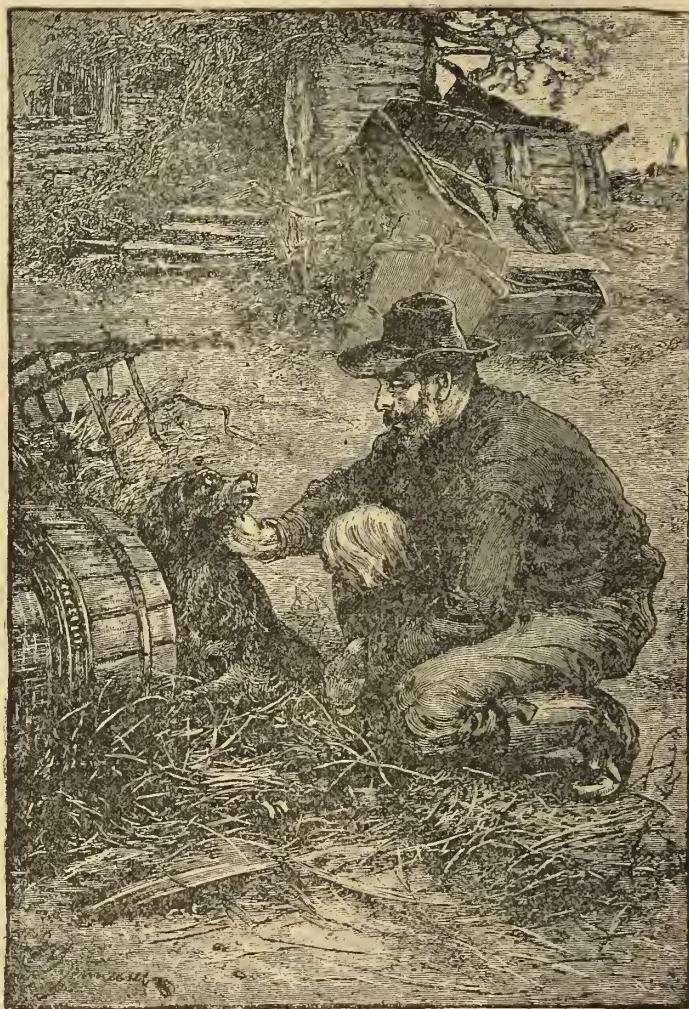
Bummer was no longer the lean and hungry foundling—he had grown plump and handsome ; the butcher's prophecy had been rapidly fulfilled, and he was “a fine figure of a dog,” but his actions were perplexing to his master. Why did Bummer refuse to remain at home after sunset ? and where did he go every evening carrying a piece of flesh in his mouth instead of eating it upon the spot ? “That beats me holler,” exclaimed the butcher to several of his friends, to whom he was telling about the peculiarities of his dog ; “and I’m just going to follow him to-night, and find out the sort of nest that master Bummer sleeps in.” Several friends, whose curiosity was excited, determined to accompany the butcher.

The evening came. The usual supper was thrown to Bummer, who quietly walked off with the large piece of meat, and went down the street.

The dog showed no anxiety at being followed, and the butcher and a friend walked or ran in turn, thus keeping their object in view, as the streets at that hour were no longer crowded.

It was a long walk ; and as the streets were laid out in right angles, the newly-built city being arranged in blocks, it appeared that Bummer was taking a rather wonderful course. At length he came to a sandy waste, where the prevailing wind

had raised hillocks of drift upon the outskirts of the city. This was a wild and desolate spot. Nothing could resist the ever-moving sand, which altered its form with every changing breeze. A few small houses had been built, but the doorways had become choked, and even the window-frames of the ground-floor were buried in several feet of



THE BUTCHER AND LAZARUS.

sand, which bore ripple marks, created by the wind, as though by the waves of the sea-shore.

Over this barren surface Bummer had trotted for some distance, followed by the butcher and his friend, who kept on trudging through the heavy ground in curious pursuit, when at length he turned a corner of what had perhaps been planned

some time before as a street. Here were some small and abandoned dwellings, proving the impossibility of struggling against the natural difficulties of the place. Into one of these miserable tenements the dog entered, as though quite used to the spot.

There were many empty packing-cases and casks that had contained dry goods lying in heaped confusion, half choked with sand, which had invaded the little yard of an intended dwelling. Some scaffold poles arose like withered skeletons of trees from the deep accumulation; and these, which had been intended as supports, had been driven by the force of the wind from the perpendicular and inclined against the unfinished wall.

The dog had disappeared around a corner of this wretched building, and the next instant the butcher and his friend found themselves in a tolerably protected angle, where Bummer was already seated before a large broken cask without either head or bottom. There was a heap of shavings and some sand and rubbish collected in this cask, upon which a curious mass was lying, which resembled a worn-out and shrivelled door rug. Bummer had laid down his piece of meat before this apparently lifeless object, and, after vainly endeavoring to attract attention by whining, he impatiently scratched it with his forepaw to awaken it if sleeping.

A lean and miserable figure slowly uncurled itself from the dust and shavings in reply to Bummer's summons. After a stretch or two it staggered forward and lay down, or rather fell, opposite the piece of flesh, which it licked, but apparently had neither the appetite nor the strength to chew.

Bummer watched these vain efforts with evident anxiety; and, as though to increase desire on the part of the sick dog, he seized the flesh himself and bit and swallowed a morsel, and then withdrew it to a few feet distant, and, crouching with the tempting bait between his forepaws, fixed his gaze upon the invalid, and whined in plain dog language—"It's very good, and I shall eat it myself if you won't come."

By various little enticing ways Bummer endeavored to excite an appetite in his sick friend, but with little success; the unfortunate dog munched a very small portion of his offering, and then crept back to its heap of shavings, and once more coiled

itself to sleep. Seeing that his patient failed to eat anything, Bummer entered the cask, and after turning around, and several times scratching and arranging the dusty shavings to his satisfaction, he also prepared himself for the night's rest by the side of his poor acquaintance.

It was getting dusk. "I guess we had better be getting home," said the butcher to his silent companion, who had watched the conduct of the dogs in mute admiration, "or we shall be very late. I tell you Bummer is the right kind of a dog and no mistake! Why, he's a genuine Good Samaritan, and more, for he sticks to his friend and does not leave him at an inn. Why, he's a real human being, for Bummer's gone hungry to bed to save a bit for his friend tomorrow morning, and not many human beings do that. Why, Bummer's got all the foundling hospitals and other hospitals, and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and all that lot, heaped together and packed away under his curly hide—he has for sure. Poor old Bummer, he's a regular Christian through and through, and who could go any further? Not all the parsons, and bishops, and archbishops, and popes, and ——"

How long the good-natured butcher would have continued to pour forth his admiration for Bummer it would be difficult to say, had it not been for a sudden interruption from his hitherto silent friend, who now broke into the conversation with the following remark—"I quite agree with all you say, and your dog is a real wonder; but I don't think his head is equal to his heart, as it strikes me that he has given his share of the meat to his sick friend, but has forgotten to bring water. The poor brute is thirsty, and is too weak to seek far for drink."

"Well," exclaimed the butcher, "you've hit the nail on the head this time, and no mistake! but Bummer hasn't got anything, I guess, that will hold water; so suppose we give him a helping hand? Here's a house where somebody's at home, for there's a light in the window. Here, missus! or anybody who may answer!" and the butcher loudly knocked at the closed door. It was quickly opened by a woman, and, the butcher having explained his want, was supplied with an empty can, which had contained about two quarts of tinned provisions. This was clean, and was soon filled with water,

It did not take many minutes to retrace their steps, and the butcher and his companion once more stood before the dogs' retreat. At the sight of water the sick dog seemed to gather strength, and it eagerly lapped the half of the contents, while Bummer himself partook of a small share, and the withered-looking dog looked quite refreshed after its long and welcome draught. "You are a miserable specimen, to be sure," exclaimed the butcher, as he stroked the wiry and ill-conditioned coat of the sick dog. "A regular Lazarus you are,

indeed : starved and sick, and with no friend in the world excepct old Bummer. Well, good-night, old dogs ; I shall come and have a look at you tomorrow. I shall call that dog Lazarus," said the butcher to his companion, as they now strolled homeward through the darkening city. "It will be a capital name for him—in fact, I think it will be quite an elegant name ; and I shall take up that dog's case, and I calculate in about two months, with good feeding, I shall fix him up so that his maternal parent wouldn't recognize him."



## BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

A TRUE CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

### PART III.

ON the following morning, as the butcher opened his shop at the usual hour, Bummer, who had been waiting outside, walked in. There was the customary wag of recognition in his tail, but nothing more. The day passed away, during which many customers had been informed by the dog's proud master "that he was the best Christian in San Francisco," and that "no bishops, or archbishops, or popes, or divines, or anybody else, could go beyond Bummer in the way of charity."

When the evening came, the daily portion of flesh allotted to Bummer was increased by the butcher, and the dog, as usual, trotted off; this time accompanied by the master, with a vessel for water, together with several friends, who wished to be eye-witnesses of facts.

Many weeks had passed away. The accounts of Bummer's performances had found their way into the city newspapers, and the dog had become a public character. The butcher's trade flourished, as Bummer had acted as an advertisement that attracted customers to his shop.

It was early upon a summer morning, that upon the butcher's first appearance in his shop, *two* dogs were sitting without. There was a certain confidence in the air of one, but a shyness and timidity in the appearance of the other, who was a bony and delicate-looking dog. These were Bummer and his poor acquaintance Lazarus, who, having sufficiently recovered his strength, was now introduced by his guardian to the dogs' paradise of San Francisco—the butcher's shop.

The butcher was delighted at the appearance of his *protégé*, who was at once welcomed to the threshold and regaled with a few choice bits, which were instantly swallowed, Bummer meanwhile wagging his tail with lively satisfaction at the successful introduction of his friend.

It would be tedious to relate the daily life of

the two dogs, even if I knew the exact details; there was a regularity in their proceedings which became well known in San Francisco. Bummer and Lazarus were recognized as citizens of peculiar habits, but harmless in character, and inseparable friends. They never slept at the butcher's shop, and rarely entered the door; but they were always to be seen, from sunrise to sunset, either upon the pavement in front, or somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. They were never known to quarrel, and when the day closed they betook themselves to their old abode in the outskirts of the city, where Lazarus had been first discovered. The stray dogs that frequented the streets appeared to recognize the rights of territory that had been acquired by the occupation of the butcher's front by Bummer and Lazarus, and they seldom presumed to trespass upon that portion of the thoroughfare. If by chance some strange cur intruded, whose ignorance of the circumstances induced him to set foot upon the forbidden ground, and gaze at the contents of the butcher's shop, he was immediately attacked by the two friends; and, having been tumbled over in the gutter, he was driven in disgrace from the street.

No citizens of San Francisco were better known, or more generally recognized as inhabitants of the town, than Bummer and Lazarus.

Meanwhile the city grew apace. The discoveries of gold had been followed by a vast development of the mining interest, which brought thousands of adventurers to swell the population. Wealth was rapidly accumulated, and those capitalists who had bought large tracts of land were busily engaged in agricultural enterprise. An extraordinary change was produced in the growth of the city, and for many miles around. Vessels from all portions of the globe sailed and steamed through the Golden Gate, bringing fresh settlers for beauti-

ful California, while San Francisco extended in due proportion, and became the splendid capital of the Far West.

City improvements had been much needed, as the influx of strangers from distant portions of the world had necessarily assembled many adventurers of doubtful character. The revolver and bowie knife had become the chief arbiters in disputes, and human life throughout California was regarded as of less value than the horse. That noble animal was tacitly admitted as the superior, by the laws which rigidly protected it as property; to steal a horse entailed the penalty of death, while murder was seldom punished.

The vigilance committee gave place to a new reform, and a body of police was organized in San Francisco. A code of municipal laws was established, sanitary arrangements were instituted, and among other necessary changes, all ownerless dogs were prohibited from wandering about the streets.

Newly appointed officials, like new brooms, make a clean sweep, and display a vast amount of energy. The police were instructed to take all dogs into custody that should be found in the thoroughfares of San Francisco without being accompanied by their proprietors. A van had been constructed specially for this purpose. This vehicle was furnished with iron bars to admit ventilation, and to enable street passengers to see the dogs which might have become prisoners being driven to the appointed place of destruction. If any person should recognize his dog as one of the unlucky captives, he could, by paying a fine at the proper office, rescue his animal from death.

In a few days after the appearance of this fatal van a strong feeling of repugnance to the new dog law was manifested by the public. Many people had missed their favorites, whose fate was involved in mystery, although no doubt could be entertained respecting their tragic end. The law was on the side of the police, who, in due proportion to the feeling exhibited against them, increased their exertions with true police zeal in the capture and destruction of the unhappy victims of the city authorities. Feelings warmed against the innovation; the press was excited upon the subject, and the public mind became violently agitated, as the

pitiless law threatened the interest of every one who possessed a dog.

At this time, when the minds of the inhabitants were in a ferment upon the dog difficulty, it happened that our friend the butcher had been engaged in the purchase of cattle some few miles distant from the city, and was returning on horseback through San Francisco upon a fine afternoon, when the rumbling of wheels upon the ill-paved street announced the approach of a vehicle from an adjoining thoroughfare. The horse that drew the van was a broken-kneed creature, who slowly trotted along with a dispirited air, as though oppressed with a guilty conscience; the driver was a policeman, while upon the afterpart of the cage-like van another policeman acted as conductor. Both these officials were keeping a vigilant lookout upon either side, and along the street, for any stray dog that might be wandering about in happy independence and ignorance of city regulations—perhaps inwardly congratulating itself upon its extreme good fortune in belonging to a country where all were equals, and where liberty of speech and action would permit it to bark, or to bite both dogs and humans, with that true freedom which is the great blessing of American institutions.

At this moment a peculiar hesitation in the movement of the horse, accompanied by a corresponding but cautious excitement in the driver, attracted the butcher's attention; and as the van halted about fifty yards in front, the conductor was seen to alight and to disappear in a neighboring street, armed with a peculiar arrangement of a wire noose at the extremity of a pole. The butcher reined up his horse and waited for the result. In less than a minute the conductor reappeared, dragging with him a struggling dog that he had dexterously captured. Resistance was useless; the iron-caged door being opened, the victim was disengaged from the noose and thrust into the barred van among about twenty equally unfortunate captives that were on the road to execution.

"Well, that's a cruel law!" ejaculated the butcher, who, having watched the proceeding with extreme interest, had set his horse in motion with an instinctive wish to examine the van more closely. "That's what I call a cruelty to the dog and a robbery upon his owner; and that's what these



LAZARUS.

new-fangled reforms call justice! Why, they'll be trying their hand at Bummer next; but they won't catch him so easily, I know. He's not such a fool as to trust a policeman within reach of his neck. They may get hold of Lazarus, though; for he's a confiding sort of a creature, and is a real simpleton if Bummer isn't close alongside of him.

But—confound it!" exclaimed the butcher suddenly, as a new idea seized him—"suppose they do catch Lazarus first! why Bummer wouldn't leave him; that he wouldn't. He'd fight for him, sure as my last dollar. And then—why, they'd be sure to catch Bummer!"



# BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

A TRUE CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

PART IV.

**A**S this horrible thought suggested itself to the butcher, the approaching van drew near, and in a slow jog-trot passed by. He had ample time to survey the numerous occupants, who, unconscious of their fate, were anxiously peering through the open bars of the traveling cage; while others were lying upon the floor among the crowd of their fellows, all strangers to each other, and as devoid of sympathy as would be an average crowd of human beings, or passengers upon their first arrival on board a ship.

A peculiar sharp and loud bark from this unhappy load of dogs startled the butcher. There was a quick succession of barks as two noses were thrust between the bars in joyful recognition. The butcher turned deadly pale. "Bummer, sure as fate!—Lazarus! Stop!—pull up! D'ye hear? Pull up that old broken-kneed old corpse. Let my dogs out! You've got hold of Bummer and Lazarus; let 'em out, I tell you!" roared the butcher in intense excitement.

With true official calmness the driver cast a contemptuous glance at the butcher, and, giving a smart lash to his insulted horse, he endeavored to increase his pace. This was too much to be endured; and the butcher, springing from his saddle, at once ran to the horse's head and seized the bridle, checking the animal by a violent thrust, and at the same time calling upon the driver to stop. The only reply was a sharp cut with the whip across the butcher's face, which was rapidly repeated in successive lashes, each adding to the rage of the exasperated assailant.

The butcher was a powerful man, and, heedless of the onslaught of the driver, he threw his whole weight and strength against the bit, thus forcing the horse backward, and at the same time twisting

it round, he drove the van bodily upon the foot-way and smashed the conductor through a shop window, amid a loud crash of glass. There the van remained fixed and helpless, the broken-kneed horse having slipped upon the pavement and fallen upon its side. The butcher had used his opportunity, and, quickly letting go his hold, had stormed the van by mounting upon the driving seat, where he had collared the driver with both hands, and, forcing him backward, he roared out lustily to the rapidly assembling crowd: "They've got Bummer and Lazarus!—Bummer and Lazarus! Smash the old van! Let the dogs out!"

The crowd instantly comprehended the situation. Everybody knew Bummer and Lazarus. The names of the dogs were quickly repeated, and a general attack was made upon the van. In the meanwhile the two objects of the disturbance had kept up an uninterrupted barking, which had excited the numerous captives to a similar chorus. The van having been backed against the shop window, it became impossible to open the door; therefore, in spite of the tumult and the efforts of the mob to liberate the dogs, no means of exit existed so long as the bars resisted. The conductor had escaped into the shop through the broken window; and the proprietor, who sympathized with the crowd, presently emerged from his door with the much needed assistance in the form of a large ax and an iron bar. Cheers were at once raised by the excited populace, and the implements were seized upon, and the van attacked with such determination that in a few minutes the side was completely torn out. The astonished dogs, which shared the enthusiasm of the moment, leaped to the ground, and more than one, carried away by warlike zeal, fixed their teeth in the legs of the struggling liberators.

The mob was not easily satisfied, and, as the assault was heightened by the successful smashing and crashing of the vehicle under the heavy blows of the ax, wielded by successive men as their arms grew weary, they were determined to destroy it utterly, and thus at once to get rid of a city abomination.

The butcher had attended to the driver who had lashed him, to his entire satisfaction; and, as Bummer and Lazarus leaped about his person in their intense joy at deliverance, he wisely quitted the scene of riot; and, accompanied by his dogs, remounted his horse (which had, with true Californian docility, remained standing on the opposite pavement), and rode quietly homeward.

This stirring incident in the career of the two dogs created a considerable interest in the press of San Francisco, and Bummer and Lazarus from that moment became recognized objects of respect and sympathy among all classes of the population. The triumphant butcher proudly recounted the history of the dogs to such strangers who upon arrival at San Francisco made personal inquiries, and many visitors declared that their history should be written by some able hand, to combine the story with the early days of the rising city. \* \* \*

Years passed away, and the inseparable friends continued their fraternal affection unbroken. Bummer was growing gray about the head, but he was otherwise active and strong. Lazarus, on the other hand, although the younger, had always exhibited a delicacy of constitution, and for some time past his appetite had failed, and his once sleek coat had become rough, while his ribs could be plainly counted by the eye. He appeared together with Bummer every morning, but instead of wandering and strolling as formerly about the street, he lay for hours asleep at the butcher's door; his eyes grew dim and sunken. The dog was ill; but nevertheless he continued to accompany his friend Bummer to and fro, returning at evening to some distant sleeping place, well known to the butcher, although the changes in the town had driven the dogs from their old resting place.

One morning when the shop was opened the dogs were missing. In vain the butcher called their names and whistled; there was no answering bark, neither could a dog be seen.

Leaving his wife and a lad to attend the business of his shop, the butcher started off in great perplexity toward the distant spot which the dogs occupied at night, according to their strange natures of independence.

He reached the place where he had for some time past provided a large empty cask with a plentiful supply of straw for his two vagabonds. Bummer was sitting outside the cask, apparently watching the sleeping dog within, when the butcher arrived, and patted him. "What's the matter, old boy?" asked his master, as he stroked his neck; "what's the matter with Lazarus? very bad, I'm afraid. Here, Lazarus, my boy; get up, old fellow!" said the butcher coaxingly, as he reached his hand into the cask, and would have assisted the dog to rise; but he drew his hand back quickly—the body was cold and hard—Lazarus was dead!

Some weeks had elapsed since the loss of Bummer's companion; the butcher had endeavored to entice his dog away from his old sleeping place, and had arranged a cask with clean straw in his own back yard; but, in spite of this attraction and every kindness which the good-hearted man exhibited to his favorite, Bummer refused his comfortable lodging, and retired to his accustomed spot. Upon several occasions he was seen to carry a piece of meat in his mouth when he left the shop at the approach of evening; the butcher, upon visiting the dog's resting place, had found the meat untouched on the following morning; and it seemed as though it had been intended for the sick friend Lazarus, who had been thus fed in early days.

Bummer refused his food. The dog was restless; and, instead of remaining close by the butcher's shop, he wandered about the streets, searching for something lost, which his mind could scarcely understand. Sometimes he would start from his post near the shop door and run quickly across the street to examine some strange passing dog that somewhat resembled Lazarus, and he would return despondingly upon discovering the hopeless reality.

The dog grew lean and gray; his ribs looked like a frame within his skin. Bummer was broken-hearted; he grew weak and ill, and the butcher saw that his much loved dog was pining away for his lost friend. \* \* \*

It was a bright morning in the autumn, and the sun had not long risen, when a man could be seen upon the sandy waste upon the outskirts of San Francisco, working hard as though digging up potatoes. There was no one near, but a package resembling a sack lay upon the ground. There was a small mound close to the spot, and within three feet of this raised landmark the laborer was at work.

In about a quarter of an hour he had dug a hole. He then carefully raised the package from the

ground and placed it within. He arranged some straw gently upon the bundle, and after a moment of hesitation he proceeded to refill the hole with earth, and formed a mound similar to that which already marked the neighboring spot. He then rested from his work; with a desperate plunge dashed his spade into the sandy ground, and burying his face in his rough hands, he burst into tears. The butcher had buried his dog Bummer by the side of his poor acquaintance Lazarus.



# THAT SMALL BOY--IMPROVPTU.

By G. T. JOHNSON.

“We should try to bring ourselves down to the plane of the small boy’s mind.”—Prof. J. M. Greenwood.



HERE is a very “small boy” in every school,  
Who is neither, I venture, a knave nor a fool;  
But who to his lessons ne’er yet gave attention,  
No matter how fertile the teacher’s invention.

If the teacher but search for the “plane of his mind,”  
His search will discover it sharply inclined.  
His *position* thereon is strange, it is true,  
But only in tropical climes would be new.

Face downward, with hands firmly grasping his sled,  
Feet inclined, on this plane, to be higher than his head,  
The *progress* he makes down this plane of his thought  
Sets teacher’s decision of “sluggard” at naught.

*Concentration of thought* is most clearly outlined;

To the grasp of one subject each thought  
is confined.

*Persistence in effort* is remarkably strong;  
In fact, he’ll continue this work the day  
long.

His *reasoning faculties* never are weak;  
When “reason for absence” the teacher would  
seek,

The “truancy” charge will be of no use;  
A plausible *reason* still pleads his excuse.

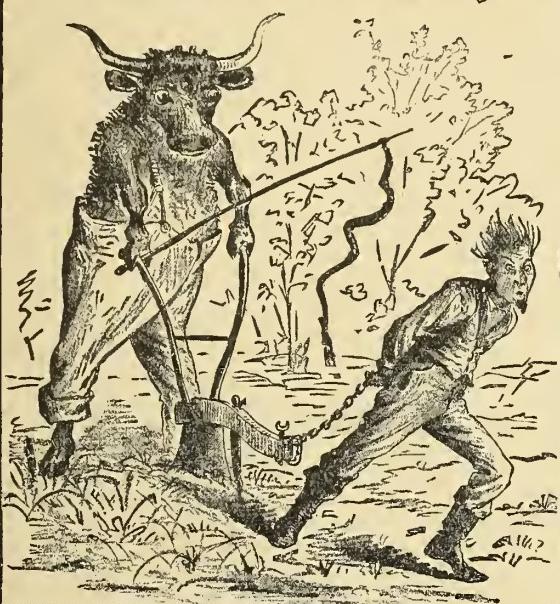
“*Imitation* is large,” the phrenologist said,  
When once on a time he examined his head.  
Of this we have proof, so aptly indeed,  
His elders he apes in the use of the “weed.”

Then, *imagination* lags not far behind,  
In playing her part in this wonderful mind;  
So developed, indeed, he scarcely can tell  
The false from the true, he imagines so well.

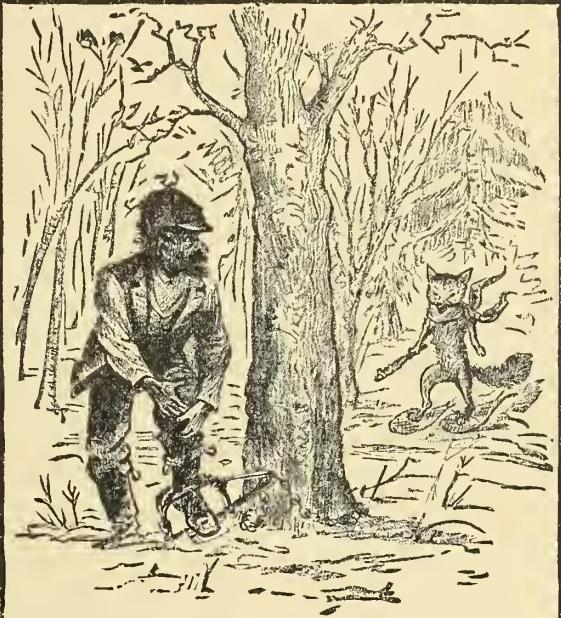
This very “small boy” of very small age is  
Companion quite fit for poets and sages.  
His head, with such powers, with little inflation,  
May yet be the head of “the head of the nation”



# PICTURES THAT TELL THEIR OWN STORY.



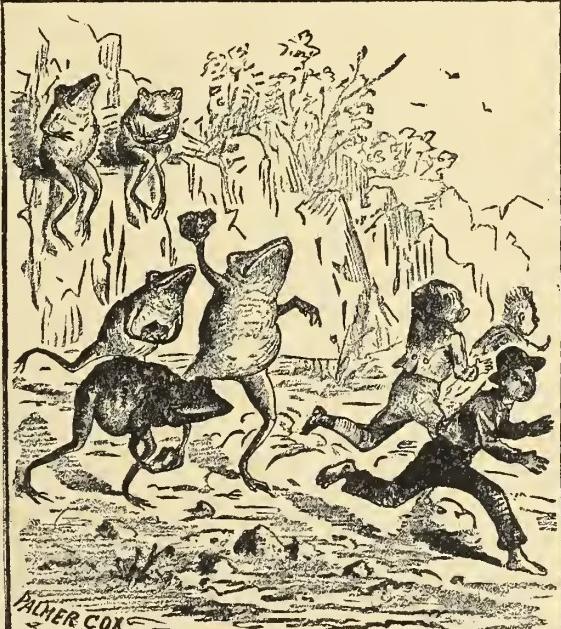
THIS WOULD PLEASE THE PATIENT OX,



THIS WOULD SUIT THE CUNNING FOX.



THIS WOULD MUCH AMUSE THE DOGS,



PALMER COX  
AND WOULDN'T THIS BE FUN FOR FROGS.

# JOE'S BOB-SLED.

BY MRS. ALICE H. PUTNAM.

IT was late Saturday afternoon, December 22. Christmas was to fall on Wednesday this year, but Joe Piper hadn't thought about it until this very moment, 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, December 22.

When a boy's father is dead, and that boy has to shovel snow, and sift ashes, and get around as lively as possible every day in the year in order to earn a few pennies, why, naturally he doesn't have as much time to anticipate Christmas and Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, as other boys with fewer responsibilities. And it was the turkeys that brought Christmas to Joe's mind now.

He was on his way from an hour's coasting with his bob-sled, when something unusual in the appearance of the butcher's shop attracted his attention. It was the long row of turkeys, white and fat, and featherless too, excepting at tail and wings, where a few had been left, for ornament I suppose, but which somehow suggested the Georgia costume of spurs and shirt collar.

"Christmas! by jingo!" said Joe, with a prolonged whistle.

Looking further, he saw fat chickens, and fatter ducks, and crimson cranberries, and milk-white celery, and plenty of good things to eat, for the village of Hempstead believed in good cheer at Christmas, and had it, too.

"I do wonder what turkey meat tastes like any way!" said Joe, "and what anybody'd have to pay, now, for such a fellow as that!" he continued, gazing respectfully at a bird that must have been a king, or a prince at the very least, in his day.

What's a turkey worth?" he finally asked mod-

estly of the butcher, who stood radiant in his white apron.

"Turkeys are high this year,—sixteen cents—sixteen cents a pound," explained the man, evidently fearing that Joe might think that solitary sixteen cents would buy all the magnificence of an entire bird.

"And a turkey will weigh"—began Joe.

"Oh! all the way from ten to twenty pounds," replied the butcher. "Now that fellow—

"He's a whopper!" said Joe solemnly.

"No mistake about that," assented the butcher.

"And I suppose he'd cost,"—Joe didn't dare put in words what he supposed such a creature would bring in the open market.

"Oh, he'd go a long way toward spoiling a five dollar bill!" said the butcher, nodding his head with pride. "But now, see here!"

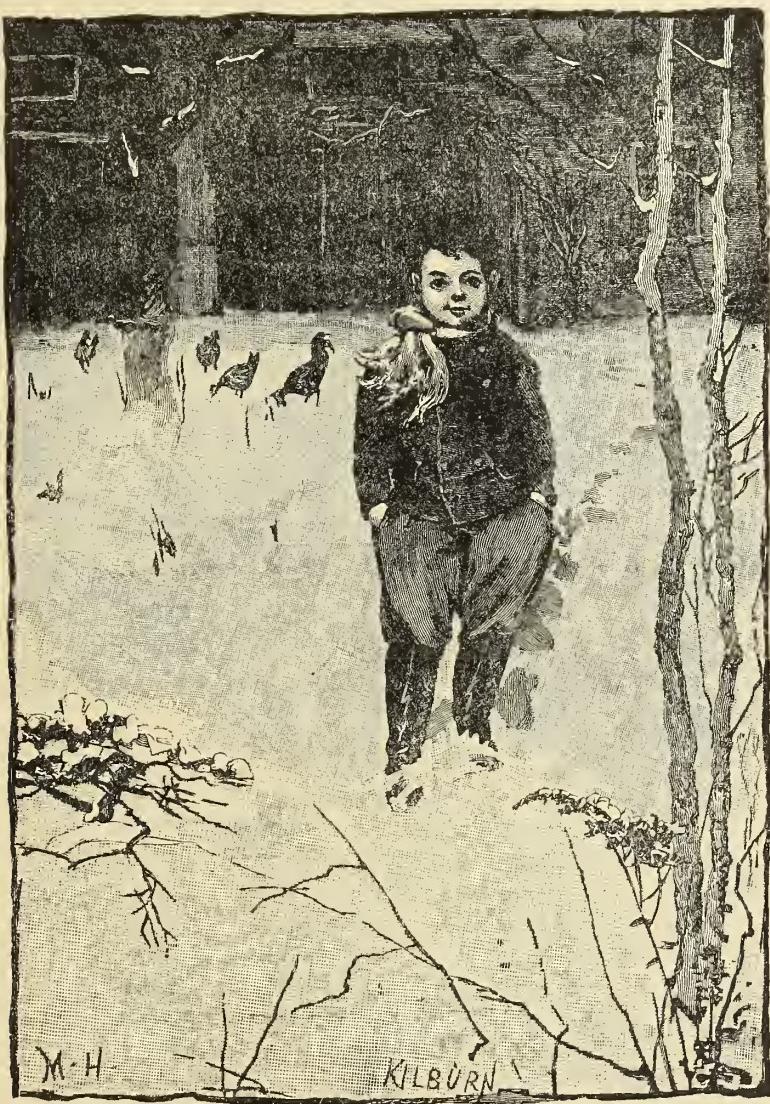
Joe was turning away, thinking that on the whole he wouldn't buy a turkey to-day.

"Look at this one! a hen turkey, juicy and tender, only got out of the egg last spring—look at her!"

She really had made the most of her opportunities for growing.

"But she won't weight so very heavy," (laying her on the scales and adjusting the weights,) "for she's really nothing but a little girl, you know. There she is! Ten pounds, good weight. I declare, I didn't think she'd do it! But she's solid you know; and eat well? my! there's nothing like a little fat hen turkey for good eating!"

Joe made his calculation, sixteen multiplied by ten—and he had only a silver quarter and a silver half-dollar in his pocket! It had seemed like a good deal of money to him when he first came into the shop; but now—well, he did not feel like jingling it any more, and he finally told the



WHAT DO I CARE FOR THE SNOW.

butcher that he wouldn't take a turkey to-day. And then the butcher, with an air of having wasted his time, put the fat little turkey back with her mates; while Joe, trying to whistle, took his bob-sled and trudged away up the street, thinking that he'd *see* Christmas, anyway, even if he couldn't buy any.

Joe had a good time looking, and not only looking, but selecting, too. Selecting is one thing, and buying quite another, you know.

There were a good many to whom he wanted to give presents. There were his mother and Polly, and the several little Pipers, to say nothing of the baby. Joe was very fond of them all, but his little sister and he were the very greatest of friends. And as for the baby, Joe considered that baby something wonderful!

"Wouldn't she be just bee-ute-te-ful in that!" he said to himself, gazing admiringly at a red hood adorned with a great pompon of red yarn. The shop-keeper called it a toboggan cap, but Joe didn't know anything about tobogganing. He only knew that when he and Polly wanted to take the baby out for an airing, they always tied an old shawl over her head; the head was as bald as an orange so that some covering seemed really indispensable. The shawl was always slipping back and one of them was kept busy pulling it in place. Polly's theory was that this slipping down and pulling back really wore the hair off the baby's head. And she often confided to Joe that the baby might even have ringlets if it were not for this constant scraping!

Joe always had great faith in Polly's theories, and as he gazed at the hood he felt that he must have it, for it would make Polly so happy!

Just by the hood in the window, stood Santa Claus himself. Joe fairly laughed outright as he took a good look at the, jolly fat figure and the good-natured face.

"By jingo! he looks as though he had good vict'als, and plenty of 'em!" exclaimed Joe, opening his eyes wide to take in the ample proportions of the saint, while he slapped his blue hands together to get them warm. Indeed there was a roast-turkey, plum-pudding, mince pie-ey sort of look about the jolly old fellow that suggested

innumerable Christmas dinners, with the implication that they agreed rather better with him than they sometimes do with you and me!

"And see his furs! Jimminy! Just look at his furs! and his boots! and his cap! And he's got a Christmas-tree tucked under his arm, too! and snow all around him—snow made out of white sugar as sure as you're alive!" said Joe solemnly, peering in closely at the prosperous saint.

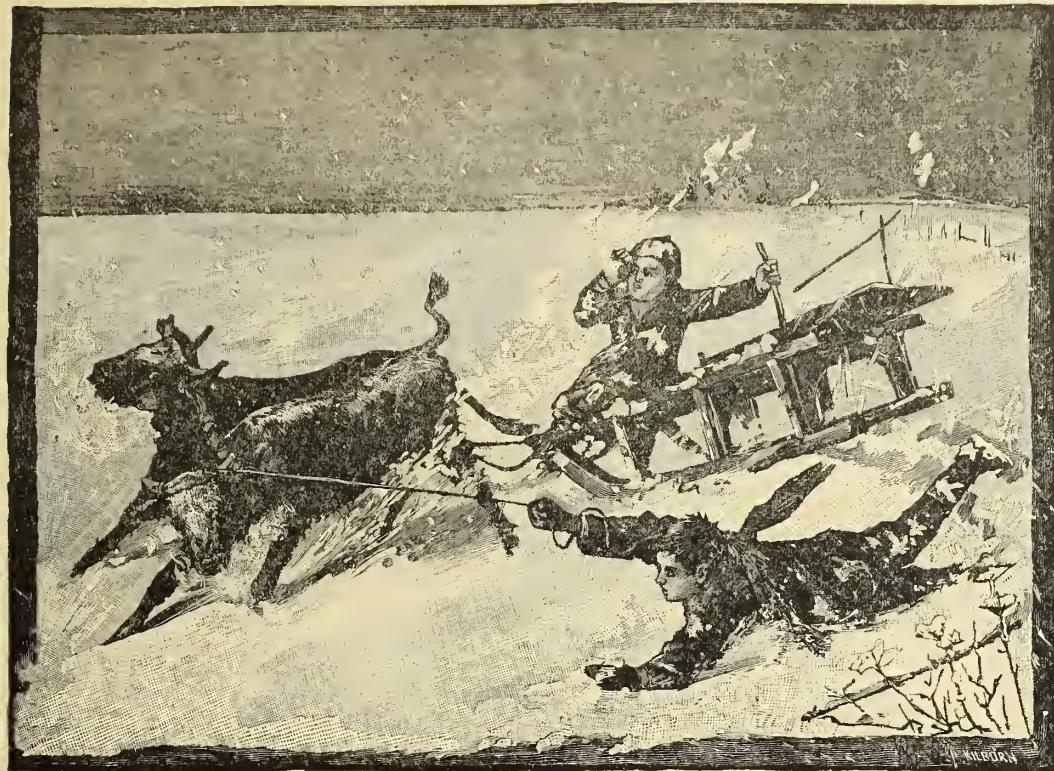
"Now, look here," said Joe after satisfying himself that it was really furs and white sugar that the jolly old fellow was using, "don't you think you've got a leet e too much,—more'n your share you know?—and had'nt you better hand out some of them good things to a feller? Your fur cap, now, wouldn't be bad! No use making a pig of yourself and keeping everything! They do say that you come down chimneys and bring things! May-be you do, but you come down no chimneys for me; you know you never did, now; p'raps its 'cause we live so fur in the woods, or 'cause we haint got no chimney—nothing but a stove-pipe—any way you never come! But you just hand me out that hood and a few of them other things, and I won't say nothin' about chimneys!" And Joe laughed, and shook his little blue fist with mock fierceness at the jolly saint, who evidently didn't mind it one bit, but just went on being jolly.

If everybody had not been too busy getting-ready for Christmas to think anything about it, Joe's demand would not have been considered unreasonable, for the contrast between the boy outside in the cold, and the saint inside in the warmth was very decided.

It was the season of year when, as Joe expressed it, he "doubled up" on his trousers and jacket; tripled up, or even quadrupled up, would have been more correct. That is to say, in November when the days began to be chilly, he put on a couple of trousers and jackets; by the last of the month he added another one of each of these useful articles, and as it got on towards Christmas, he encased himself in still another layer.

"How did he come to have so many?" you ask.

Why, you see, wherever Mrs. Piper washed there were boys; and wherever there are boys there are always cast off trousers and jackets which the mothers are glad to hand over to the washerwoman.



### JOE'S BOB-SLED.

MRS. PIPER always took gratefully everything which was given her, and so it came about that Joe had quite a collection of these useful articles. But the odd thing about it was, that all the boys Mrs. Piper washed for, were short, thick-set, fat boys, while Joe was as slim as a knitting needle, and tall for his thirteen years.

Joe dressed quickly these cold mornings, and he usually scrambled into the longest pair of pantaloons first, and even these did not reach to his ankles. The next longer followed, and so on. It was the same with his jackets. The result of this arrangement was that trouser legs and coat sleeves seemed to have been built on at various times and of various materials; and the number of garments gave his body a stuffed, pin-cushiony look, which was not at all carried out by his slim ankles, his meagre hands, and his thin face.

But really, the queerest thing of the whole was, that Joe's mother, never by any chance, washed for

any boy that had a head just the size of Joe's. The hats she brought home never fitted him. Sometimes they perched on his head like William Tell's apple, or again they came down on his face and ears like his mother's dish pan. Some days he wore one, some days another; but whichever one he wore he always wished it had been the other. To-day it was the one that perched on the top of his head; so that his soft, light hair, broad forehead, honest blue eyes and pinched little face were plainly visible to the saint, and it did seem a little strange that the old fellow didn't offer to share, at least his fur cap, with Joe. But he only looked benevolent, that was all.

Joe gave a parting glance at the red hood, and trudged on. Wherever there was a particularly brilliant window, he stopped and picked out some more things that he would like to get—toys for the children, a silk dress and a fine bonnet for his mother, and a real gold bracelet for his Polly!

As for himself, there was one thing, that when he got rich, really rich, you know, and had bought everything else for all the rest of the family, he made up his mind he'd get for himself. He'd take a whole dollar and buy himself a Wedon engine!

"And I'll do it, if I have to wait 'till I'm forty to get it!" said Joe to himself, as he watched one in a window blowing off steam in the most fascinating manner.

Joe having selected all the things he wanted, trudged along the street, dragging his sled after him, and thinking deeply.

Some people might have thought the sled heavy. Not so with Joe. It was his most cherished possession. He made that sled himself; and more, he had earned nearly everything that went into her. He had tended the carpenter's shop for a week, for the privilege of using the tools for shaping her. And shaping the runners of a sled is no light job, I can tell you! If you get them too pointed, they don't steer well. If they are not pointed enough, there's no "go" to the sled. But there's a beautiful clean curve, that's just the right thing; and Joe flattered himself that he had hit that thing.

But although Joe was dragging his bob along affectionately, he was not thinking of her. His thoughts were with that charming little hen-turkey, and that beautiful red cap!

More than once he failed to notice where he was going, and he nearly upset two stout old ladies and several brisk young men, to say nothing of a baby in a carriage whose nurse was busy looking into the shop windows. But nobody was cross, for Christmas was abroad in the air. They all smiled indulgently at him, and some of them called out, "Is that your bob, Joe? Why she's a raving beauty!" and Joe's face beamed with happiness, and notwithstanding the night was settling down pretty cold, he was warmed all through by the Christmas cheer.

When he reached the corner of Front and Main streets, he stopped to think. It was a serious matter he had to consider, so he leaned his sled up against the lamp-post, and himself against her.

"I s'pose, I could make another," he thought;

"and them Parsons boys wanted her just awful. Anybody with half an eye could tell that, on the hill this afternoon. And she's worth two dollars if she's worth a cent, and I just believe they'd give it, too. I've a good mind to go and see." And with the thought of parting from her now really in his mind, he turned and looked fondly at his treasure; and although his hands were cold, he affectionately stroked down the bit of carpet on her, which, I am free to confess, you would have considered somewhat the worse for wear.

"Christmas don't come but once a year, any way," Joe went on thinking; "and mother'd be so surprised and pleased; and Polly and the young ones—why they'd be just wild!"

Notwithstanding these considerations, it was a full minute before Joe could shut his lips with decision and say, "I'll do it! I will! I'll see if I can't sell my bob to the Parsons boys; and then I'll take the two dollars and buy that turkey, and that beauti-te-ful red cap! And we'll have a Christmas if we *do* live down in the woods, and *don't* have no chimley!"

And not giving himself a chance to change his mind, he got hold of the rope of his sled, and started bravely out Front street, whistling as he went, and thinking what a Christmas his mother and Polly and the young ones were going to have? And he felt as jolly as the Santa Claus himself; and though the wind did cut him pretty sharply now that he was leaving the houses, and getting out towards the open country, still there was such a glow about his heart that he didn't feel cold at all. He knew very well where he was going; it was to the very last house within the village limits; and to get to it, he had to pass over quite a little stretch of road which wasn't built up. Of course he soon left the lamps behind him, but this didn't matter, for all the stars came out to light him on his way. And one star, which Joe had come to consider his own particular star, because it had so often lighted him home from his work on these dark winter evenings, came out very brightly just over the old house to which he was going.

As he watched the star, and thought of Santa Claus in the window, and the turkey and the red



O HOW FAST WE GO!

cap, and of selling his bob, and of how happy he was going to make them all at home, and of how good-natured everybody had been to him in the village, something of the blessedness of Christmas came over him. And then he wondered just what Santa Claus had to do with it anyway. And suddenly he remembered that Santa Claus wasn't all; there was something, too, about a star.

Yes, the more he thought it over, the more convinced he was that there was a star. And now that he really remembered about it, there was not only a star, but a baby, too.

You see that Joe's knowledge of Christmas had only been picked up by accident, as you may say, just as his clothes had been. He had learned something about it when good-natured people invited him in to see their Sunday-school trees, or occasionally even a real Santa Claus himself, with genuine furs and sleigh bells. Of course he had listened with interest to the singing and to the reading of the wonderful story, and had even received some little gifts himself. But you see he wasn't in it all, as you are. He didn't understand it as you do. He stood on the outside of it all in the Sunday School, quite as much as in the street, when he gazed at the prosperous saint in the window.

So Joe's idea of the meaning of Christmas was not very clear; but the more he thought about it, the more sure he felt that there *was* a star, and there *was* a baby, as well as that fat, jolly Santa Claus who never came down his chimney. And Joe, not knowing any better, played that the star just now shining so brightly over the old house, was his Christmas star, lighting him on his way; and he enjoyed it just as he had the toys and the silk dress and the fine bracelet which he had selected in the village.

Joe was nearing the old house—it wasn't a fine place, and the poor people readily found their way to the front door—in fact he was just lifting his bob softly up on the piazza, when there came a burst of music from the parlor, children's voices. Joe could distinctly catch the words:

“I will tell you a wonderful story,  
A story of long ago,  
Of a beautiful star  
That shone from afar  
On the babe in the manger low.”

“I knowed there was a star and a baby,” said Joe softly, to himself, leaning his beloved bob up against one of the pillars of the porch, and then standing behind it to shield himself from the wind as he looked in at the window, where the shade was not yet drawn, to enjoy the good time that was going on inside. He was out in the cold himself, but he was so used to this, that he never thought of it.

It was a Sunday-school class, practicing their carols, making ready for their Christmas festival. All of the children were there—Genevieve and Prescott, Rob and Reub and Hattie, Alma and Ada, James, and the two Parsons boys; and their teacher was encouraging them to sing out strong and clear the beautiful story which was so dimly outlined in Joe's mind. Sometimes they did pretty well, but often, I am sorry to say, they merely looked at their books, and moved their lips a little, and left it for the organ to peal out the strains that even the angels thought it worth while to sing. But, however they sang, it all sounded beautifully to Joe. And when the glad tones of the organ, and still gladder voices of the children, rang out through the window, and far out into the darkness of the winter's night,

“Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.”

## JOE'S BOB-SLED.

JOE was so interested that he forgot everything else, and leaned eagerly forward towards the window, trying to draw as near as possible to the light and happiness within.

But alas for that bob-sled! Unsuspected by Joe, it took an unexpected header, and down it came, making a tremendous crash, and barely escaping breaking the window in a thousand pieces.

The girls inside all screamed.

"Oh! none of you are killed," said Prescott coolly.

"Oh! but there's somebody at the window! I saw him!" cried Genevieve.

"Perhaps it's Santa Claus," suggested Rob, emulating Prescott's coolness.

"Santa Claus never looked like that!" replied Genevieve, remembering the shabby-looking apparition of which she had caught a glimpse.

"Never!" exclaimed Alma and Ada with conviction.

But if the children were startled inside, the boy outside was still more alarmed. Joe's first impulse was to run, and any other day in the year he would have done it, but the Christmas cheer had so warmed up his thin blood that he soon got over his fear, and walked quite bravely up to the front door and pulled the bell.

A tall lady came to the door.

"If you please, ma'am, I'd like to see your boys."

Joe felt that it would be superfluous to ask if they were at home, since he had been looking at them through the window for the last fifteen minutes.

"They are busy now, but do you want to see them particularly?" questioned the lady kindly.

She was quite used to seeing a good many shabby people on all sorts of errands at her front door.

"Yes'm," said Joe; and then emboldened by the kindly aspect of the lady he added quite confidentially, "I want to sell'em my sled."

The lady looked out at what to her, not being a boy, seemed a huge unwieldy affair of boards and runners and ropes; and she almost groaned as she thought of the wagons and velocipedes and sleds of various kinds, some of foreign and others of domestic manufacture, which already cumbered up the house, not to mention the sheds and piazzas. But Christmas must have got into her heart too, for she kept her horror to herself, and listened sympathetically while Joe went on to explain with pride, how long she was, and how many she could carry, and how she could "go," and that she beat everything on the school-house hill, excepting Ned Plyer's sled; and how he believed she only needed to be rounded up or trimmed down, or built on to in some way, to really go ahead of Plyer; and of how he had noticed the Parsons beys watching her admiringly that afternoon, and so he had come up to offer her for two dollars. And as Joe sung the praises of his precious possession, his little face looked so eager and bright in the light of the hall lamp, that the tall lady made up her mind that if he really wanted to sell that monstrous contrivance which he called a bob-sled, she'd have to buy it, even if they had to build on an addition to the house to accommodate it!

"And what are you going to do with the two dollars when you get it?" she questioned so sympathetically, that Joe forthwith explained to her all about the turkey and the red hood; and then she knew she'd have to buy it, if two additions were necessary to accommodate it.

"Boys," she called out pleasantly at the parlor

door, "come out here! Wouldn't you like a splendid new bob-sled?"

"Of course we would!" said the biggest Parsons boy, rushing out to the door, closely followed by the small one, whom the boys usually called the "Peppery Parsons." But there must have been a good deal of Christmas in his heart, for the moment he saw Joe standing out in the dark and cold, and realized that it was Joe's sled which they were to have, he exclaimed in such a sweet way that I am sure nobody could ever call him "peppery" again.

"Why, Joe! we wouldn't take your sled from you for a thousand million dollars!"

By this time all the other children were crowding around the door, and the tall lady explained Joe's scheme to them, and her intention of buying that particular bob-sled. And to have heard her talk about it, you would have supposed that she didn't know how to keep house another day without a bob-sled!

And then the children all urged that Joe should come in and sing with them. And Joe came in and stood in front of the old fire-place, where a great log was blazing, and warmed his hands; and he felt so cheerful and bright that he thought he could sing. And so when urged to open his mouth and sing out, and not be afraid, he did.

Now if this were not a true story, I should say that Joe opened his mouth and poured out such strains of music that there wasn't a dry eye in anybody's head; but I confine myself to facts. It is true that Joe opened his mouth and sang; but his voice skirmished around in every direction.

When the others were on the low notes, he was soaring away up, nobody knew where, and he didn't know himself. By the time the other voices went up, his came down, away down in his boots.

The only wonder was how any boy could strike so many notes, and never by any possibility strike the right one. Finally nobody could stand it, and everybody just roared, and Joe laughed as hearty as any of the rest. And James, who wasn't much of a singer himself, slapped him on the back and said, "I really believe you beat me, Joe!"

And just here the maid came in, and the tall lady whispered something to her, and she beckoned to Joe, to follow her out to the kitchen, and there she

gave him such a supper of hot baked beans and gingerbread, and a cup of coffee with two lumps of sugar, as made Joe grow fat for a week.

After Joe went out there was no more practicing.

All of the children had something to say, and they all wanted to say it at precisely the same minute. Really, you couldn't hear yourself think; and as for understanding it all, why that was simply impossible. But now and then you could catch parts of sentences, such as,

"I'm awfully sorry that I've spent so much money, but I've got—"

"How many Pipers are there? and what—"

"Something for every one!—"

"Just the thing for Joe!"

And so on. And they all seemed to understand each other; but when six or eight children all talk at the same time, I despair of reporting just what they said.

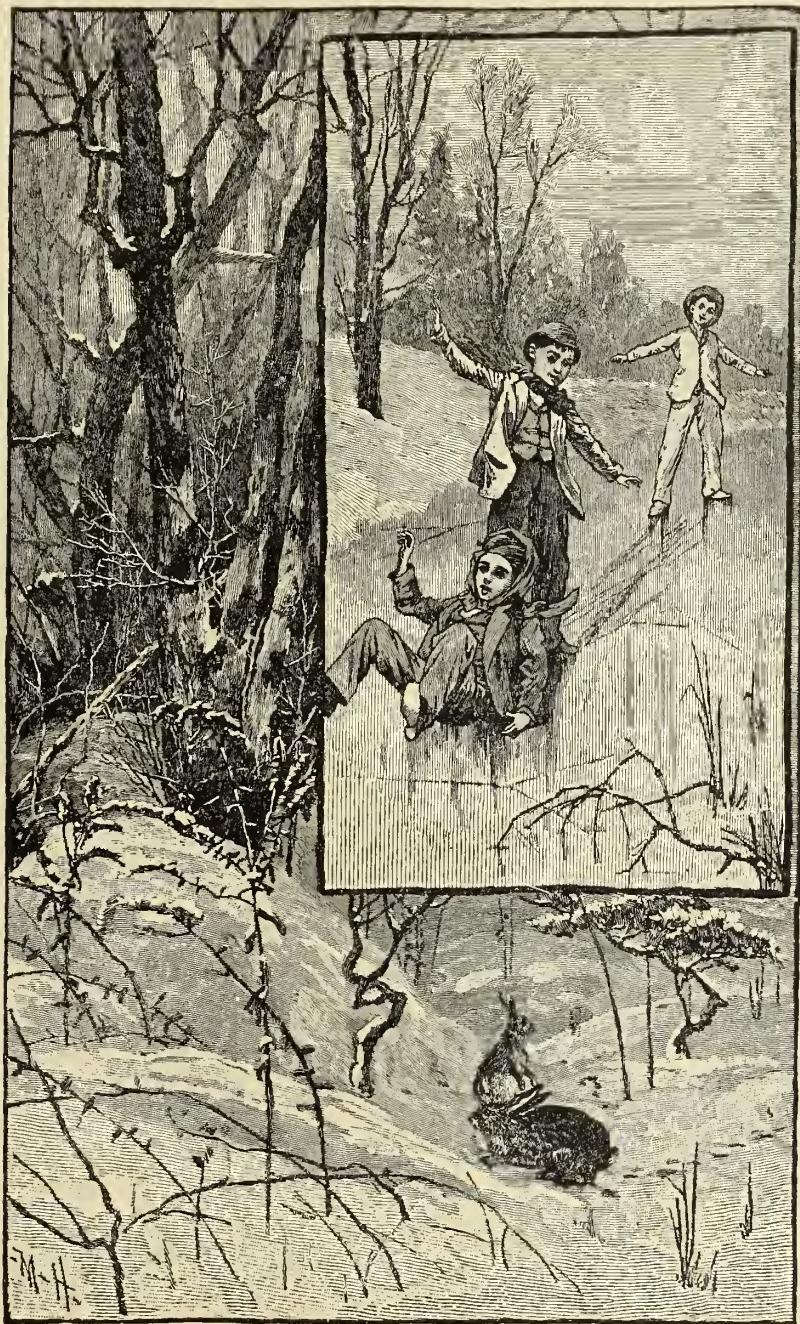
CHRISTMAS eve came at last, and there stood the wonderful tree in the little chapel. All the children were there too, their eyes shining as brightly as the tree itself.

Nor had they been content with merely coming themselves; they had hired a wagon, and sent out to the woods, and brought in the entire Piper family.'

There was Mrs. Piper, tired and shabby, and none too clean; for she was so in the habit of scrubbing everything else, that she had got quite out of the way of doing anything of the sort for herself. To-day she had spent her energies upon the six young Pipers, and their faces shone like new tin pans. And their eyes—well, when they really caught sight of that resplendent tree, their china-blue eyes opened so wide that you might almost have mistaken them for saucers! As for Joe, he had bought and paid for the red hood, and the little hen-turkey, too, and there wasn't an ornament on the tree brighter than his eyes.

"Come up here in front with us, Joe," called out Rob, as he saw the family coming in, and then all the other Sunday-school children beckoned and nodded and smiled, and pointed significantly to a row of empty seats up in front.

Emboldened by all this cordiality Joe marched bravely up, followed by all the family, just as if they belonged to the Sunday school.



A COASTING SCENE.

"I tell you, this is nice! We're right in it, you see. Don't have to take no back seats this time!" whispered Joe to Polly, who nodded and smiled, and looked so happy that the whole Sunday school enjoyed looking at her.

As for the little Pipers, they never moved, they scarcely winked, they only gazed—excepting the baby.

She did more. Joe and Polly had stopped on their way to the chapel and bought the red hood, and put it on her. Whether she associated it with a red apple and thought it good to eat, or whether she considered a bald head the correct thing, and felt determined to make way with this new covering, nobody can find out; but certain it is, she spent her time dragging that cap down over her eyes and nose, and making ineffectual efforts to poke it down her throat, all the while striking out vigorously with her sturdy fat legs, while her bald head grew red with suppressed emotion.

The exciting time really came when they all stood up to sing, "Gather around the Christmas Tree." Everybody sang with a good-will now, while two of the teachers lighted the tapers.

When the last notes died away the superintendent stepped forward and began to pick up the fat packages and to call out the names on them.

Every child's name was there, and each one went forward to receive a mysterious bundle.

All the little Pipers were called up too, to get something nice; and they all went back to their seats looking so radiant and happy that Joe was almost tempted to sing again. But he didn't, for just then his name was read out.

And, incredible as it may seem to you, really and truly there was a Wedon engine for him, although he hadn't mentioned to a soul his intention of some time getting one! You see, James had received two engines, one from his aunt and another from his cousin, and his heart was so full of Christmas that he really couldn't keep them both, so he just passed one of them along to Joe.

Joe had hardly recovered from his surprise over the engine, when his name was called out again, and in came the biggest Parsons boy staggering under the weight of the bob-sled!

"Here she is, Joe! she's come back to you!" he sang out cheerily, while his face fairly shone with Christmas.

Poor Joe was perfectly overwhelmed; his lips

quivered and he couldn't speak for a moment; but when he did get his voice, he said with energy:

"No no! I sold her fair and square! and I've done spent the money—bought the cap and turkey, you know—so I can't take her back, no ways!"

But the big boy laid his hand lovingly on Joe's shabby sleeve, and said in a very persuasive way:

"This is Christmas, you know! You'll let me give her to you, won't you, Joe, just because it is Christmas. I want to do something to make you happy; and if you want to do something to make me happy, why you shall build me another one, next week, if you like, and have it ready for New Year's!"

Joe didn't object any more. He put his arm lovingly around his old bob, while he made two or three ineffectual efforts to speak. But the big boy seemed to understand, and he set down by Joe, still keeping his hand lovingly on the shabby old sleeve, while he looked so happy.

Joe soon recovered himself sufficiently to begin to plan how he'd make that new bob, and make her, too, so that she'd beat just everything on the school-house hill. And Joe's face fairly overflowed with Christmas as he planned how he would make a sled for the Parsons boys that would beat his own!

Altogether it was the very happiest Christmas-tree you ever saw.

"Haven't we had a perfectly lovely time!" exclaimed Genevieve with enthusiasm, as somebody made a move to go home.

"Yes, indeed we have!" said one and another of the children, while the entire Piper family seemed one big smile of satisfaction and delight.

"Well," said Rob's grandpa, who had grown wise and good as he had grown old and grey, "are you going to let it end here? Will you allow the Pipers to go back to the woods, and stay there until next Christmas?"

"Indeed not!" shouted the entire Sunday school. "We're going to have 'em here every Sunday! Just see if we don't. They belong to us now!"

"Well, if they belong to you, some of you better help Joe with that baby; it's black in the face already," remarked the old gentleman quizzically.

And they all rushed to help Joe set the baby on her feet and to rescue the hood from a mysterious and wonderful disappearance.

# ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY AN OLD "FORTY-NINER."

IT has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people, not of their own faith, from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good-will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a mormon to go anywhere. Once in a while one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a mormon need have no fear of the savages who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered. This was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the Indian against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally they could have selected. They made him arrow heads and lance heads, they provided him with his first firearms and best tomahawks; they fed him when he was hungry, and helped to outfit him when he went to the war.

When California's gold fever began to push long wagon trains across the country the mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten yielded up their lives but for the assistance of the accursed Danites. These were the "good men and true" of the mormon church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended upon to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of the church with their last breath.

They knew the country, the trails, the streams and ravines and valleys, from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out all along the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had worked fearful slaughter among the gold-seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures on the train people murdered during the years in which the overland trail was in daily use.

The first train I went out with, consisted of fifteen wagons and fifty men, women, and children. Of these twenty-two were full-grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and wagon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of men did so. Indeed there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers.

Previous to leaving St. Joe we had to elect a captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey. This position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout, or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the route and the ways of the Indians. Some such man was always going out with a train. In our case the choice lay between two—one an old trapper of many years' experience, who looked honest and seemed to have had plenty of experience, and a man who was a stranger to all, but who was loud in his boasts of how many Indians he had killed and what a brave, careful man he was.

151 I disliked him at first sight, as I know he did

me, but though I did all I could to defeat him, he was elected to the position of captain. He was a fellow with an ugly, sulky look to his face, eyes which were constantly roving about and could never look you square in the face; and in my heart I believed he meant us ill. I found one or two others who entirely agreed with me, but the majority were perfectly satisfied that he was all right, and it would not be prudent for us to say anything until we had a better foundation than mere suspicion. It would have been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, as he had the power to disarm us and put us under guard.

At that date, the train which progressed one hundred miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance, and I narrowly watched our captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty.

But for one circumstance I should have quelled all suspicion. We saw the first Indians about two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our strength. An hour later, and when within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp, the captain, whose name I have neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the wagons. This flag, as we afterward concluded, he must have secreted about his person.

He explained that if we ran up a flag the Indians would conclude that there were soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceeding. It struck me that he raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicions to two others of the band, they agreed with me that he could have no other object. From that time we watched his every movement with the eyes of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I do not believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn.

The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon the next day before we saw Indians again. We had been traveling for an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning to either the right or the left, but Baker, who was mounted, as most of the rest of us were, led the way right along this ridge. I was watching him, and I saw that he was farther ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm on a line with his ear, bent the forearm across his head, and held it thus for a few seconds with the palm opened and toward his horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object—something like a black head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head wagon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambuscade for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query:

“What’s the matter now?”

“The route looks dangerous,” I answered.

“The route is all right, bring your wagons.”

“Why can’t we go to the left or right,” I asked.

“Look here,” he began, as he rode back, “is this train under my orders or yours?”

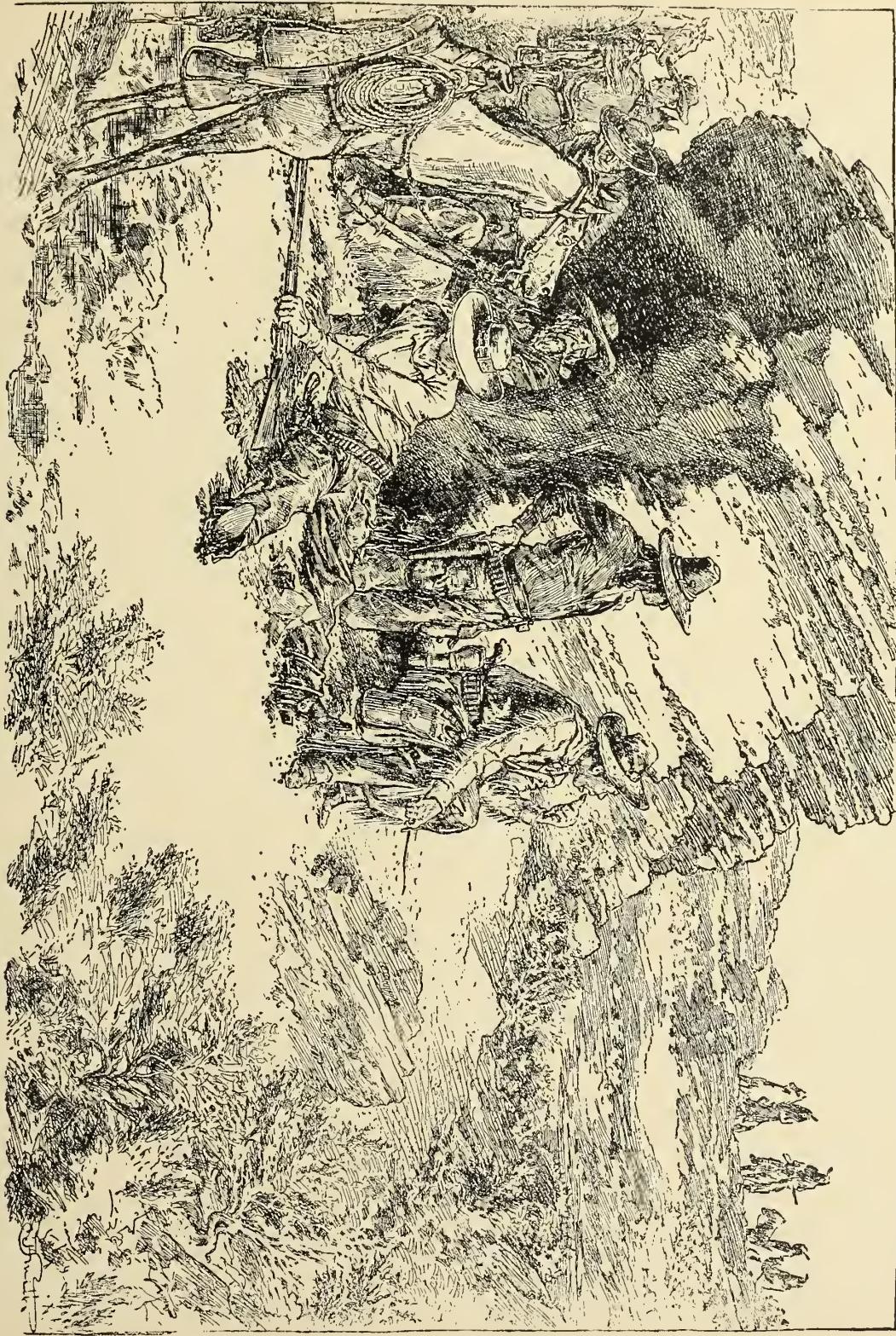
“Yours, sir.”

“Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I’ll order you under arrest. Come on with the wagons.

He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right, and a companion to the left, to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same thing—the dry ditch crowded with Indians, and we both cried out together:

“Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambuscade.”

I don’t know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together, just as he had put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprung up and made a dash at us on foot.



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR INDIANS.

Although without a leader, we did just the right thing. Every man rushed to the front, leaving the rear of the train to take care of itself, and we gave the savages a volley which broke them up and left nine of their number dead on the ridge.

The living sought cover, ran down the ditches behind a rise where their ponies were concealed, and made off without firing another shot, although there were eighty-four of them in the band. Had we got the train strung out on that ridge every soul in the train would have been murdered within ten minutes. Baker was, I found out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than one hundred emigrants to slaughter.

What was for several years known as the "lost train" made its start from Council Bluffs, and struck for the Platte river to Nebraska, and followed it west. It consisted of seventeen wagons and sixty people, twenty-four of these being full-grown men and boys, capable of handling a rifle and standing guard.

The captain was an Illinois farmer and pioneer, and as he had his wife and two children along, no one could doubt that he would do his best to pull us through. I had a wagon loaded with clothing, powder, lead, and fire arms in the train, valued at over \$5,000; and I was greatly pleased, when we finally made our start, to find our train made up of men whose looks indicated that they could be relied upon if a pinch came.

Nearly every man had two rifles, intending to sell one in California, and many of them had revolvers and pistols as well as rifles. We had been out six days, and had not yet seen an Indian, when, about nine o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, a white man came riding into our train from the west, closely pursued by a dozen Indians. They hung about us for an hour or so, yelling and firing at long range, and then rode away.

The stranger gave his name as Comstock. He was dressed like a scout and hunter, and he claimed to belong to a train of seven wagons which had entered the territory from a point about twenty miles below the bluffs. This train was, he thought, about thirty miles ahead of us. He had left camp two days before to look for a valuable saddle horse which had stampeded, and lost his way, and the

Indians had run him for ten or twelve miles. He expressed great thankfulness at reaching a haven of safety, and at once began to offer his advice.

We were adding many miles and days to our journey, he said, by following the river. By heading more to the northwest we should, after forty miles' travel, strike a valley which extended almost to Pike's Peak. Grass, water, and fuel were plenty, and he had been over it three times without seeing an Indian.

In those days the map-makers knew little of the great west, and what they did locate was as apt to be wrong as right. None of us had ever heard of such a valley, but it might exist for all that. Most of us were opposed to making any change in our route, but here the captain proved his inefficiency. The story of this valley charmed him, and Comstock was so earnest in his utterances that it was finally decided to change the route. Four of us held out until the others decided to go on without us. It would have been folly for us to think of splitting off, weak-handed as we were, and so we gave in.

The change of route was made on the morning of the eighth day. We struck away from the river out upon the prairie, and made a good twenty-five miles that day. We got no water at noon, but at night camped beside a creek. I don't say that I suspected Comstock of any evil, for I believed his escape from the Indians was genuine; but I did think it queer that he talked so much, and that he was so anxious to break us off the regular route. While he avoided the four of us who had rebelled, he cultivated the others, and they soon came to take much stock in him.

On the second day we found very rough ground, and got no water either at noon or night. On the third day we found water at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Comstock led the way, and it seemed to me as if he selected the very worst route. At noon on the third day he said we were only fifteen miles from the entrance to the valley. We had to make a dry camp again at night, and I had now begun to doubt the man so strongly that I sought an opportunity to ask of the captain if he fully believed in the stranger.

"Why, bless you, yes!" he replied.

"Do you believe in the valley he speaks of?"

"Certainly. It can't be over seven or eight miles away."

"Captain, what is a valley?" I asked.

"Why, it's the level ground between two mountains," he replied.

"But do you see any mountains? We ought to be able to see one fifty miles away."

"Say, you don't think there is anything wrong, do you?"

Before I could reply he was called away, and Comstock took care that I should not get at him again. We started off again in the morning, and found no water until noon. Then it was brackish, filthy stuff in a sink or pond. The route was rough and difficult, and the pasturage was so scant that our animals were beginning to suffer and grow weak.

Comstock kept talking about the valley to cheer the men up, but as night came, and we seemed to have got no nearer, several of the captain's party began to give vent to suspicion. Comstock argued, protested, and entreated, promising that we should see grass up to our knees by midforenoon

next day, and all talk was thus quieted. That night a storm set in, and it rained as if it meant to float us away. The rain did not cease until noon the next day; but some time during the night the fellow Comstock deserted us, and we soon found he had taken the axle-pins from almost every wagon. Then everybody was ready to believe he was a decoy, who had led us away from the route to be overpowered and slaughtered.

We were one whole day replacing the pins, and were in momentary expectation of an attack, but not an Indian was sighted. Next morning we headed to the southwest, and were six days getting to the overland trail again; and during all this time we did not sight an Indian. As all of us believed that Comstock had an understanding with the Indians, we could not make out why they did not make their appearance. Twelve years later an Indian told me all about it. He was a renegade, and living with a tribe. The plan to join a train and decoy it, was his own, and the only reason he failed to wipe us out was because the two hundred and fifty Indians backing him were waiting for us in another locality, there being a misunderstanding.

## OUR EXTENSIVE COAST-LINE.

THE sea and lake coast line of the United States exceeds ten thousand miles in length, a greater extent than that of any other nation. It has, of course, in this great extent, every variety of configuration, and presents every feature of danger to the mariner. We have the iron-bound coast of Maine, the islands and capes of Massachusetts, the six-hundred-mile stretch of sand beach from Montauk to Cape Fear, the comparatively safe coasts of Florida and the Gulf, and the bold, unbroken coast of the Pacific, with the coast line of the lakes. The coasts that present the most ghastly record of disaster are the shores of Long Island and New Jersey. The surf has swallowed up and the sand entombed hundreds of lives and great treasure on these inhospitable beaches. The aid-

ing of stranded vessels by the establishment of buildings for the shelter of the ship-wrecked and the preservation of life-boats and other apparatus was first considered by the government in 1848. The Humane Society of Massachusetts had put this method into practice as early as 1789, when a hut for shelter was erected on Lovell's Island, near Boston. The first lifeboat station was built at Cohasset in 1807. The Life-Saving Establishment now embraces eleven districts, with one hundred and eight stations. A keeper and crew of six surfmen are employed at each station, the keeper having charge during the whole year, and the crew being employed during the inclement season—from November to May. Great good has been accomplished by these stations.

# LITTLE MIDGETS.

BY MARY E. BURT.

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BILLY AND JACK.

ONE is brown and one is black,  
One's called Billy, one's called Jack;  
"My two kitties," said Miss Milly,  
"Can you tell me which is Billy?"

Though I must seem very silly,  
I don't know, Miss, which is Billy;  
Is he brown, or is he black?  
Which is Billy? Which is Jack?

## THE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

A RUSHLIGHT, in love with its own  
brilliancy, once boasted that its light  
was brighter even than that of the  
sun, the moon, and the stars.

Just then a door opened, and a puff of wind  
blew it out.

On lighting it, its owner said: "Cease now  
your boasting. Be content to shine in silence.  
Heavenly lights do not blow out. Know that  
not even the stars need to be relit."

## WHOSE PUMP?

BUMPETY, bumpety, bump,  
With a hop, a skip, and a jump,  
My mother said, "Daughter,  
Bring me some water,  
There's a good child, from the pump."

JUMPETY, jumpety, jump,  
Whoever is that at the pump?  
"My name is Jim Crow,  
It's my pump, you know,"  
Stumpety, stumpety, stump.



# A FOOT MARCH OF TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH A SAVAGE WILDERNESS.

BY PROF. W. T. STACKPOLE.

THE year 1848 was an eventful one in history. During that year the waves of revolution swept over Europe, the boasted civilization of England waged a most wicked and unjust war against China, and in California gold was discovered. Whatever errors and abuses may proceed from the misuse of gold, we cannot deny that it serves desirable and important ends, and whatever may have been the motives of those early explorers and gold hunters, they certainly helped on the whole advance of mankind.

The beginning of the year 1849 witnessed the making of preparations by many thousand men throughout all our country, and also in other countries, for going to California either to dig gold themselves, or to trade, or in some way to get profit from the gold mines. From Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, and indeed from all the states of the interior, men were preparing to cross the great plains and mountains to reach the far distant land of promise.

West of the Missouri river there extended an unbroken wilderness to the valley of California and the Pacific ocean. San Francisco was but a small village; where Sacramento city now is, then stood Captain Sutter's fort. East of the Rocky mountains rose Fort Laramie, and west of that great mountain chain was Fort Hall, near a tributary of the Columbia river. Further south the Mormons had begun their settlement at what is now Salt Lake City.

On our line of march there was not a white man's house, cabin or shanty, from the time we crossed the Missouri river, at St. Joseph, until we entered the valley of the Sacramento, excepting Forts Laramie and Hall, and two deserted log cabins in the wilds of the Sierra Nevada, a little east of the mountain summit which marked the spot where many of a party of still earlier emi-

grants had so miserably perished three years before. Their sad fate, however, had the effect of making the people of the vast emigration of 1849 very cautious, laborious and provident to guard against danger of starvation, and very careful of their animals, for railroads then existed only as a dream of the future. Ox teams were considered by many the safest and best dependence, although some used horses and others mules.

In that memorable year of '49 my elder brother, who lived in Pike county, Illinois, concluded to make the journey westward, and he invited me to accompany him. I was then only twenty-one years of age, and knew nothing of such experiences, although I felt certain that the undertaking would be one of great hardship and danger. We prepared our outfit at his home, near the Illinois river, in Pike county, and I made the tent which was to shelter us on the plains and mountains of the far west. It was a very good one, but the best tent ever made is a poor shelter from storms, as compared with even a very poor house.

Our supply of provisions consisted of bacon, flour, hard bread, beans, dried fruit, sugar and coffee. Salt, pepper, vinegar and the like were not forgotten, and arms and ammunition were considered indispensable, as the whole country swarmed with wild and savage Indians, against whom it was considered necessary to keep the strictest guard and to be prepared at all times for defense. As no supplies could be had after we left the frontier, much care and thought were necessary to omit nothing that might be absolutely necessary, and to have nothing superfluous, lest we should overload our wagon.

An old surgeon and physician, who had been some years with the Texan rangers, gave us much good advice, and among other things urged us strongly to observe Sunday as well as we could.

Our clothing was prepared for hard service, and not for show, and our bedding consisted of blankets and quilts to spread upon the ground under the tent, though occasionally when it was very wet and cold some would try to sleep in the wagons on top of the freight.



CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.

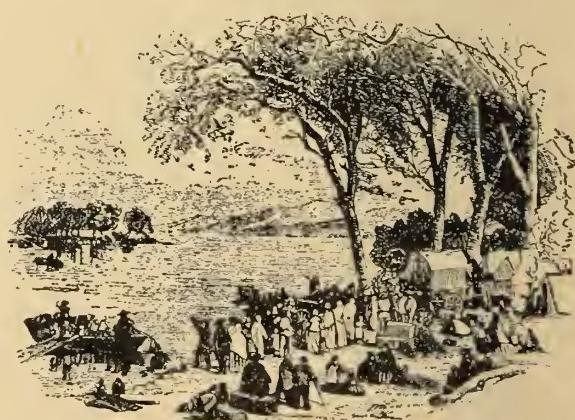
We started from Spring Hollow, on the fourth of April, and stayed that night near Pittsfield. Nearly all the way to St. Joseph we camped out, rain or shine. We had one saddle horse the first part of the journey, which was a kind of public property on which to ride ahead and select camping grounds; but it was not considered the proper thing for any man in our train, of about a dozen wagons, and forty-five men, to ride in a wagon, lest we should wear out our animals, and the snows of autumn should overtake us before we had crossed the dreaded mountains of California, where so many of the Reed and Donner party, referred to, had perished in those savage wilds beyond the reach of human help or succor. So our journey, from the beginning to the end, made one great and continuous foot march of full two thousand five hundred miles, day after day, week after week, and month after month, like the caravan journeys of central Asia, whose toil and hardship so few can realize.

We crossed the Mississippi river at Hannibal, Mo., and the Missouri river at St. Joseph. There were no bridges then over either of these rivers, but we managed to cross with such ferry boats as we could obtain. At the west bluff, opposite St. Joseph, we waited a few days for the

grass to grow, on which our oxen would have to subsist, and here my brother concluded to abandon the trip, and leave his outfit with us, and return home by steamboat to St. Louis. It was a wise decision, and many others did the same thing.

We mutually thought that the risk was too great for both of us, and as he was older and married it was deemed best for me to go on. His friends on the steamboat congratulated him on his good sense in giving up so hard and wild an undertaking, since he was such a good steamboat man, and they wished him to remain among them on the river, which was then the only means of transportation throughout the Mississippi basin.

We started from the Missouri bluff on the 8th of May, leaving all civilization behind us, and having before us a wilderness of two thousand miles, and no inhabitants but savage Indians, buffalo and other wild animals. There were no lawyers, courts, police, stores, houses, churches or any signs of civilized life. We had with us a noble dog, which one day disappeared, and we could not tell what had become of him. Afterward it appeared that when his master, my brother, had taken the steamboat at St. Joseph, old Tiger had lost all con-



ENCAMPMENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

fidence in the trip, and had gone back to the old home at my brother's house. How he crossed those two great rivers, the Missouri and the Mississippi, whether by swimming, or by the ferry boat, or how he lived on the way, his master never knew. After making this journey of about five hundred miles Tiger did not go at once to the house, but took up

his station with the cows and horses in the pasture, as though in some doubt as to the rightfulness of his leaving us, and coming back home. But the brave and wise old dog was perfectly right, for he would have been of little use to us. At his master's home he was useful and well cared for, and there he lived to a good old age. He perhaps felt that his allegiance was due to his master, and not to us, and that Spring Hollow, and not the great plains, was his home.

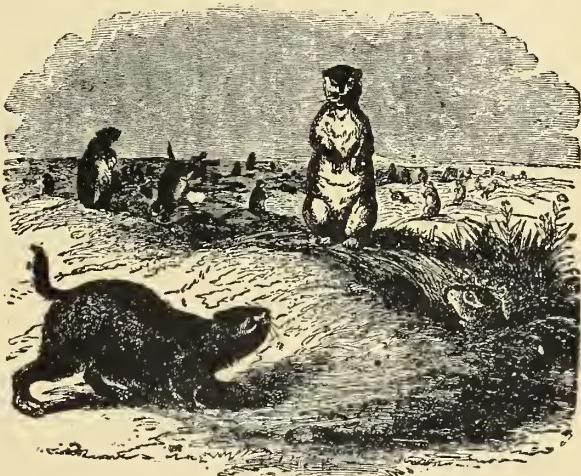
As we went westward, the cholera appeared among some of the emigrants, and a number died, but most of the deaths occurred in the rear of our train. Those who died were buried by the roadside, and the trains moved on. We were now in the country of the Sioux and Pawnees, both very warlike and powerful tribes. It was not considered that there was any danger of their attacking us in the daytime; the danger was thought to be that they might suddenly attack us in the night and stampede our animals. To prevent this, we brought them up at dark and secured every one with a rope, fastened to a strong stake, and we also posted a strong guard, which was relieved by another at midnight. These necessary precautions were very hard on the men, who needed their night's rest, and did not get it. We did not average over four hours' sleep each night. The march by day and standing guard at night greatly wearied us. Besides this, we were often drenched by rain storms, and, in addition, the wind blew fiercely nearly all the time. Nor did we have any rest on Sunday, for those who were in favor of lying by that day were in a minority, so for the first month we did not have sufficient rest night or day. This had a very injurious effect in wearing out both men and animals. Companies that rested on Sunday arrived in California many days in advance of us, and in a stronger and better condition than we were. Truly, "the Sabbath was made for man."

As we advanced, we entered the alkali country, where the soil is so strongly impregnated with alkali that it is very dangerous for animals or men to drink from any standing pool of water. Our Illinois animals supposed all water was good to drink, and when we unyoked them and turned them on the range to graze, it was often impossible for the cattle guards to prevent them from

drinking from little pools of water thus saturated; hence many of them died, but a large number were saved by forcing chunks of fat bacon down their throats.

Our route lay up the valley of the Platte, and here there stood one of the most remarkable curiosities in the whole world, which was known as "Chimney Rock." It was soft, like clay, and could be easily cut with a knife. Thousands of names were inscribed upon it. This rock presented the appearance of a great shaft, and was about 250 feet high. It rose from the top of a great mound half a mile in circumference. Not far from this was another wonderful formation, known as "Court House" rock, from its resemblance at a distance to a large building.

Many of our animals became foot-sore, from the wearing away of the hoof, and had to be shod with iron shoes, or leather or buffalo hide. The



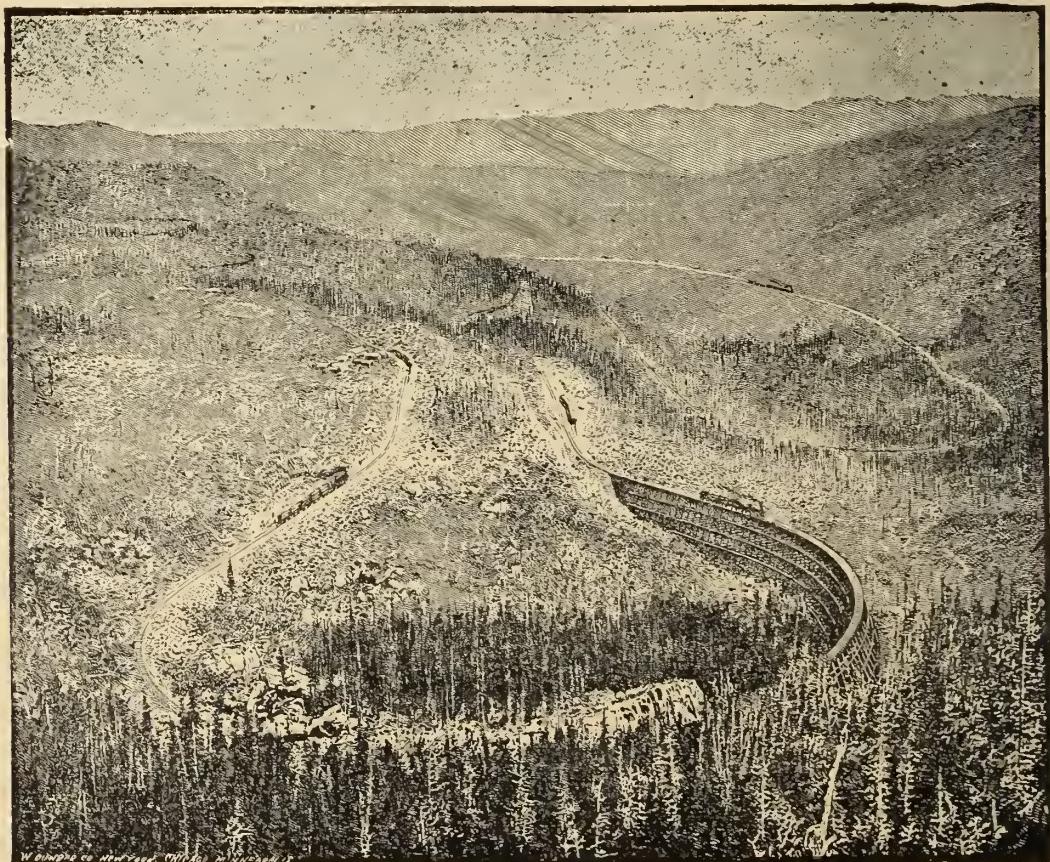
PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

hardships of the trip wore so heavily on the men that many became cross and quarrelsome, though they had no time or strength to waste in fighting. We were now in the midst of the buffalo country, and saw a number of these great animals, but did not encounter one of the immense droves of tens of thousands which then ranged north and south from Texas to the British possessions. We had very little time to hunt, yet we secured some buffalo meat and game, which gave us a very healthy change of food. The most beautiful animal of the plains, and the swiftest, was the

antelope. When running on slightly descending ground these animals seemed almost to fly, but they were very shy, and the hunter could only get a shot at them by strategy. Concealing himself, he would raise on a ramrod, a handkerchief or some other object that would excite the antelope's curiosity; the unusual sight on the level plain could be visible in that atmosphere for an astonishing distance. The antelope seeing it would have his curiosity excited to know what it could be, and would go toward it, but would not dare to approach very near. He would circle around it, and gradually come closer and closer, often stopping to look; at last he would get near enough for the hunter to shoot. In this way the emigrants secured some antelope meat, and very tasteful food it was.

The prairie dog is a curious little animal, not much larger than a squirrel, and lives in large communities called dog towns. There were also many rattlesnakes on the plains, and strange to say, the rattlesnake and the owl are found living in the dog towns

The south fork of the Platte was fordable, and by raising our wagon beds a few inches we managed to cross it, although it was very wide; but the north fork of the Platte was narrow and deep, so we cut down three large cottonwood trees and dug out three canoes; on these we placed a framework large enough to hold a wagon, and ferried over our wagons and their loads. We made the animals swim over and so succeeded in crossing the rapid and difficult stream without any loss or damage.



THE WONDERFUL RAILROAD LOOP OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

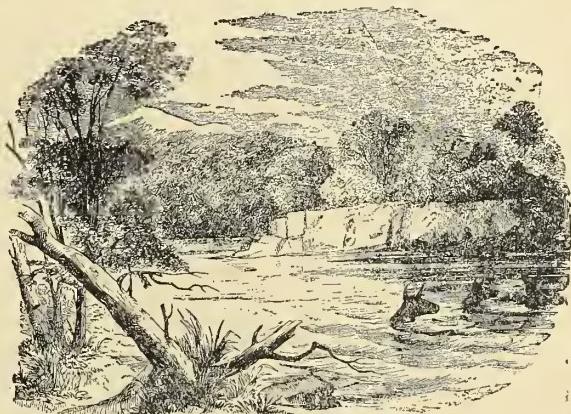
## A FOOT MARCH OF TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH A SAVAGE WILDERNESS.

BY PROF. W. T. STACKPOLE.

BEFORE we crossed the north fork of the Platte river, east of the Rocky mountains, an incident occurred which is worth relating. The main Platte was very wide, but shallow, as was also the south fork; but the north fork was entirely different. It was very deep and rapid, and the water was intensely cold. Our men, however, did not quite realize the change in the character of the stream.

Immediately after we camped one evening, three young men, who thought themselves among the strongest we had, went in swimming. The current set to the opposite shore, and borne on the whirling and eddying current, they swam across the river very easily and quickly. There they played around on the sand a short time, and then started to swim back, but to their surprise and consternation, they found themselves utterly unable to do so, as the raging waters bore them back against the opposite shore from our camp. Just then the cold evening breeze from the snow-covered mountains began to blow very hard; frightened and chilled, they knew not what to do, and called loudly for help. We all gathered along the bank, and an excited altercation began as to what should be done to rescue them from their perilous situation. It was with great difficulty that we could hear them, or they us, across the river, when the wind was blowing so hard. We called to them to come on to a little island. They were at first afraid to do so, but finally ventured in and found the channel between the island and their shore not only fordable, but very shallow. I then proposed that we should tie our ropes together, and I would swim over and carry one end, and the men on our side could, by the help of the rope, draw us all four back. The plan was entirely practicable, but I was overruled; and it was decided that they should make for a

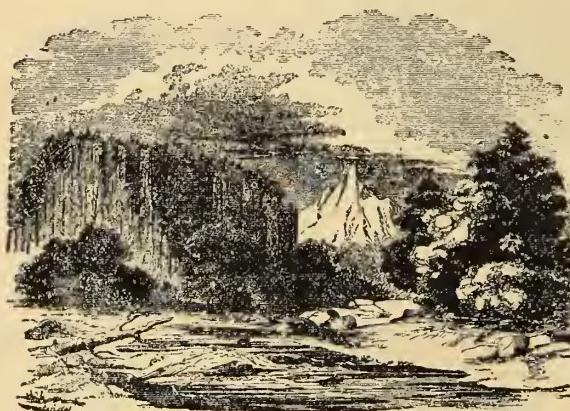
camp on that side of the river, some two miles further up, near a ferry, and that we would send their clothes to them. So they started on a trot, in a chilling wind, naked and cold, and we sent a man on horseback to the ferry with their clothes. The next day they came into camp alive and well, but looking rather wan and blue under the eyes.



SWIMMING THE RIVER.

Our route now lay up the north fork of the Platte, and thence to the Sweet Water, so called because of the purity of its water, which, unlike the Missouri and Platte, was quite clear and free from mud. Near the upper Sweet Water are some of the most stupendous rocks known in this country or Europe. Indeed, there are single rocks which may fairly be called mountains. It is in one of these that is found that remarkable and sublime gorge, named by the early explorers the Devil's Gate. This is where the Sweet Water passes through a vast rock some seven hundred feet in height, and about four hundred feet high at the gateway, where the river passes through; the gateway itself being about one hundred and fifty feet in width.

We climbed up the rock until we reached the brink of the gorge, and here I fired off a pistol, and the sound of the discharge rang through the awful chasm, as though half a dozen large cannon had been fired. At the head of the Sweet Water is another noted rock, known as "Independence Rock," and of this region Mr. Pruess, Fremont's



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

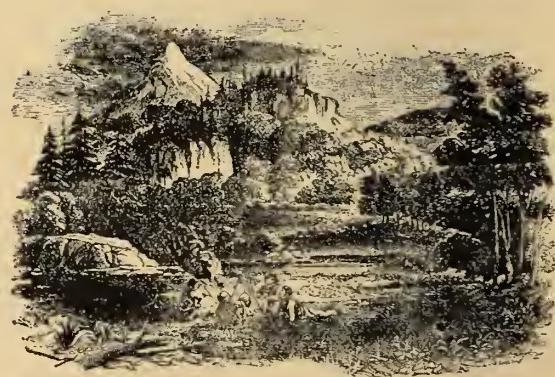
topographical engineer, said that nowhere in Europe or America had he seen such stupendous rocks.

Traveling on, we soon entered the south pass of the Rocky mountains. Though it was midsummer, the great snow-covered range glistened in the sun like vast piles of white marble. The pass itself is so easy and gradual of ascent, that one can only tell when the summit is reached by the little rills of water flowing westward instead of eastward. The first of these is called Pacific spring. The pass is some twenty miles wide, and seems prepared by nature as a passage way for man through the great mountain barrier; and nowhere was our route easier than through this stupendous mountain chain. At one or two places we found banks of snow remaining, near which we saw flowers very similar to those that grew in early days upon the wild prairies of Illinois.

Passing on, we soon reached Big Sandy, between which and Green river extends a desert of over fifty miles, without water, much dreaded by the early emigrants and explorers. The region of wild sage brush begins east of the Rocky mountains,

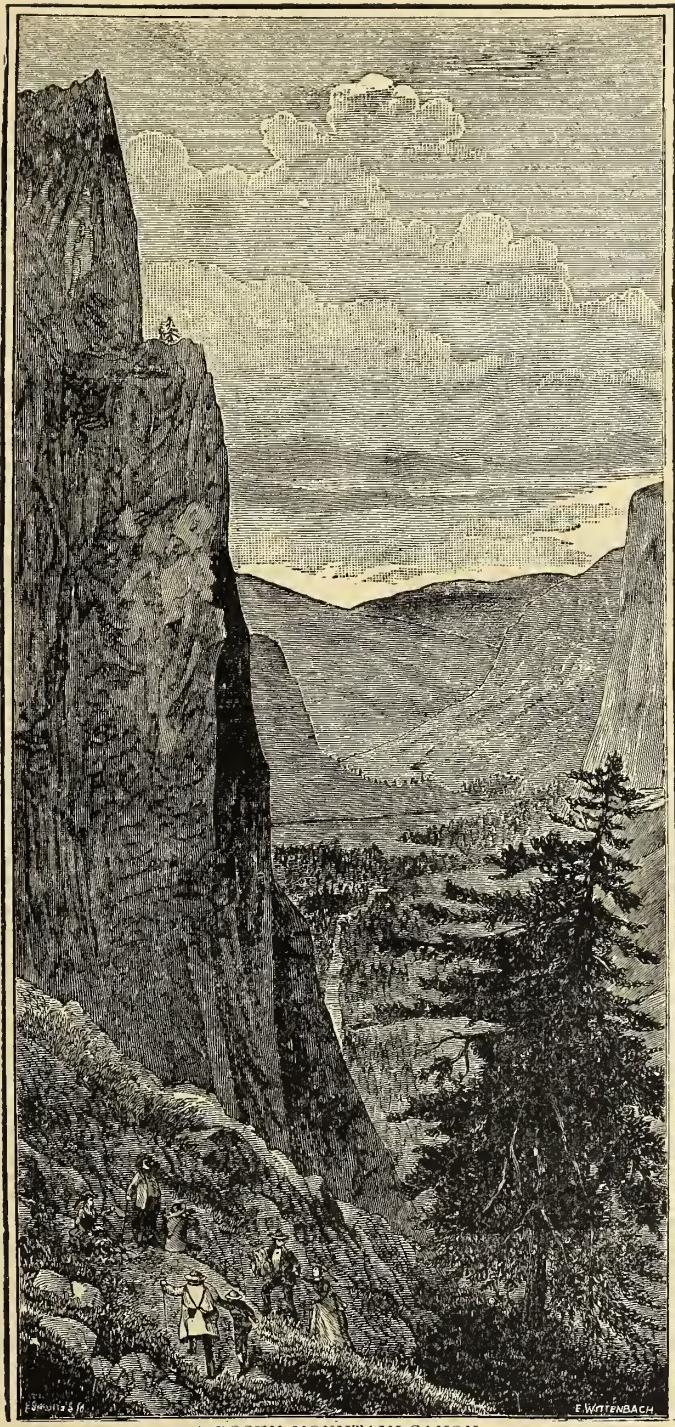
and extends westward for hundreds of miles. This wild sage brush, with the grease wood and thorny cactus or prickly pear, will be remembered by overland travelers. The cactus proved quite an affliction, as its thorns, sharp as needles, often sorely wounded the feet of both men and animals. The wild sage is a rough, ungainly shrub, from two to ten feet in height, emitting an odor somewhat resembling the tame sage plant grown in our gardens. The grease wood is a singular plant or bush, so full of fatty matter that it will burn readily, even in a green state. There are various other curious and interesting plants, but as a rule the vegetation of these vast regions is scanty, and their appearance is generally very desolate and forbidding, entirely unlike the great basin of the Mississippi and the region of the great American lakes in their natural state. There are a few places of some natural beauty, and some of possible fertility by the help of artificial irrigation. But vast portions of all the immense region lying between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada presented a scene of arid desolation and silent and gloomy horror, as forbidding as anything on earth.

The Hot Spring desert, between the Humboldt



CAMP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

and Truckee rivers, shows scarcely a rock in its natural state, and this and most of what is known as the Great basin shows tremendous volcanic action and fire as plainly as the Mississippi basin and Great Lake region show the action of water through the early geological periods. But in the Rocky mountains and in the Sierra Nevada the

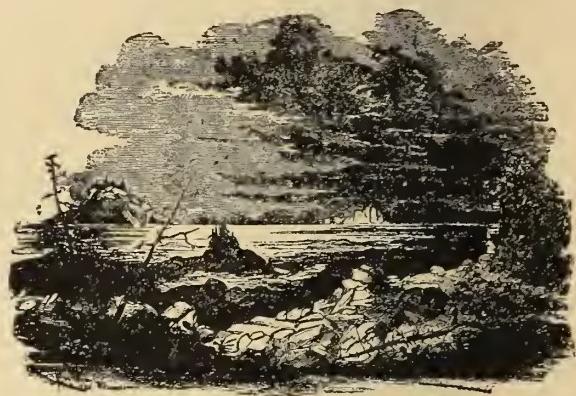


A ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANON.

rocks present a natural appearance, unaffected by fire; while in the Great basin many of the mountains remind one of vast heaps of cinders and half-burned rocks, as though the whole country had been swept by a hurricane of fire, as the Mississippi basin certainly has been by a deluge of water bearing vast masses of ice, and not volcanic fires and forces. So the means and agencies and the great "preparation of God," to which De Tocqueville refers in his work on our country and on the Mississippi basin or valley, were essentially different east and west of the Rocky mountains, called by the scientist the primitive mountain range of this land.

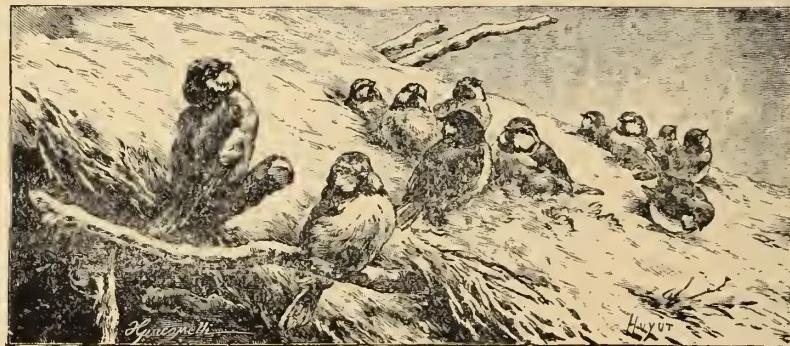
West of the Rocky mountains we encountered no more thunder storms nor any rain, but the clouds of dust were terrible indeed. No such fine dust is ever seen in the states of the Mississippi basin or Atlantic slope. It covered us almost continually, and entered our nostrils, throats, lungs, eyes, ears and hair, causing nearly every man to

rue the day he thought of undertaking such a trip. Every day our hardships, toils and troubles bore heavily upon us; but we had the consolation of



APPROACH TO THE GREAT SANDY DESERT.

knowing that each step of our journey brought us nearer to our destination.



# A FOOT MARCH OF TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH A SAVAGE WILDERNESS.

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BY PROFESSOR W. T. STACKPOLE.

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## PART III.

THE wild and savage aspect of nature on the great American plains, and also the mountain regions, seemed to have an effect on the domestic animals accustomed to more civilized surroundings in "the States." At least it is well known and understood that, as you go west, the danger of your animals, whether oxen, horses or mules, being seized with one of those sudden frights or panics known as "a stampede," increases, although their strength, life and spirit may seem almost exhausted by the heavy, monotonous and continuous strain upon them. Our Illinois oxen behaved very well, upon the whole, but in crossing the desert between Big Sandy and Green river (the upper Colorado), we had a severe experience which came very near giving me a roadside grave.

We spent the night of July 4, at Big Sandy—a creek which afforded the last water for men or animals until we should reach Green river—a distance of fifty-two miles. To make this long and severe march it was thought best to lie at Big Sandy until about five o'clock in the afternoon, and then start with water kegs and canteens filled, after giving our animals all the water they would drink, and then by traveling all night and all the next day reach Green river before the following night. The men who drove the first half of the night were to be allowed to sleep in the wagons the last half, and those who were to drive last were to sleep first. It was my turn to drive first, and consequently I was to sleep the last half of the night, and be ready for duty again at sunrise, as we all knew the next day would be a severe one on both animals and men, owing to the heat, the intolerable dust, and the great distance without any water except the little we could take with us.

We started on time, and after the sun went down, the air was cool and very pleasant, and the road was unusually good and free from dust. The men were therefore quite cheerful and even merry, and the animals traveled better and faster than usual. All went on well, and at midnight we made a short halt to water and refresh animals and men. I then waked my companion, and when we started after our short midnight halt, I took my place for a little rest and sleep with as much satisfaction as a traveler does now in a luxurious sleeping car on a through express. I was soon sound asleep, but that slumber had a rude awakening.

The last half of the night was very quiet, and the tired animals and men about daybreak were plodding along half asleep, when a man came up to one of the drivers and with some sudden salutation slapped him on the back to surprise him. But, strange to say, just this little thing surprised and frightened the weary oxen, and at once the train started on a wild stampede. The drivers managed to stop some of them, but others ran away like wild buffalo, and our wagon came in collision with another and was turned bottom side up in an instant, with me under it. Some of the men came quickly to get me out from under the wagon and freight, expecting to find me badly hurt or perhaps killed. But while somewhat stunned, and cut and bruised about the face, causing some flow of blood, yet I was not very seriously injured, and should have felt thankful for a very narrow escape from death or from disablement, which would have been about equivalent to death itself.

The all-pervading dust helped to stanch the flow of blood; the runaways were brought back and attached to the wagon, which we had righted and

mended as well as we could, loading it again with the cargo that had been thrown upon me.

We stopped here for breakfast, and from our scanty store of water I saved a little in a wash basin to wash the blood and dirt from my face. But while my back was turned one of our oxen, seeing the tempting water, put his nose in the basin and drank it all. As we had not a drop to spare, I had to go the whole of that day, in the heat and unspeakable dust of that severe march to Green river, before I could even wash my face.

This was one among the hardest days of the entire journey, but the evening found us at Green river, where, with many discomforts and tribulations, we at least had plenty of good water.

Some men (Mormons, I think) had established a ferry here, and we swam our cattle across the deep and rapid stream with some difficulty, but without losing a single one. Our wagons we ferried over, and when at last safe on the western side, we felt much relieved to know that we should cross no other stream but what would be fordable.

Green river received its name from the cliffs of greenish rock along its banks. It is quite different from any stream on our route. Farther down it unites with Grand river, and the two form the Colorado, which passes through the stupendous canon with walls a mile high in places, which has recently been explored by Major Powell and others. Near the sea it unites with the Gila, and is the largest river emptying into the gulf of California, or sea of Cortes, as it was called by the Spaniards in honor of its discovery by him. Thus the Colorado and its tributaries drain a vast and wonderful region, and carry their surplus waters far to the south, and about to the northern boundary of Mexico, and the so-called gulf of California is more properly a Pacific gulf of Mexico, being almost surrounded by the territory of our sister republic. But west of Green river we soon came to another "divide," as the pioneers call it. West of this lies the great interior basin of the west which, like the Caspian basin of Asia, has no outlet. The streams of this basin empty into lakes, of which the Great Salt lake of Utah is the largest.

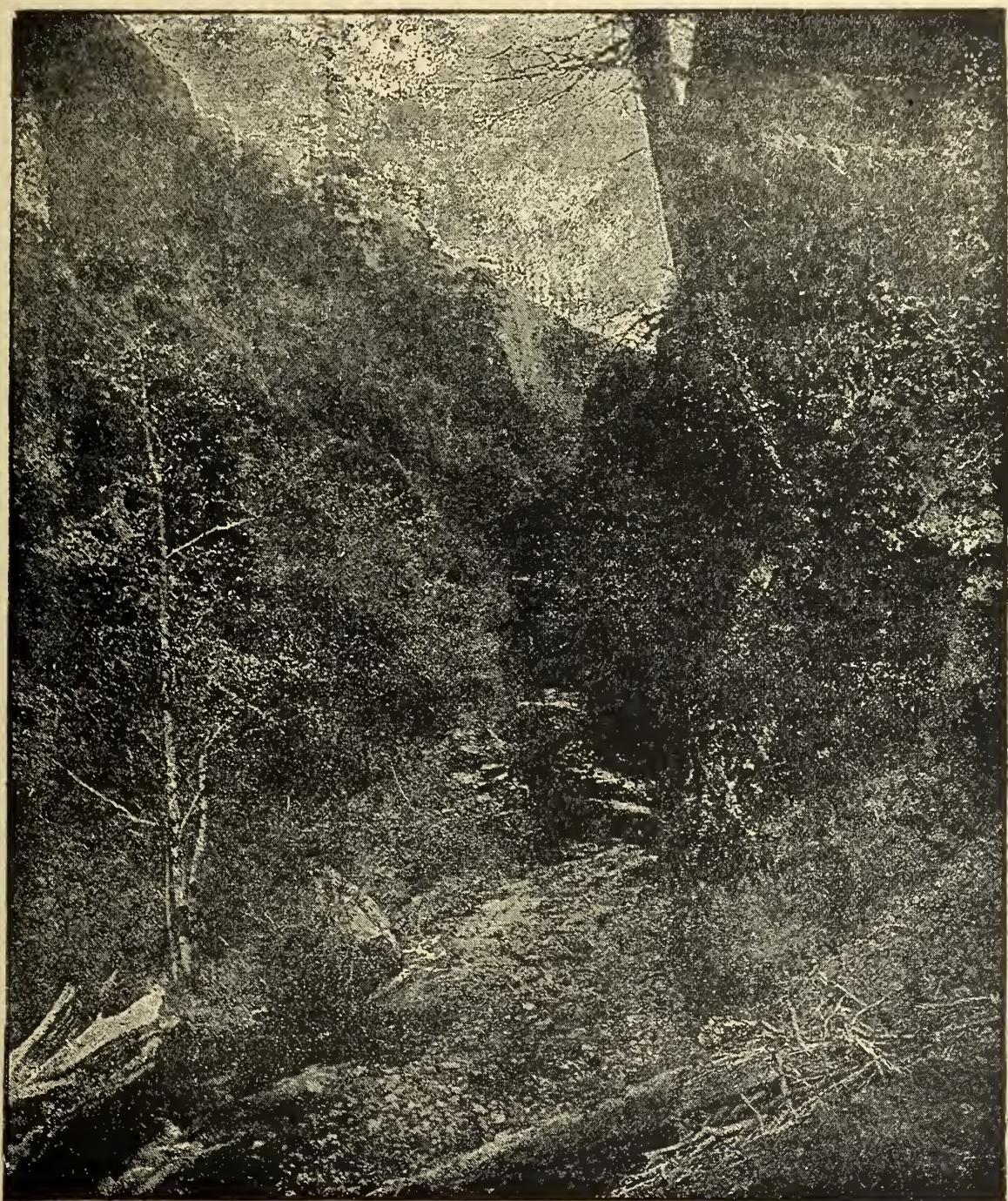
After the crossing of the North Platte our company divided, and one man from our mess of three

went with the other party. Our mess, thus reduced to two, had about as much to do as other messes of three or four, to each of which there was one wagon. I had been quite unwell for several days before we left Big Sandy, from a touch of mountain fever. To this were added my injuries in the stampede on the Green river desert. And now no sooner had we reached the western bank of that rapid river in safety, than my companion was taken sick, and I had to do double duty, and haul him in the wagon over the rough and dangerous roads of the hills and mountains of the Bear river region, sometimes passing along the brink of precipices where the deviation of a foot or two would hurl him and the wagon and team to destruction. Added to this were the thick clouds of dust, sometimes so dense that we could not see objects even close at hand. Many a time I shuddered when the wind would so blow the dust from us as to show the imminent and deadly danger we had just passed or were passing.

While I had never had any experience whatever in the science of ox driving until I started on this continental journey, and while my companions laughed at the way I handled the whip, yet I was about the only one who never once upset the wagon on the entire trip, nor was I so sick as to be disabled from duty a single day. It was about a week before my companion was able to walk or do duty, and then we had passed the worst road.

One evening after we had camped, an old man was spreading his bed in a tent. One corner of the quilt was turned up, and as he reached toward it to straighten it out, he was seen to fall over. As he did not rise again, one of his mess mates went to him, and found to his astonishment that *he was dead*. He had not been sick, yet had been gradually worn out by the incessant hardship incident to the journey, and at last after an unusually severe day over the rockiest and roughest of roads, he seemed to die from sheer exhaustion. We buried him as decently as we could, and from his lonely grave continued our toilsome march with heavy hearts and weary limbs.

The valley of Bear river is rather a pleasant-looking place, and here are situated the once



ONEONTA GORGE, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

celebrated soda springs or Beer springs, and near to them the Steamboat or puffing spring.

These are all very interesting objects, but their fame and interest are so much eclipsed by the Yellowstone park and other wonders of the Rocky mountain region of our country, that we shall not attempt to describe them. Bear river receives a number of small tributaries, and finally empties in the Great Salt lake. But our road led us by a more northerly course across another dividing ridge, and so to the tributary waters of the Columbia. It is important and instructive to note that the route overland followed by the largest number of our people led up the line of the Platte, then up the north fork of that stream along the Sweetwater to the pass through the great Rocky mountain chain. All these waters find their outlet to the sea by the great Mississippi. Beyond that "divide" it touched the upper waters of the Colorado, the largest river emptying into the gulf of California or sea of Cortes, then by streams emptying into Salt lake, and so to the tributary waters of the noble Columbia, the most important river flowing into the Pacific ocean from all the Americas, and bearing the poetic name of all.

Fort Hall, which lay on our route, was an important, old and noted station of the great American Fur Company, and so of the early trappers, hunters and explorers. By these it was recognized as the extreme western limit of the Buffalo range. No heads, horns or bones of these noble

animals were ever found west of the plain or basin in which Fort Hall stood.

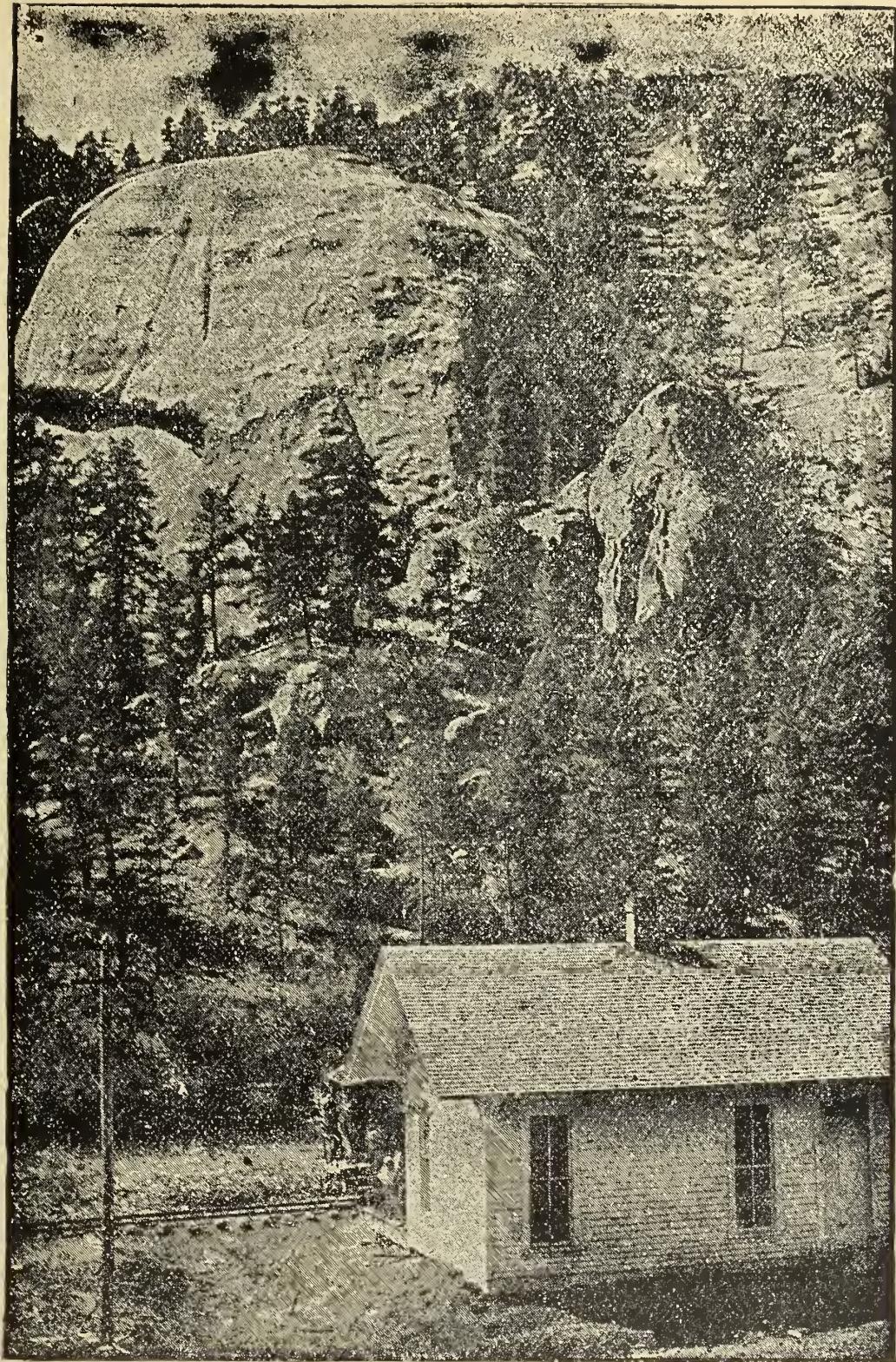
In this plain the Pannach and other streams take their rise, flowing thence into Snake river or Lewis fork of the Columbia.

We found this locality one of the worst that could be imagined for mosquitoes, which tormented us day and night. But it was an excellent place for grass and water, and the streams were well stocked with delicious speckled mountain trout. We secured a few of these trout, and they were a welcome change of food from the fat bacon, which formed a staple article of our daily fare.

Our road led us to the banks of Snake river or Lewis fork of the Columbia, near a noted waterfall known as the American falls. The river is about a quarter of a mile wide, and here takes a perpendicular fall of about twenty feet, forming by far the most notable cataract we saw on our entire journey. On the very brink of the cataract and about half way across the river there then stood a tower-like rock some fifty feet high, and on this a pair of large eagles had made their nest, safe beyond the reach of man.

Near the falls we saw evidences of volcanic action, and secured specimens of what appeared to be lava, as black as jet, and of a glassy appearance. Our road soon bore more to the left, or south, and crossing another "divide," we saw no more of the tributaries of the Columbia, nor of the road followed by the early emigrants to Oregon.





DOME ROCK, IN THE PLATTE CANON, COLORADO.



## PROFESSOR RAYMOND'S WAY.

JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

### PART I.

"Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A guide, a comforter bequeathed  
With us to dwell."

The fresh young voices of St. Margaret's choir rang out clear and sweet on the June twilight. A robin sent back an answering call from the pine tree outside the half open window. Business men on their way home, paused a minute outside the high garden wall, and felt the better because a choir of girls sang well their evening hymn.

The scene within the chapel accorded well with the music. The lamps were not yet lighted; and the misty light which shone through the narrow, stained windows, fell with a rich glow on the uplifted faces, as the girls stood grouped near the dark organ.

"Oh, praise the Father, praise the Son"—one voice sounded sweet and high above the others; and Heloise Telmont, the owner of the voice, stood high above the other girls, so that her lifted face came full into the rich glow of light; the thin, delicate features showed like fine porcelain, as with rapt expression she sang—

"To Thee all praises be—"

"Surely," thought Professor Raymond as he watched her from his seat behind the desk, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And, indeed the face might have deceived a far shrewder man than Professor Raymond—for the ways of girlhood are mysterious to the mind of man. How could the Professor know that deep in Heloise's pocket was a suspicious looking package; and that the handkerchief which hung so carelessly and artistically from her belt, was draped with skill to conceal a curious protuberance there. How was he to know that the immaculate handkerchief covered a package of cigarettes which his dark haired grandson had slipped into Heloise's hand as they came into chapel.

The Professor was not easily deceived, far from it. He recognized perfectly the risk he ran in allowing his good-looking grandson to act as organist in this chior of pretty girls; but the Professor loved fine music, no one could bring forth such music from the organ as could Roger; and so the young man had been installed as organist for the evening service—not so much because Professor Raymond did not foresee trouble, as that he felt able to cope with it should any arise from this arrangement.

Nor was his confidence unfounded. For twenty-seven years had Professor Raymond held the reins at St. Margaret's; and under his firm and gentle rule "St. Margaret's Daisies" grew into

women who were known and honored all up and down The Valley.

A strange man was the Professor. A strange face was that framed between the white of his gown below and the grey of his hair above—the forehead large, the head behind it high and well-developed, the mouth and clean-shaven chin almost womanlike in their refinement; it was the head of an idealist—all except the eyes, and these gave to the face its singular character; they were keen and piercing; they were made, as one of the girls had put it, "to look into other people, and not to be looked into." At times, however, they

erung in some room; for this was "liberty hour" and they could visit until eight o'clock.

And thus it came about that ten minutes later when Heloise Telmont opened the door of her room, she found six of her best senior friends seated about it in the attitudes of ease which a school girl seems to evolve intuitively from every place, be it the top of a trunk or the foot of a bed.

"Well, we thought you would never come."

"Where have you been?"

"Did the Professor catch you?"—greeted her as she came in.



seemed to catch a glow of mysticism from the rest of the face; and this look was in them now as he sat watching the faces lifted in the misty light while the responsive *Amen* swelled again and again from choir and organ.

The light was still in his eyes as he arose to pronounce the benediction which should dismiss the girls for the night. Talking busily the two hundred girls filed down the long halls to their rooms, making pretty pictures as the white dresses paused in groups here and there in the dimly lit passages to say good-night, or to propose a gath-

"Oh, I stopped to speak to the Professor about the music," she said, thoughtfully, shaking up a cushion in the window-seat.

"Do you know, girls, he's an awfully good man?" she continued, sinking back upon the cushion with a sigh.

"What's he been saying to you now?" demanded Sadie Graham, from her seat on the bed. Sadie was round and fluffy, and always asked questions.

"He didn't *say* adything," replied Heloise slowly, "but he just looked at me, and I felt that I should admire to be half as good as he thought

I was—but I'm not," she said, after a little pause, a twinkle lighting up her sober eyes, "and Roddy's even worse,—just see what he brought from town!" She produced her package, and spread out the cigarettes before the astonished girls.

"Gracious!"

"Why, Heloise Telmont!"

"I thought he was going to bring some chocolates."

"They'll smell the smoke!"

"Nonsense," said Heloise springing up and closing the transom. "Now, come on, we'll see if they really *are* good,—they don't smell so," she remarked, bringing one questioningly to her pretty nose, "but the boys say they are; and Roddy said we didn't *dare*!" she continued scornfully, facing the hesitating girls.

Nothing more was needed. In ten minutes seven tiny curls of smoke were rising lightly from as many pretty mouths; and seven pairs of eyes were trying not to wink protestingly at the smoky atmosphere.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door—the cigarettes disappeared as by magic; and seven young ladies were seated in painfully proper positions, as the door opened in response to Heloise's prompt "come in," and Professor Raymond appeared on the threshold, smiling, genial, but with all the mysticism gone from his keen, dark eyes.

"Ah, you have company, Heloise?" said he inquiringly. "I thought perhaps you were out and your lamp was smoking. I was sure I smelled smoke as I passed your door—perhaps it was the kitchen stove. I will ask Mrs. Treat about it. Good night." His eyes traveled smilingly from one face to another; he bowed pleasantly and was gone.

Consternation reigned behind the door as he closed it and passed down the hall. Heloise was the first to break the silence. "Now how's a body to know whether he suspects anything. He's so deep you never can tell," she sighed hopelessly.

"Suspects? Of course he does," replied practical Alice Canfield. "I never knew anybody to find things out the way he does. I believe he can

see through three walls and behind the closet door."

"Do you think he'll expel us?" queried Sadie Graham, ruefully examining a small, black-edged hole in the pocket of her white dress.

"Good gracious, no! I hope not," responded Heloise. "Anyway, I'll take the blame."

"Perhaps he won't do anything," suggested Pearl Hayden hopefully,—Pearl was always the hopeful one of the party.

"I think they're horrid things, anyway!" put in Lillie Arcourt. "Ugh, I don't see how boys can like them!"

"Nor I, either."

A murmur of assent from the other six.

"There's the bell. We shall have to go."

"Good night, Heloise."

"Sleep well."

"You'd better air out your room, Heloise."

And the girls separated, laughing, yet with a vague fear as to what the morrow might hold for them.

But if the Professor suspected, he gave no sign. When the bell rang for chapel the next morning, and the girls assembled in their usual places, every face wore a look of expectancy; for a rumor of last evening's escapade had crept through the school; each of the seven girls had told the tale to a friend; and the news had spread with the geometric rapidity common to feminine institutions.

Would the Professor say anything? Every eye was fixed questioningly upon him as the last notes of the organ died away. But no, they were dismissed with the customary words and the classes went on as usual. The seven girls began to feel anxious as the morning wore on and still no summons came to present themselves at the Professor's study.

"I know exactly how Damocles felt with that sword of his," confided Heloise to Pearl Hayden as they passed down the hall from the literature class to the laboratory.

"*Et moi aussi,*" responded Pearl from her small stock of French.

"It wouldn't be so bad," Heloise went on re-

flectively, "if the Professor were not such a saint with all his shrewdness; but there's no telling how *bad* he will think it is."

"And there's no telling whether he knows it at all," responded Pearl laughingly as they entered the laboratory, where the professor sat waiting the class in biology.

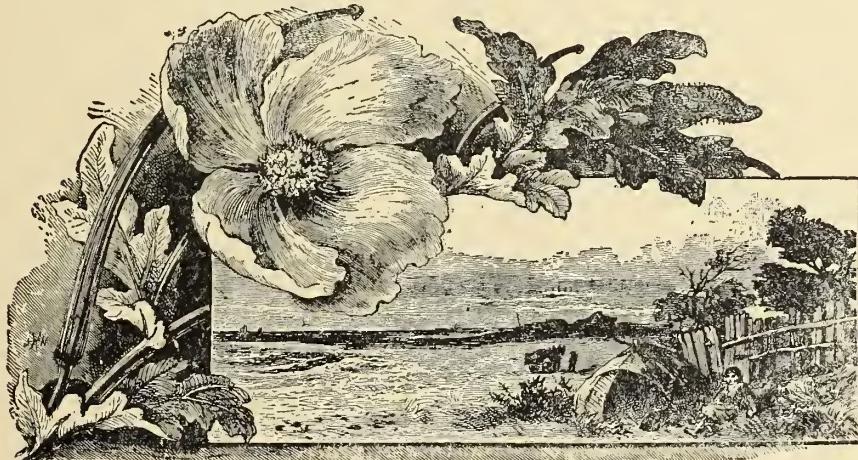
"I don't believe he *does* know it," thought Heloise, casting furtive glances at his genial face between the lines of note-taking. "For once I do believe the Professor is taken in."

But that the Professor was *not* taken in became all too evident when that evening, he announced from the desk that he would like to see "the following young ladies in his study at the close of

this service"; and then followed the names of seven of St. Margaret's brightest pupils.

Significant glances ran around the chapel. Sadie Graham looked helplessly at Heloise, who apparently absorbed in tracing the design of the narrow window opposite, was oblivious to all appealing glances.

As the seven girls, at the close of service, passed down the hall to the Professor's study, they ran a gauntlet of mock sympathy, proffered viniagrettes and such like revivers of courage. But ignoring them all, Heloise, who as usual headed the procession, tapped lightly on the study door and receiving no response, she led the way into the room.



## PROFESSOR RAYMOND'S WAY.

JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

### PART II.

REMEMBER, girls," said Heloise, as they seated themselves to wait the Professor's coming, "there is no use trying to get out of it; we must take the consequences."

Presently the door opened and the Professor came in. He had laid aside his clerical robes, and was again the alert, practical man of the world. Bowing gravely to the waiting girls, he crossed the room to his accustomed chair behind the desk. For a long minute after he seated himself, he said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on a small ivory paper-cutter which he held in his hand.

The girls, who had been serious before grew yet more sober. The Professor must think they had done something "awful" to look like that. Their distaste for cigarettes grew into positive aversion. Was he never going to speak?

At last he raised his eyes and regarded them seriously. "Young ladies," he began, "I cannot help connecting what occurred in Miss Telmont's room last evening, with the finding of this unusual article in the hall." He produced from his pocket a tiny half-smoked cigarette, and balancing it on the point of the paper-cutter, held it toward the astonished girls.

Sadie Graham's fingers dived to the bottom of her pocket, searched despairingly around a black-edged hole there and returned empty.

"Oh, Professor Raymond, that's mine," she gasped, half from surprise and half from a desire to shield the other girls.

Heloise glanced at her approvingly; but the others looked indignant. Why would she tell any more than she had to? He would find out things fast enough without any help.

The Professor bowed gravely, and silently pre-

sented her with the cigarette. Covered with confusion, she slipped it into the fatal pocket, whence it promptly slid again to the floor.

"The two circumstances," he continued, "have forced me to the conclusion that you have been guilty of something unladylike."

A silence fell on the room. It was a rare thing for Professor Raymond to accuse his girls of being unladylike. They felt it keenly.

"Oh, Professor Raymond," exclaimed Heloise with true school girl dislike of such a charge, "it surely wasn't *that*!"

He remained silent and looked inquiringly at the others.

"Oh, no, Professor!"

"All the boys do it."

"It isn't any worse for us than it is for them."

"And it isn't against the rules."

"And we didn't think you'd care."

This last from Lilly Arcourt, who blushed and dropped her eyes as the Professor looked gravely at her.

"Is there no one who thinks she has done something which she regrets?" he asked at last.

Obstinate silence on the part of the girls—broken at last by Heloise, acting as spokesman, "No, sir, not one."

"Very well," said he quietly, after a brief pause, "I accept your position. I only ask that you accept its consequences."

He touched an electric button beneath the desk and wrote a few words on a slip of paper which he handed to black Sam who appeared in answer to the bell.

"Sam," he said, "kindly carry this to Mrs. Treat, and wait for an answer."

"Yes, sah," answered Sam, and withdrew.

"I want to show you girls this beauty of a moth that I caught last night," said the Professor taking a small box from the desk.

The girls were speechless. What did it mean? Was he going to let them off so easily? It was too good to be hoped for. But they crowded eagerly around the desk with an interest which was not feigned; for biology was their favorite study; and the Professor managed to make it include every form of animal life.

and waited until Sam had closed the door before he cut the string of the parcel, and displayed to the eyes of the astonished girls, a box of—cigars. An expression of dismay came over their faces. An inkling of his purpose began to dawn on them.

"Young ladies, I have the pleasure of asking you to take a cigar with me."

"Oh, no, Professor," pleaded they.

"We can't do it."

"My mother would never let me."



PROFESSOR RAYMOND.

They had finished examining the moth, however; the Professor had replaced it in the box and still Sam did not return. The girls began to wonder. Did the Professor expect them to remain? Would he give them a signal to retire? Were they to wait until Sam came?

But at last Sam appeared, his ivories showing white and shining, as he placed a square package on the table.

"That is all, Sam," said the Professor quietly,

"It isn't fair," they pleaded.

But still the box was held invitingly—or insistently—toward them.

"Professor Raymond is right, girls," said Heloise at last, with decision, putting her white fingers into the box and taking out a dark, brown roll, "if it's right for us to smoke cigarettes it's right for us to smoke these."

After that there could be no hesitation. Each girl meekly accepted the proffered cigar. Sadie

Graham was the last one served. "Must I smoke it *all*, Professor Raymond?" asked she, eyeing it dubiously.

A shadow of a smile crept around the Professor's mouth. And then they all laughed, a little nervously, it is true; but still they laughed; and it seemed to relieve the awfulness a little.

Each girl felt that she would rather die than have the Professor see her with that cigar in her mouth. He was so courteous. He always treated them as if they were queens; and in his presence, they came nearer to their ideal of what was womanly than at any other time. It was awful to think of smoking before him! But there was no help for it. In silence they scratched the matches and drew tentative, shamefaced whiffs. They dared not look at each other; they dared not look at the Professor, who, meanwhile, had lighted a cigar, and was smoking away looking comfortable and dignified. He tried to draw them into conversation; he spoke of interesting pictures which were to be seen at the new art exhibition, and proposed that a party should be made up to go the next afternoon. In fact, he treated them exactly as he would have treated a party of young men under similar circumstances. But the girls felt that the conversation was a failure.

The party presented a strange contrast to that of last night. Then the whole affair had seemed so funny, and there had been no lack of conversation, nor of fun. When Lilly Arcourt, striking an attitude and holding her cigarette tragically aloft had declared, "I dare do all that may become a man?" they had screamed with laughter. But no one felt like laughing now. Nor did Lilly seem to enjoy doing all that might become a man.

But the scene was quite as ludicrous, in its way, as that of the previous night, if the girls had not been too sobered to notice it. Nothing could be more pathetically funny than the anxious look on Sadie Graham's round face, as between each two or three whiffs she furtively examined the length of her cigar. The roses in her cheeks were very white ones now, and a little blue line began to appear around her lips.

The Professor, who was describing a visit at

the exhibition, and who seemed to be watching only the smoke rising lightly from his cigar, remarked parenthetically, "Would you like to say good night, Sadie?"

And Sadie with a weak, "Thank you, Professor," deposited the dreadful cigar on the table, and crept away.

As she opened the door, the sound of voices singing in the back parlor became more distinct. Could it be? No, they would never be so mean! But, yes, the words floated down, unmistakably clear—

"It was my last cigar."

The freshmen! Alice and Heloise exchanged a glance which plainly said, "Just wait till we pay them off"—and that was clearly Roddy's touch on the piano! The traitor!

One after another the girls followed Sadie's example, and with a brief "excuse me, Professor," or "good night, Professor," took their pale faces from the room, until at last only Heloise was left sitting opposite him.

She was not pale, a bright red spot burned in each cheek and her eyes shone like two stars. Otherwise the Professor himself was not more tranquil. She had smoked to so good a purpose that her cigar was nearly two-thirds consumed; although the others—which now lay in a pathetic row on the table—were scarcely more than burned across the end.

The Professor looked at her sympathizingly after the door closed upon the last departure, and paused a moment in his talk as if to give her a chance to retire; but as she smoked steadily on, her eyes fixed resolutely on the ceiling, he rambled on again, talking of "men and things" in a casual, liberal way which was Heloise's delight. She often averred that she would rather hear Professor Raymond talk about people than to read Carlyle's Biographies. And this from Heloise was high praise; for she was very fond of Carlyle.

The Professor was deep in a discussion of Father Damien's real motives, and the results which were likely to spring from his heroic sacrifice, when at last Heloise laid the tiny stump of a cigar on the table. He looked down at her, only kindness and sympathy in his eyes.

"Did it pay, dear?" said he.

"That is two questions in one, Professor," she answered, smiling back at him as she rose to go. "It did not pay to forget myself and be—unwomanly,"—almost in a whisper—"but it did pay to take my punishment when it came," she added, lifting her head.

Then suddenly her expression changed, and dropping to her knees before him, she bowed her head, saying quietly,

"Give me a good-night blessing, Father Raymond, before I go."

And he, placing his hands tenderly on the bowed head, said reverently, "My child, may the kind Father help you to be as brave in resisting the temptations of evil as you are in meeting its consequences."

And after a moment came the response, fervent and earnest, "Amen."

Seen through the smoky atmosphere, which hung like a cloud of incense, the figure might have been that of a knight kneeling to take the oath of knighthood after the long night of vigil. And when at last she rose to her feet, her eyes

wore the look of one who has taken a sacred vow. They were no longer the eyes of a girl, but of a woman—luminous, fearless as ever, but with an earnestness of purpose in their depths never seen there before.

A strange way to blossom into womanhood,—through the smoking of a cigar. But the Professor was a strange man, and governed his girls by strange methods—methods which have, however, laid the foundations of many noble characters, which, in their turn have helped to make the world a better place in which to live.

Late that night, alone in his quiet study, the Professor wrote in his day book: "When a grand thought bursts suddenly upon the mind, we are tempted to look upon it as a revelation, over whose coming and going we have no control; but examined closely, it is only the blossoming of a beautiful flower, its roots lie deep in the fibers of our being, and its growth, the result of daily watching and care, is a part of our innermost life."

What the Professor meant, I leave you to guess.



## THE MYSTERY OF A CENTURY.

By EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

### I.

IT was June, 1777, and the setting sun cast his broad, low beams athwart the piazza of one of the finest mansions in southern Virginia.

In the doorway, gazing eagerly toward the road, stood two women, evidently mother and daughter. The daughter's head rested wearily upon the mother's shoulder, while from time to time the mother's arm tightened around the waist of the daughter, whose form she was more than half supporting during the anxious watch.

"O, mother, mother! why don't they come?" exclaimed the girl, clasping her arms convulsively around the neck of her mother, while a dry sob rose in her throat and shook her frame. "Perhaps he is dead! O, mother!"

"Dorothy, Dorothy," said the mother, in gentle reproach, as she smoothed the hair of her darling, "is that the way for the bride of a soldier to talk in these troubled times? True, he is not thy husband, but art thou not bound to him by ties as strong, as holy? Art thou not his inspiration and his hope? What if he, brave John Jocelyn, as he is called, should come suddenly and find thee fainting by the wayside? Rouse thyself, Dorothy, beloved, lest thou be unfit to take charge of him when he comes."

Dorothy straightened her slender form and put on a new dignity that showed the force of will in her delicate body, and exclaimed:

"You are right, mother. John Jocelyn must never have it to say that I failed in the moment of trial. See! There they come!" and in spite of her will, the hand with which she eagerly pointed far away to the crest of the hill, trembled in attestation of her excitement.

"Softly, dear Dorothy," said the mother gently, feeling in every spot of her mother's heart for the daughter so sorely tried.

The speakers were Madame Cicely Fenly and

her daughter Dorothy. Sweet Dorothy Fenly! Known to all the country as the fairest among its many fair women. She had for some time been betrothed to John Jocelyn, and all the country around pronounced it a very fair match. "A noble couple," said one; "a handsome couple," said another; "a wise arrangement, to join the Fenly and Jocelyn grounds; and who better to look after a motherless young man than Madame Cicely Fenly?" said a third—though it is to be doubted if John Jocelyn was looking so much for a mother as for a wife, when he first told pretty Dorothy Fenly that he loved her. But, nevertheless, Madame Cicely, the widow of one of the noblest soldiers who carried a sword during the revolution, soon won a place in the heart of another of America's noblest sons—a place only second to that which Dorothy held. The son-in-law was almost as dear to Madame Cicely as the daughter, and she was wont to aver that it was well she never had had to make a choice between them, for she would hardly know which to choose.

It would seem that under such circumstances it would be the most natural thing that these two should have been married, but the mother deemed the daughter yet too young, and, with the sweetness of a happy love upon her, the daughter was content to abide by her decision.

But news had come that in a late encounter John Jocelyn had been grievously wounded. Immediately measures had been taken to secure his release from military bondage, and this obtained, they were bringing him home to be nursed back to life and health by the two women nearest and dearest to him, which all the world contained.

"Perhaps," Madame Cicely had said to herself that morning, "I will consent to their being joined in marriage before he again goes back. It will be a comfort to Dorothy doubtless, in case—in case anything should happen—to be his *widow*.

It is a glorious thing to be a soldier's *widow*, if one cannot be his wife!" and she straightened herself with pride at the thought. "But O, James! James, how my lonely heart cries out for thee!" and, her pride for the moment gone, the poor woman shook from head to foot with the sobs she could not repress. A moment more, and she had regained her accustomed composure of demeanor, saying to herself, "If I were not a *soldier's* widow, sometimes it seems as if I could not bear to live."

But hark! The wagon is coming slowly up the gravel road. A moment more and four servants have brought a litter, and John Jocelyn is slowly and painfully taken from the carriage and borne by easy stages into the little parlor on the first floor, that has been accorded to his use.

"Mother, is he *dead*?" whispered Dorothy, clutching her mother by the arm and hardly daring to breathe, lest a sound should startle him.

"Courage, Dorothy! No, he has only fainted! He will be better directly. There! sit there where thou canst see him, but he cannot see thee. The sight of thee when he comes out of this might startle or excite him to his detriment."

A pleading look that spoke volumes led Madame Cicely to lay her hand on her daughter's head and say earnestly, "Yes, dear heart—thou shalt be allowed to do anything that thou canst for him. And if at any time I see real danger, I will tell thee. Thou shalt not be unprepared for the worst. If I say nothing, let not thy heart be troubled, for thou wilt know that he is doing as well as he can."

With grateful eyes and quivering lips Dorothy took the seat indicated, awaiting the result of the efforts of the attendants in restoring her betrothed.

## II.

Six weeks later, nursed back to something like a semblance of health, John Jocelyn and Dorothy Fenly were pacing slowly up and down the gravel path. This time the moon lent her gentle rays, and over all the scene her soft light fell. It fell on nothing fairer than the sweet face of Dorothy

Fenly, upturned as she listened to the words of her lover.

"Sweetheart," he was saying, "to-morrow I shall call you mine."

"Am I not *yours now*, beloved?" questioned the tremulous voice, into which no archness had crept. These were no times for levity, or for anything but quiet, intense earnestness.

"Truly, dearest, but *wife* is sweeter name than *sweetheart*, and to feel that I leave you with my name is joy indeed. I shall feel that you are *surely* mine if I leave you as my wife, 'Sweet Dorothy Jocelyn.'" His lips lingered fondly on the name, while Dorothy first blushed shyly and then paled as came to her the full meaning of the sentences, "I leave you with my name," "if I leave you as my wife."

But she said nothing, only clinging more closely to him, drinking in through her eager, sorrowing heart all his precious words.

Eleven o'clock chimed while still they paced the walk.

Presently a voice was heard from the house, "Come, Dorothy—come, John—it will not do to keep Dorothy out any longer. It is getting late, and to-morrow we must have no tired limbs or languid eyes. There is much to do." So they parted, each to think with joy of the morrow which was to make them one, and with dread of the day after, which was to separate them—perhaps forever.

At last a restless sleep fell on the household, a short few moments' sleep as it proved, for scarcely did quiet reign when the silence was broken by an excitement among the hounds, betraying the presence of a stranger among them.

A horseman came galloping up to the door. A few hurried words showed him to be a messenger from John Jocelyn's command, telling him that owing to changes in their movements, it was imperative to join his company at once, and thirty minutes later Dorothy lay in her mother's arms, grief-stricken, only half listening to the comforting words her mother spoke.

# THE MYSTERY OF A CENTURY.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"**G**OD and my country first!" said John Jocelyn to himself with set teeth; "but if I only could have given her my name!"

Time passed with the varied fortunes of war, and Dorothy Fenly heard from time to time of the lover who had been obliged to leave her so summarily. A letter came whenever such a thing was possible, and told of hope and courage. And Dorothy, staying at home, felt braver and stronger to bear her disappointment, and to look forward to the future.

Then came the rumor of an encounter between a handful of Americans with a small squad of the enemy. The Americans had scattered hither and thither, hiding each one where he could find a refuge, and succeeding, finally, in escaping entirely from the clutches of the British. When the little band again gathered at headquarters, John Jocelyn alone was missing.

They felt perfectly sure he had not been killed, because he had had every opportunity to escape. They felt equally sure he had not been taken prisoner. Nevertheless, that he was *missing* could not be denied.

The only conclusion left to be drawn was that he was somewhere upon the ground of the late exploit. But when a day passed, and he still did not return, that which had been surprise, turned into consternation. A little band went out to hunt him, but the search was vain. No trace of him was to be found anywhere, and at last they were obliged to perform the sad task of telling Madame Cicely and Dorothy Fenly of John Jocelyn's mysterious disappearance.

Dorothy heard the news as became a soldier's wife, but her heart was broken, and day by day she slowly faded away, till at the end of a year they laid her away to rest in the church yard at the foot of the hill.

"Do not mourn for me, mother," she said, "I am *so* glad to go. I know I shall meet John in heaven, and I shall be so glad to rest. I am so weary of waiting for him, mother! Think what it will be when thou canst meet us *all*!" she added, dropping into her mother's quaint phraseology. A radiant smile spread over her face, and she was gone.

In a few years her mother "met them all," and the mysterious disappearance of John Jocelyn was alluded to more and more rarely, until the circumstance was almost forgotten, or remembered only by the collateral descendants of Madame Cicely or James Fenly, and was told to the children and grandchildren as one of the stirring occurrences of the revolution.

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## III.

Let us go forward a hundred years or more and join a group of boys at play in 1889. See! the old spirit is in them. See the eye brighten and the form straighten as they gaze upon their country's flag!

It is the old story! "Playing soldier!" How the military spirit does rule them all! So is the patriot made. The flag he learns to love in play, becomes the emblem of his life in later years, and the patriotism that is his nation's salvation is instilled with his wooden sword and the drum which he uses for a plaything.

Over and over again are the battles of our forefathers fought by these, their patriotic descendants. Many is the bloodless wound inflicted; many the fort won or rampart scaled after a desperate struggle! And in fighting over again the battles of their grandfathers, there is renewed in them the spirit which led their grandfathers on to victory.

"Come, Jim!" exclaimed Walter Fenly to his cousin. "Let's play about John Jocelyn. Don't you know? The story grandfather was telling us last night about his cousin Dorothy, don't you know? He disappeared, don't you remember? You were there when he was reading that old yellow letter that told us all about it; the one that was written to his Aunt Cicely."

"All right! I'll be one of the British; come on!" and in a few moments they were scattered, hiding hither and thither.

A sudden, sharp cry from Walter Fenly, however, brought the whole band from their hiding places. They rushed toward the spot from which his voice came. There, with dilated eyes and paling face, stood the boy, speechless, pointing towards a particular spot.

"What is it, Walter? What in the mischief is the matter?"

"A skeleton!" gasped the boy—"a cave."

"Where," exclaimed a chorus of voices. His equanimity a little restored, Walter told his tale. He was going to hide in a certain place, when he stumbled and fell; as he fell his weight was thrown against a stone, and the stone in its turn snapped off a piece of a root of an old tree, and, thus released, rolled away from the mouth of a cavern. Curiosity led him in, and there, prone upon the ground lay the skeleton of a man.

"What did it look like?" demanded the crowd.

"I don't know—I ran away, I was so scared," answered the little fellow, his teeth threatening to chatter again with fright.

"Come on, boys, let us all go together," said Jim Fenly to the rest of the boys, among whom more than one face had paled with excitement. So they together visited the last resting place of one who, to them, was entirely unknown.

There lay the skeleton, sure enough; around its fleshless body still clung the remnants of a uniform of the time of the revolution.

A sword lay by the side of this lonely occupant of the cave, but nothing else was there of clue as to who or what he was.

They walked slowly round him and viewed him from all points, but, awed by the scene, no one touched anything until Walter, the hapless, again

stumbled a little and unearthed from the dust under which it had lain so many years, a leather wallet. Within was a paper evidently written by the silent dweller of the cavern, during his last moments.

It was a diary, or notes rather, which he had kept during the last few days of his life.

"I am hemmed in," he wrote "by a boulder. I cannot tell how it all happened. I ran in here for safety and immediately the mouth of the cavern was closed. I cannot tell why I cannot move the boulder. But to-morrow my comrades will be here and free me."

From day to day he made notes, until upon the third there were written: "I have given up all hope. The army has moved on, and I am left here to die. O Dorothy, my darling, if I could only see you once more. No one will know what has become of me. My old wound has broken open again, and the fever is setting in. While I have yet strength and mind I want to state clearly who I am, so that some day when my body is found, it can be identified at once. I am John Jocelyn, of Virginia, and hope that he who finds me here will send word to sweet Dorothy Fenly, of Fairfax, as to where I was found. Poor Dorothy! poor Dorothy! she will think that I have died by the hand of the enemy. O would that such a fate awaited me, but to die here like a rat in a hole and know that my country needs my services, is madness indeed!"

Then the entries grew more incoherent, and it was evident that on the fifth day they had ceased altogether.

Walter and Jim looked at each other in amazement. To them had it been accorded to unearth the mystery of the disappearance of John Jocelyn. "We'd better take this all to grandfather, Walter," said Jim Fenly.

So the old pocket book was carried to Grandfather Fenly for inspection. "Well, well, well! Is it possible? Poor Cousin Dorothy," exclaimed he when he had the documents in his possession. "But tell me, Walter, how is it that you, with your small strength, could move a stone that a man could not move, a man who was making a desperate fight for life?"

"That's what *we* couldn't understand, grandfather," interrupted Jim, "but it is very evident that the stone was held in place by a tree. In a hundred years this has rotted away, and when Walter fell against the boulder, it broke off close to the root and released the stone, which rolled away of itself."

There is little more to tell. Grandfather Fenly had the remains removed to Virginia and buried in

the same grave with Dorothy Fenly. The sword hangs up on the dining room wall, and among his dearest possessions, Walter keeps the old leather pocket book which his grandfather gave to him as his right in consideration of his discovery, and when another generation rises, I suppose Walter Fenly will point to the sword and tell the old story of John Jocelyn's disappearance, and add the newer story of his equally mysterious discovery.



# THE STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

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BY MRS. ALICE H. PUTNAM.

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ONE September night long ago, a steamer was sailing off the coast of Northumberland on her way to Dundee. The pilot had steered her safely until they were as far north as the Farne Islands. But here, the high winds and heavy seas, which the autumn weather often brings the sailor, drove the vessel onto a dangerous ledge of rocks, and she was broken almost in two. There were a good many passengers on the boat, and the captain, with his wife, and many others, were washed off the deck and dashed onto the rocks.

On one of these islands stood a tall light-house called the "Folkstone Light." I suppose it was built of stone, bolted and riveted firmly to the solid rock, for that is the way most of the light-houses on the coast were made. Often the angry waves would beat against it as they rolled over the whole island, but the keeper was faithful, and from sunset to sunrise the bright light would shine far over the water, and was sometimes a comfort and sometimes a warning to the sailors.

The keeper, Mr. Darling, had a daughter who had grown to be a strong, brave girl—as much at home on the water as on the land. She could row and sail a boat as well as any man about there. It was a part of her work to help her father care for the lamps.

On this stormy night it must have carried hope to the poor half-drowned men to know that some one was near who would help them if possible.

When Grace Darling saw the danger the crew were in, she at once begged her father to get out the boats and go to the aid of the drowning men.

But Mr. Darling said "No, we dare not try it. The sea is too heavy; no boat could live in it. Wait until morning." So hour after hour passed and Grace watched the dreadful storm with a sad heart, for she knew the men would soon grow too weak to cling to the rocks.

At last, towards morning, she said, "Father, I am going. I must at least try to do something for them; don't say no."

The father could not hold his brave child back, and she went alone in the little boat that was tossed like an egg-shell on the heavy sea, now up, up, on the top of a giant wave, and

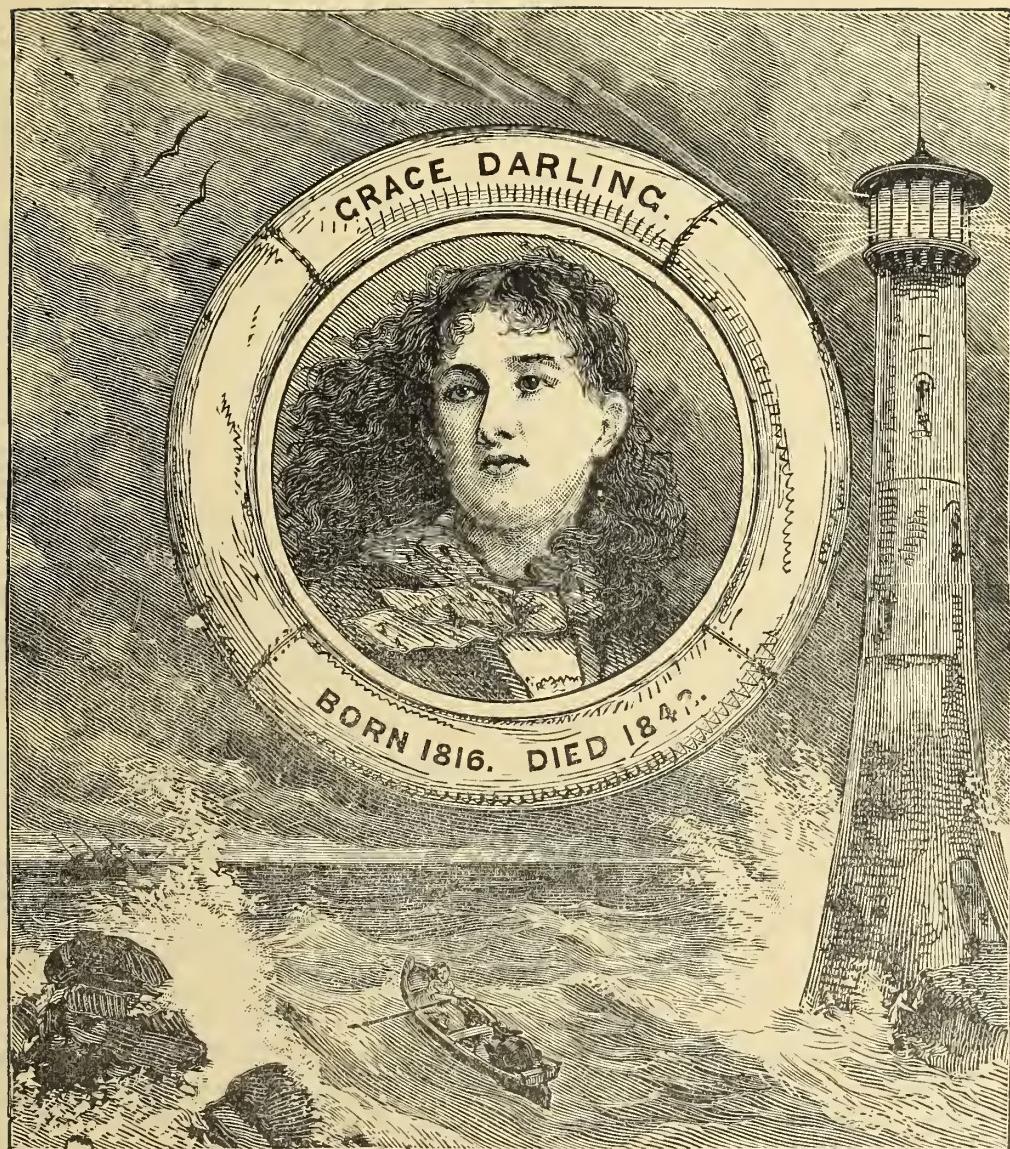
then down deep in the trough made between the waves. It was well, then, that Grace had gained a man's strength by her rowing and swimming, or she never could have guided her boat so surely to the island, and steered safely around its dangerous, sharp rocks to the place where the steamer (or what was left of it) was wedged.

She was thankful to be able to save the lives of the nine sailors who, moment by moment, were growing weaker and less able to hold on to a place of safety. Grace carried them all back to the light-house in safety.

It was not long before people in other parts of England heard of the brave deed, and many letters and beautiful medals, in remembrance of her courage, were sent her. But she received them very quietly, saying that she had only done what she ought to do, and what any one with her strength ought to have done.

She lived some years after this, but, though she has gone from here now, I think folks will always love to think of Grace Darling, the brave girl who risked her own to save other lives.





GRACE DARLING.

# THE STORY OF WYOMING.

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A PLEASING melancholy lingers around those places which are hallowed by the dim traditions of the past. Few spots in all the wide domain of the free American states can boast a more fascinating loveliness, or a more tragic history, than Wyoming. The Susquehanna flows into Wyoming at the north through a narrow pass in the mountains, and is soon swelled by the waters of the Lackawanna, flowing through another pass at the northeast, when, after winding and murmuring through the luxuriant plains, the stream bursts its rocky barriers at the south, gliding or plunging on to the sea. The valley itself is about twenty miles long by five miles wide—a little Paradise guarded by the wild gigantic mountains of Pennsylvania.

Some time in the summer of 1742, Wyoming was visited by Count Zinzendorf, supposed to be the first white man who penetrated this lonely spot, the surpassing beauty of which was known to the distant colonial settlements only by Indian reports.

Near "Toby's Eddy," where, in the twilight, the traveler looks with rapture through the foliage upon the broad still river, did this pious Moravian pitch his tent, with the high and holy purpose of bringing the Word of Life to the dwellers in the wilderness. A story of thrilling danger is told of the good old man. It is well authenticated, and illustrates the Indian character. The mission of the stranger seemed so incredible that the children of the forest could not believe it. They could not see why, except for gain, this roving pilgrim would brave the ocean, and seek out their secluded home. They resolved to destroy him suddenly and secretly. For this purpose, two Delawares crept toward his tent in the twilight, still and deadly as panthers. No defense was in their way, but unsuspecting innocence—no army interposed but Providence. With a blanket for the door of his tent, the Count sat writing, his gray locks be-

ing slightly agitated by the night zephyrs; when to the surprise and terror of the observing savages a rattlesnake, which had been warmed into activity by the fire, crept over one of his legs, but inflicted no injury. The Indians fled back precipitately, and told the strange circumstance to their tribe, and from that hour the pious Moravian was to them an angel from heaven.

Wyoming was a favorite retreat of the Indians, and at this time, when it first became known to the whites, was claimed by the celebrated Iroquois, or Six Nations. From certain mounds which the oldest sachems found existing in the valleys, with giant oaks, hundreds of years old, growing upon them, it is quite certain that a very ancient people exhibiting the traces of a higher civilization, once laid in this region the foundations of empire. So great was the attachment of the Indians to this spot, it was not till after repeated solicitations they could be induced to sell it to the white man.

The settlement of Wyoming by the whites, constitutes an era in its history. The people of Connecticut claimed this region under the grant of an old English charter, dated 1662. The Pennsylvania colony claimed the same land under an English charter, dated 1681. The reader will perceive that the Connecticut claim has the priority of the other by nineteen years. In addition to this, the Connecticut people purchased the land of the Indians, at a meeting of the chiefs of the Six Nations, held at Albany, July 11, 1754. Whatever might be said in favor of either of these claims, their collision caused a most disastrous and protracted civil war. The first Connecticut settlers in 1763 were either massacred, or driven off by the Indians. The next party that came on from New England, found that the Pennsylvanians had fitted up a block house and several huts, left by the first settlers, on the east side of the river, at

Mill Creek, about one mile above the present town of Wilkesbarre, and had taken possession of the valley. The Yankees invested the block house and dispossessed the occupants. They were in turn dispossessed, with all the formalities of law, (for the contest was partly *legal*, partly *warlike*,) and twice within sixty days were they thrown into Easton jail, from which they contrived, without fail, to liberate themselves by their wit or their daring. The leading men among the Yankees were Captain Lazarus Stewart, Major John Durkee, and Colonel Zebulon Butler. The principal leader of the Pennymites was Captain Amos Ogden. A writer for one of the popular magazines, recently characterized this contest as highly ridiculous. Either he had never read a correct account of the facts, or had not sufficient penetration to appreciate them. The importance of a conflict is not to be estimated merely by the numbers engaged in it, but the principles involved, and by the courage, the sufferings, and the exploits of the parties.

The following instance of personal daring will illustrate the truth of the last remark. On one occasion Colonel Butler had invested the log fort of the Pennsylvanians, by placing a guard on both sides of the river. The besieged, thus cut off from the water, were reduced to the lowest straits, when their leader, the daring Ogden; sought relief by a stratagem. Tying his clothes in a bundle, on the top of which he placed his hat; he glided at night into the river, and floated down on his back, drawing his clothes gently after him by a cord. The attention of the guard was attracted, as he had anticipated, to a dark object in the water, when, in an instant, the blaze of many rifles had pierced it with bullets; but as the object floated on with the same quietness as before, they let it pass; and, in three days, Ogden was in the streets of Philadelphia, beating up for volunteers. The first Pennymite war lasted three years, and was followed by three years of peace, in which the New England settlers, left in the undisturbed possession of the valley, reaped plentiful harvests from their fields of inexhaustible fertility, and—thanks to their Puritan habits—founded the school, the church, and the forum; debated in

town-meeting, prayed, and sang, and passed resolutions, to encourage the Continental Congress in their first stand against British oppression.

The increasing prosperity of the settlers of Wyoming aroused the slumbering jealousy of the state of Pennsylvania, and another expedition was raised against them, under the command of Major Plunket, a man of some little daring, but of no prudence, and, above all, of knowledge of the danger and cost of his contemplated enterprise. In the middle of winter, the expedition started up the Susquehanna, the provisions being carried in boats on the stream. A mild season left the current unclogged with ice, and they reached the southern pass of the valley, where they found their way disputed by Colonel Butler, who, in a perfectly war-like manner, had thrown a breastwork across the plain, and concealed sharp-shooters along the rocky side of the mountain. After some vain attempts to cross this line, with the loss of several lives, the formidable army retreated down the river, and thus 1775 closed the last warlike demonstration of the Pennsylvanians against the New England settlers of Wyoming.

While this war of claims was going on within the very territory in dispute, the "Susquehanna Company"—which had been organized to sell land and make settlements in Wyoming—endeavored to enlist the legislature of the state of Connecticut in their favor. Colonel Dyer, a lawyer and statesman of considerable eloquence and ability, plead the cause of his oppressed brethren, and painted, with the hues of Paradise, the beauties of their valley home. It was after one of these impassioned appeals to the legislature that a wit gave expression to the following rhyme:—

“Canaan of old, as we are told,  
Where it did rain down manna,  
Was not half so good for heavenly food,  
As Dyer makes Susquehanna.”

So far was this dispute carried, that both parties sent over to England in appeal to the king, and we may well imagine that the eloquence of Colonel Dyer, who plead his cause before the king's bench, was not a little efficacious in creating that popular interest, which induced Coleridge

and Southey, in 1794, to form the project of emigrating to

“Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream.”

Probably the same cause turned the attention of Campbell to the spot he has rendered immortal by his beautiful Gertrude.

The trouble which broke out between the American colonies and the mother country, drew the attention of the king from this dispute to weightier matters, and turned the solicitude of the states from local animosities to the struggle for national existence. The cannonading of the Revolution rolled into Wyoming from distant battle-fields with mysterious and prophetic thunder.

But danger now threatened Wyoming from another quarter. The ablest men were drifted from the valley to serve among the troops, to be raised by the state of Connecticut, without proper regard to the fact that this region, being on the frontier, was exposed to constant attacks from the war-parties of the Six Nations, who were no in league with the British. It was rumored that an attack was meditated upon Wyoming, to cut off the defenseless inhabitants with one fell stroke. A few hours flow of the swollen waters of the Susquehanna would bring canoes into their midst from the very heart of the Indian Territory. Gen. Schuyler wrote to the board of war on this subject, and the soldiers enlisted from Wyoming prayed to be released; to fly to the defense of their families; but all in vain—they were detained; and, by unaccountable delays, the portentous cloud was permitted to gather and burst upon the doomed inhabitants of the valley.

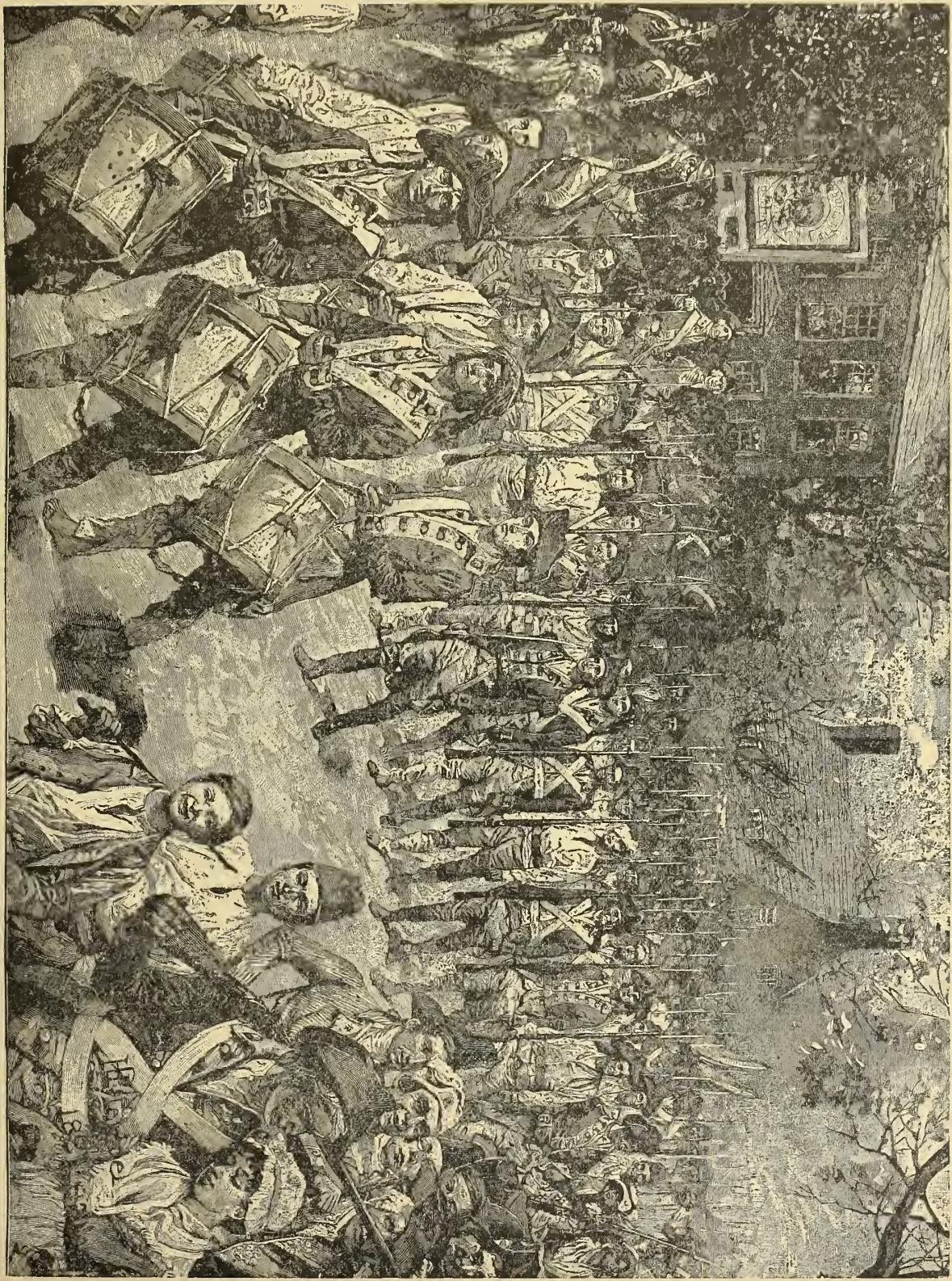
It is not necessary to follow out the heart-sickening particulars of the massacre. Let it suffice to say, that the battle was fought on the western bank of the Susquehanna, July 3, 1778. Three or four hundred ill-armed soldiers, under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler, marched out from “Forty Fort,” and after proceeding perhaps a mile, came up with the enemy, about six hundred combined British, Tories, and Indians. The British were led by Butler, who, it is said, came out with a silk handkerchief around his head,

which was shot off during the battle. The Indians were commanded by Brandt, and were placed in ambush, so as to outflank the little band, around whom the yells of these grim warriors rang from rank to rank at regular intervals. An order from Colonel Denison to turn and face the Indians was mistaken for a signal of retreat. In vain Colonel Butler rode through the scattered remnant of his band, exclaiming, “Do not leave me, my children; let us rally, and victory may yet be ours!” But few escaped, some by swimming across the river, and others by concealing themselves in the bushes until night enabled them to flee unobserved.

The fort was given up the next day, and the desolation of the fair fields, lighted up by midnight conflagration, spread untold gloom upon a few defenseless ones, who preferred to try the perils of a pathless wilderness, in preference to the clemency of their foes.

The misfortunes of Wyoming at length attracted the attention of General Washington, and Major-General Sullivan was sent, in 1779, with an adequate force to march through Wyoming, northward, to the territory of the Six Nations. Strong efforts were made by the enemy to divert this expedition, but in vain. Onward it went, a dread thunderbolt of wrath, crushing all before it. Every philanthropist must deprecate the horrors of war, whether they are seen in the massacre of Wyoming, or in the march of Sullivan to the Indian towns on the shores of the beautiful lakes of New York, burning the homes and harvests of the Iroquois, and turning their Paradise into a desert.

We might notice here, if space would permit, the many adventures of the brave inhabitants, both before and after the battle—how captives rose upon their captors, and struggling against fearful odds, slew their foes and escaped—how from the caves, and gorges, and thickets of the mountains that overhung the valleys, the Indians descended like hungry eagles, and then disappeared in those wild fastnesses, baffling all pursuit. Thus Frances Slocum, a little girl of five summers, was snatched from the very shadow of a fort, and borne to the banks of the Miami, where she became an Indian queen, and was found by her brothers and sisters after their parents were dead.



WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK.

but could not be persuaded to leave her barbaric solitude. All these strange adventures, in which truth surpasses fiction, will linger in the history

and traditions of picturesque Wyoming with a melancholy pathos, deepening with each succeeding decade.

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### A FAMOUS STEAMBOAT RACE.

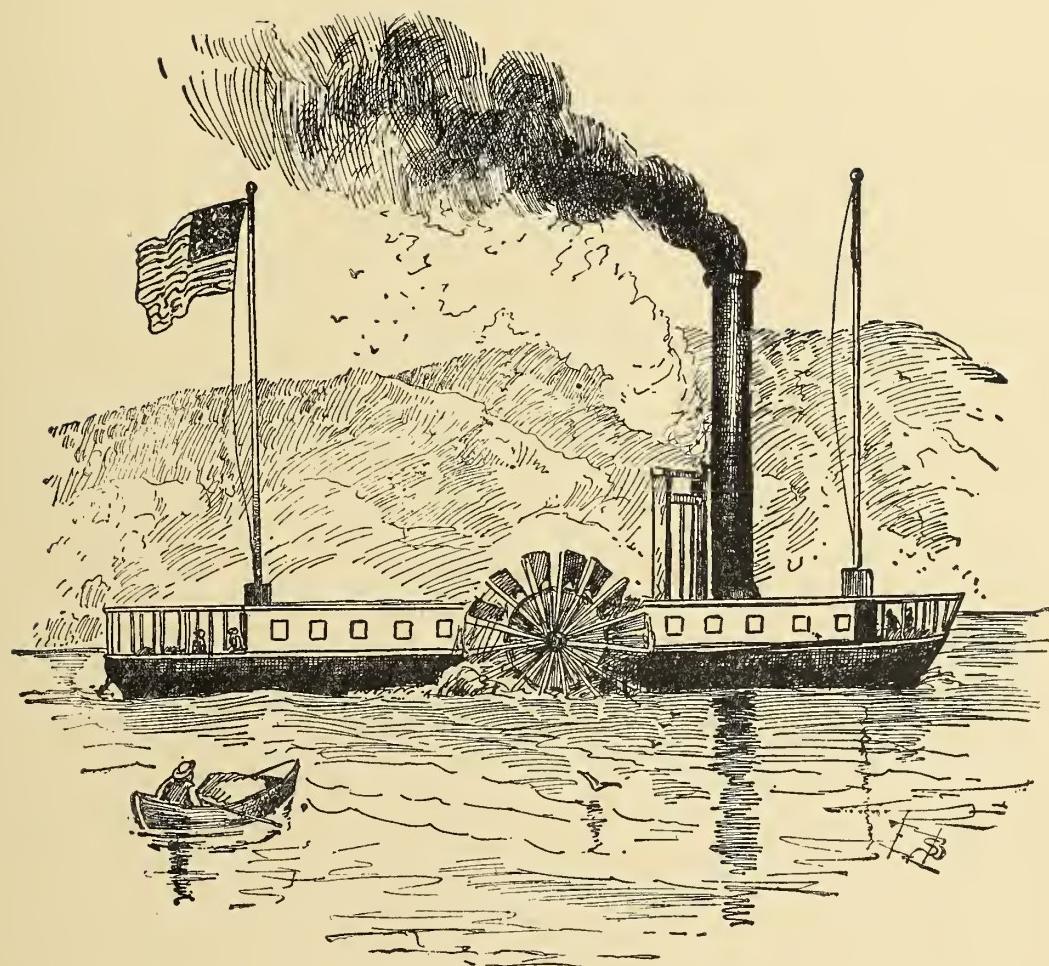
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Up in the top of the post office building in Pittsburgh, in the room where the steamboat inspectors are located, hangs a colored lithograph of one of the most famous steamboat races that ever took place on the Mississippi River. The race was between the United States mail packet Natchez and the Robert E. Lee, and occurred just twenty years ago. They ran from New Orleans to St. Louis, a distance of 1,210 miles, making a little over 300 miles per day. The Lee won, her exact time being three days, eighteen hours and thirty minutes.

On the evening of June 30, 1870, at 4:55 o'clock, the boats swung off from their landings at New Orleans and headed up the river. Both of them were veritable floating places—the finest examples of the boat-builders' art—and were regarded as the two fastest boats on the river. They carried no freight and very few passengers. Every unnecessary piece of rope and wood was left behind and the boats made as light as possible. It was a race to determine which boat was the fastest, and great sums of money are said to have been placed on the result. It is stated that fortunes were won and lost on the race. It was a neck-and-neck race from the start. The old picture shows flames leap-

ing from the stacks of both boats, as side by side they plowed through the water at topmost speed. Captain J. W. Cannon had charge of the Robert E. Lee and Captain T. P. Leathers was in command of the Natchez, which was carrying the United States mails. The race excited the greatest interest everywhere, from New Orleans to St. Louis, and as the boats flew by spectators gathered along the river banks and cheered lustily.

At 11:25 on the morning of July 4th the Lee steamed into the St. Louis harbor amid the wildest enthusiasm. Her owners were overjoyed at having broken the record. The Natchez reached the St. Louis wharf at 5:38 o'clock on the eve of the same day, being six hours and thirty-three minutes behind the Lee. The six hours had been lost through detention by fog at Devil's Island. The best previous time had been made by the Natchez, which made the run in three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes in the month before. This race was perhaps the most remarkable that ever occurred on American waterways, both for its magnitude and the great speed attained. Steamboats of to-day never come near a speed of three hundred miles in twenty four hours.



FULTON'S STEAMBOAT.

# THE STORY OF ROBERT FULTON.

BY A. L. O. A.

"The child is father to the man."



OBERT FULTON, when only thirteen years of age, constructed paddle wheels which he successfully applied to a fishing boat. He came into this world in Little Britain township, now called Fulton, Lancaster county, Pa., sometime in the year 1765, with an inborn love for mechanics and engineering. The above incident shows how early he began to make a practical application of his mechanical genius.

As he grew up, he developed a love for painting as well as for drawing and engineering, and became the pupil of the famous Benjamin West, in London. The Duke of Bridgewater and Earl Stanhope, were among his distinguished patrons. Both of these noblemen became renowned for their interest in the practical arts; one of them through the construction of the well-known Bridgewater Canal, the other through the invention of the Stanhope printing press.

Through contact with these eminent men, Fulton's mechanical talents were developed. He presented plans for the improvement of canal navigation, and obtained several patents for inventions of various kinds.

In 1693, Fulton began to turn his attention to steam navigation but did not bring anything to perfection at that early period.

Joseph Bramah, of Piccadilly, was the first to attempt the connection of a steam engine with the screw propeller and patented his invention May 9, 1795. In 1785, James Rumsey was said to have operated a kind of steamboat on the Potomac, although nothing definite is known of the matter. In 1787 he had constructed a vessel through which a stream of water was poured from

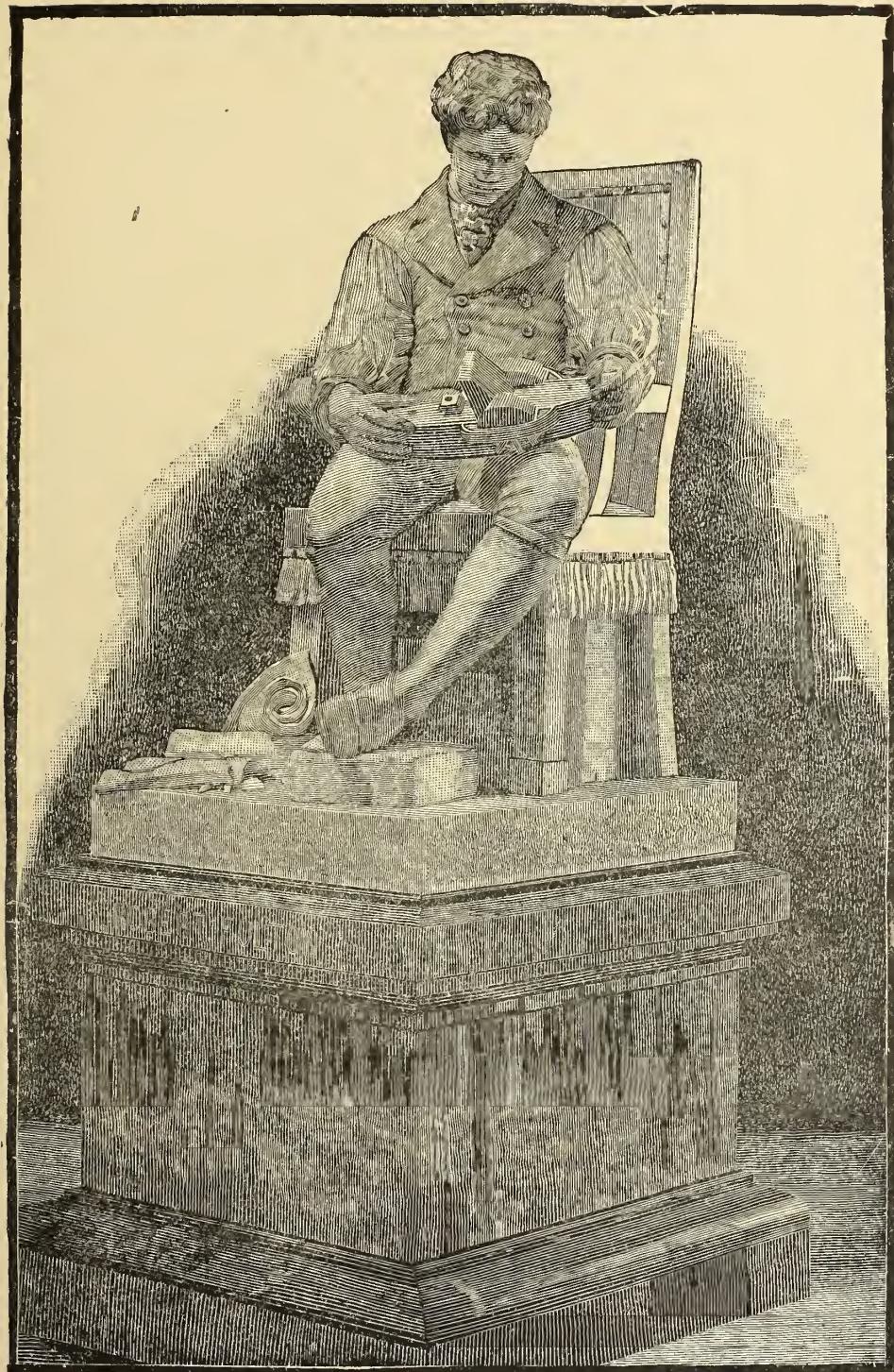
the bow to the stern of the boat directly into the river, thus forcing it ahead.

In September in 1785 and again in August, 1787, John Fitch made an exhibition of a steam-boat on the Delaware river which attained a speed of eight miles an hour in dead water. Other steamboats were constructed by other inventors, the entire number reaching fifteen. But none of them proved to be practical utility. After a series of successes and reverses on the working of steamboats, Fulton finally built the Clermont and on August 11, 1807, she began her journey from New York City to Albany.

The day of the trial was long to be remembered. Great crowds were gathered to jeer or cheer as failure or success should ensue. The passengers are on board, having paid fourteen dollars for the round trip. The wheels were started, the boat moved, cheers then rent the air. But suddenly the wheels ceased to revolve. Then groans and hisses were poured out by the excited bystanders. But now they move again, the boat swings out into the river, plows her way resolutely against wind and tide, and a mighty hurrah rends the air. The victory is won. She made the trip to Albany and back in seventy-two hours. The end for which poor John Fitch, who had died through poison taken in despair, and for which others had toiled in vain, was reached. The Clermont went up the river and into history, and Fulton's name became immortal.

The cut shows the primitive character of this first successful steamboat which stands in such marked contrast with "the floating palaces" of our lakes and rivers, and with those magnificent vessels of steel racing over the Atlantic in a few brief days.

"The pulses of whose iron hearts is beating through the storm."





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## THE STORY OF MILLET.

EDITED BY MRS. ALICE H. PUTMAN.

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ADAPTED FROM HELENA KAY'S TRANSLATION OF ALFRED SENSIER.

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NE morning last spring I went to the Kindergarten with a copy of L'Angelus, wondering whether the children would be interested in the picture that has given to the world such real happiness.

After the morning hymns, before the quiet light of the morning's greeting had passed into preparation for vigorous and joyous work I said: Look, children, at this beautiful picture, while Miss Bertha plays some sweet music, and see what you can find in it to tell me about, and then I will tell you a story about the man who painted it.

Full of interest the bright faces and sparkling eyes were turned to the picture (nothing better, dear friends, than the chromo (!) issued by Funk and Wagnall, but which because of the color element, was better for my purpose than an etching).—

While the music lasted, eyes were busy and tongues were quiet, and then one by one the children were called on to tell what they had found. Many details of meadow and cloud, light and shade, distance and foreground, work and rest; aye, even to the things which one feels rather than sees in this wonderful thing, green

in the consciousness of these little children, I said nothing, they saw and told what they saw, and then I told my story of the man who had given us the picture.

Jean Francis Millet was a little French peasant boy. Father and son for long years had ploughed and sown and reaped in the fields in a pleasant valley not far from the harbor of Cherbourg in Normandy, where our Francis was born. The father was a man whom everyone loved. Why? Because he had a heart full of love for everybody. He was tall, with dark curling hair, gentle eyes and beautiful hands that often would model animals, and draw pictures to amuse his children. Sometimes the villagers in their stories to each other would forget and use rough language, and say words that it was not nice for any one to hear, but if Nicolas Millet happened to come with the company, they would say, "Hush! here comes Millet; he would not like to hear us talk so, don't do it." He was a man so pure in his thoughts and so clean in his words that he made other people want to be so too. He loved trees and flowers and all of the beautiful things out of doors. He liked to sing too, and took a good deal of time to teach the village children to sing nicely in church.

Of course Francis loved his father very dearly, and he had an old uncle whom he loved almost as well. This old man had been a priest, but had gone back to live on the farm. He would never lay aside his long priest's coat, though, and could be seen often with his wooden shoes on guiding the plow with one hand, and holding in the other hand his little prayer book, reading as he worked. It was he who taught Francis to read, and perhaps that was one reason the boy and uncle were such fast friends.

His grandmama was very proud of little Francis, for he was the first grandson.

The old lady could never do enough for him. She would rock and cuddle him in her arms and sing to him all day. She would come to his bedside in the morning when it was "getting up time" and say gently, "Wake up, my little Francis; you don't know how long the birds have been singing the glory of God." And I can easily think how the sleepy eyes would brighten when they saw grandma's loving ones, and how the little arms and hands would make themselves into hooks and bands, and give grandma such a tight squeeze that she really could not get away from her dear boy.

When he was older Francis often wrote about what he used to think of while he was a little fellow. What do you suppose was one of the first things that he noticed? It was the way the dust of the room used to dance in the sunlight. Haven't you children seen it dancing up and

down in long slanting lines? Perhaps you have tried to catch it.

Another thing he remembered was going with his mother to see some new bells which were to be hung in the village church. He was a very little boy, and the bells seemed very big as they rested on the ground, and he stood up beside them. Some one who was next to them struck the largest bell with a great key. It gave out such a loud ringing sound, that it almost frightened the little boy who was close to it. He says that even after he was a man he could never forget that beautiful loud sound.

His grandmama once took him to see a lady who had some fine peacocks and he said he could not look hard enough at the beautiful eyes in the peacocks' tails.

Once upon a time he went to walk with his dear old uncle. He had grown big enough now to run quite fast, and he ran off with some other fellows to the sea shore. The uncle looked for him everywhere, and at last found him leaning far over the rocks trying to catch "bull heads" in the pools. Whether it was really a dangerous thing for him to do, I don't know, but his uncle thought it was, and called him to come up off the rocks at once. The cliff was quite steep and the little legs didn't clamber up fast enough, so the uncle took off his three-cornered hat and began beating Millet with it so hard that for a long time after, Francis was quite afraid of the sight of the hat.

Francis loved the sea, and spent much time near the shore. Some time I will tell you about a shipwreck that he saw, of which he has written.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to the church at Greenville to be confirmed.

He had a good many long hard lessons to learn, but though he couldn't very well learn words by heart, he used to think of what he studied, and give such good answers, that his teachers were well pleased with him. The priest wanted him to learn Latin, which would help him if ever he wanted to be a priest or a doctor, but Francis did not want to leave his family and study all the time. Still he did study a good deal. He loved poetry and every book that told stories of the woods and the sea and the clouds, was beautiful to him.

But after all, he was a peasant's son, and he had to work with his hands to help his father. He mowed, and spread hay, bound sheaves of grain, and was busy from morning until night. He had no time to play as you children have—no bicycle, no tennis, no base ball. Almost his

only pleasure was when the family was gathered together in the evening to talk over affairs with them, and to read the very few books that he could get. These were good books and they were read so often, even the Latin ones, that he knew them almost by heart.

His father had an old picture Bible and every day at noon while his papa took a nap, Francis would go into a room all by himself and try not only to copy the pictures, but draw the stables and garden or the fields and the sea, as he could see them.

The good father saw what his child was about and often when Francis thought him asleep, he would come on tip-toe and look over the boy's shoulder with great delight.

One day as he was coming home from church Francis saw a poor tired old man walking along the road. He watched the old, bent figure and when he reached home he took a lump of charcoal and drew a portrait of the old man—so good that his father and mother knew in a moment who it was meant for.

They were so pleased that the father said he would take Francis to Cherbourg soon and see whether he could draw well enough to earn his money in that way. They went to a great teach-

er, who said to the father, "Your child has the stuff of a great painter; you will be punished for having kept him back so long."

So it was settled that the boy was to learn to paint beautiful pictures and he left his home to study at the museum in Cherbourg and there he stayed until his father died and he had to come back to take care of the farm. For a time Francis tried to keep things going at the old home, but his grandmama knew what her son had wanted for his boy, so after a time they persuaded him to go back to Cherbourg.

He stayed there working and studying so busily that some of the townspeople said that he ought to go to a better school. But Francis had not the money, so the kind-hearted people who could see what a great painter this boy was likely to be, gave money and sent him to Paris. When he reached the great city he was very lonely and sad—so sad that the great tears rolled down his cheeks whenever he thought of his beautiful country and the dear home people. He cried so hard he had to stop at a street fountain and wash away his tears. He went to a little hotel and after he had eaten his last apple—for he had not any money to spend for food—he then went to bed.

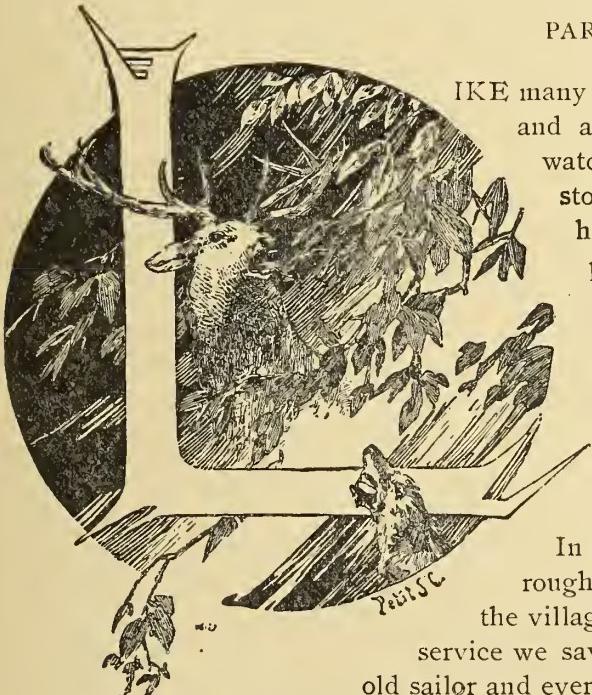




## THE STORY OF MILLET.

*Adapted from Helena Kav's Translation.*

### PART II.



LIKE many another boy Jean Francis Millet loved the sea and all that belonged to it. For hours he would watch the changing lights and shadows, and in storm or in sunshine it always seemed beautiful to him, and very early he began to want to make pictures which should tell of its power and the littleness and weakness of man.

In a book which tells the story of this great painter's life\* I found an account of a storm at sea, written by himself, which more than one child has read over and over again, and I will give parts of it to you in his own words:

"It was All Saints' Day, (November first.) In the morning we saw that the sea was very rough and every one said there would be trouble. All

the village people were in church; in the middle of the service we saw a man come in, dripping wet. He was an old sailor and every one knew him to be a brave fellow. He said

that as he came along shore, he saw several ships which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly be dashed to pieces on the rocks. 'We must go and help them,' said he, louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing to go, that we have only just time to put to sea to try to save them.' About fifty men offered to go, and without any more words followed the sailor. We got to the shore quickly, by climbing down the rocks, and there we saw a terrible sight—several vessels driven by the waves at frightful speed upon the rocks.

"The brave villagers shoved off their boats, but they hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sank, the second was also overturned, and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be of no use to the poor people in the ships.

"Meantime the vessels came nearer, and were only a short distance from our black rocks. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a black mass. \* \* \* An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain and wrapping the vessel brought her near, and a still higher

one, threw the vessel upon a rock level with the water. The sea was covered with wreckage. \* \* \* Our men with the old sailor at their head threw themselves into the water, and tried to save the poor drowning people. Many were brought back, but some were thrown on the rocks and badly bruised.

"But this was not all. A second ship approached.

"Everyone was on the deck which was full. We saw them all on their knees, and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a crash, but she held stanch and did not move. The waves beat against her but she did not budge. In an instant everyone put to sea for she was very near the shore. A boat was made fast alongside; one boat was filled instantly. One of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes and in half an hour everyone was on shore. \* \* \* She was an English ship and the man who had blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village and cared for. \* \* \*

"The tempest was terrific. Many ships were lost on the rocky coast. The wind was so violent that it carried off the roofs of many houses. The night was spent in defending the homes; some covered the thatched roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles, and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split, and the fields were covered with branches and leaves. \* \* \*

"Since that time I have seen many tempests, but none which have left with me such an image of destruction, such an impression of the littleness of man and of the power of the sea."

This great painter was a queer looking man. He often wore a brownish-grey overcoat, with a woolen cap like those which are sometimes worn by the French coachmen. This costume, with his long shaggy beard, made him look like some of the old time pictures. But underneath all the coarse clothes there was beating a very loving heart, and a brave one, too. His pictures did not at first bring much money, and the family were very very poor. At one time when he was ill, he had not even the clean linen which he needed. He worked so hard to keep the wolf from the door of the home that often he had severe illnesses. Once a friend found how the family was suffering and brought him some money. "It was twilight. Millet was in his studio. The room was freezing cold. He took the money and said, 'thank you, it comes in time. We have not eaten for two days, but until now the children have had food.'" Sometimes when he took his drawings to sell, people were insolent to him, and slammed the door in his face. He even exchanged his pictures for clothing. Six drawings went for a pair of shoes; a picture was given for a bedstead.

Although during the revolution, Millet carried a gun and had to take his place in the defense of his government, everything he saw in a soldier's life made him very sad. He longed for peace and the quiet life he knew so well, and when the trouble was over, he went back gladly to his palette and brush.

He loved to paint pictures of the peasants at their work, sowing, reaping, gleaning, carding wool, spinning—whatever they were doing. Millet tried to make his pictures tell the story. "I will do my work patiently and faithfully, without making any trouble about it, for somebody needs just this thing done, and it is my place to do it."

Millet himself worked in this honest patient way, and often had to wait many days before people would help him and his nine little children by buying his pictures. But after a while



LITTLE MILLET VISITING A SICK CHILD.

brighter days came. Some artists saw what true and simple and healthful stories his pictures told, and people began to want them.

About this time he painted the "Angelus," which has been more admired perhaps than almost any picture we have had in this country, and this is the story it tells: A man and woman have worked all day in the fields, and about sunset there comes over the fields the sweet sound of the evening bell from the little church far off. To the people in that country, (and in many others) this bell sings a sweet song, for it makes them think of the promise that the Father in heaven made to one of his children, that a Savior would come, and call all the weary and heavy laden hearts to himself and give them rest. So wherever and whoever his children are, whether they are big or little, they stop their work and while they listen to the bell, they lift their thoughts to the dear God who never forgets them.

At first people did not seem to know how beautifully Millet had made his pictures tell the story, but after awhile artists began to see how the setting sun, the clouds and grassy fields as well as the figures of the men and women, all told of rest from labor, and praise to the Lord for all that He has made, and then the picture was sold for a great deal of money.

But the brave, sad heart and the tired head of Francis Millet had found rest, and it was not until a good many years after his death that people really found the true story of *all* his pictures, and learned to value them for the lessons they teach.

## HOME BRILLIANTS.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR S. R. WISCHELL.

### HOME ETIQUETTE FOR GIRLS.



NE hardly likes the word "etiquette" when the question is that of being kind and lovely in one's own family. Yet if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, 'no harm would be done. What true gentleman would treat his mother or his sister with less courtesy than he would a chance acquaintance? No one would greatly respect a boy whose custom it was to let his sister trot about on his errands—run upstairs for his handkerchief, fly hither and thither to bring his bat or his racket. I well remember the surprise of a young lady when, in a certain family, the brother sprang up to light the gas for his sister, and when the latter attempted

to put some coal on the open fire, quickly took the hod from her hand and did the work himself.

"You wouldn't catch my brother being so polite to me!" she said.

"So much the more shame to your brother!" I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a certain care over his sister, even if she be older than he. As a rule, he is physically stronger, and consequently better able to bear the burdens of life than she. There is nothing more charming than the chivalrous protection which some boys (bless them!) lavish on their fortunate "women folk." And nothing is so attractive to other girls as to see a boy gentle and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would never be so rude as to fail to acknowledge any courtesy which your brother paid you? If you would deem it extremely unladylike not to thank any person who gave up his seat in the horse-car to you, or who helped you across an icy spot on the sidewalk,



## FOR THE BOYS.

LISTEN, my boy, I've a word  
for you,  
And this is the word: Be true! Be  
true!  
At work or at play, in darkness or  
light,  
Be true, be true, and stand for the  
right.

List, little girl, I've a word for  
you,  
'Tis the very same word: Be true!  
Be true!  
For truth is the sun, and falsehood  
the night;  
Be true, little maid, and stand for  
the right.

you would blush to be less grateful for a similar kindness on the part of your brother. If he is ready to place a chair or to open a door for you, to make sure that you have an escort after dark, to take off his hat to you on the street, to ask you to dance with him at a party, surely you are eager to please him. To sew on a stray button, or mend a rip in his gloves; to thank him for taking pains to call for you and bring you home from a friend's house; to bow as politely to him, and to accept him for a partner with the same pleasant smile which you would have for someone else's brother.

A boy should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be one place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is in his own home.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### FOR BOYS.

**O**NE day I saw a boy come into the house, and, giving his sister a shove, he exclaimed in a loud, rude tone, "Here, get out of this, can't you?" and then crowding against her he said, "Move when you're told, can't you?" The little girl moved out of the room, but I saw her lip quiver and heard her say, "He does not care who hears him speak so." I knew how deeply her feelings were wounded, and I thought, "I wonder if that boy does not care for his sister's love."

Boys, if you wish your sisters to love and try to please you, you must be polite, must treat them with the same kindness, consideration and respect you do other girls.

I always judge of a boy or young man by his actions toward his mother or sisters; for, depend upon it, a boy unkind to his sisters or disrespectful to his mother will never know what true politeness is, and will miss much of the sweetness out of his life; for go where he will, he will find no friends so loving, or whose friendship will be so lasting as those of his own home. Boys, if you have a good home you cannot value it too highly; if a loving mother and kind sister, you cannot prize them too dearly. The boy who is not too proud or sullen to make known his wishes in a cheerful, considerate way, not forgetting his

"please" and "thank you," and who makes it a part of his every-day life to be kind, obliging and painstaking, as opportunity requires, will gain a lasting place in the affections of his loved ones, will increase his self-respect, and will gain the respect and esteem of those with whom he associates. Boys, get the love of God into your hearts; it will guard you against not only these, but all other evils, and eventually bring you to a sweet rest in heaven.—*Florence.*

#### THE HOMELESS SINGER.

**O**N a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside.

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said: "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said: "Charity, good sir; for Christ's sake!"

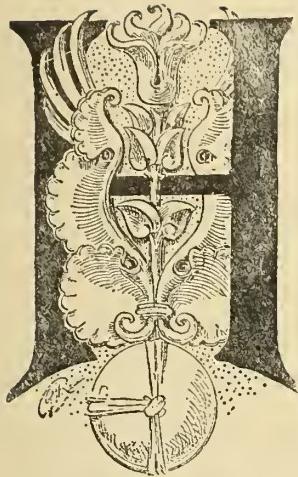
"Come in, my little one," said he; "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. He was given some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant face that they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible from which he learned the way of life. He became the great preacher and reformer, Martin Luther. Little did Conrad and Ursula think of what they were doing when they cared for this "least of these, my brethren."—*Selected.*

# A BROKEN PANE.

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HENRY BENTLY was playing in front of Mr. Moss's door, when he unfortunately threw a stone and broke a large window. Looking with dismay at the shattered pane, he exclaimed in terror, "Oh, what shall I do? Papa will punish me, and Mr. Moss will probably put me in jail."

Then a sudden thought arose: "Perhaps he could run away and never be blamed for the accident," and he was about to act on this thought, when another and a better one presented itself, "Papa always tells me to be honest. And that would not be honest. Someone else would be blamed, and that would be very unfair. Oh, dear, how dreadful it is!" and with that, Harry rushed up the neighbor's steps and gave the bell so violent a pull that the maid of the kitchen came running out to see what was the matter. "Is Mr. Moss at home?" asked Harry, looking flushed and guilty.

"Yes, and he is that!" answered Bridget, leading the boy into her master's presence, and then returned to her work.

"Oh, Mr. Moss," cried poor Harry, "I have broken one of your front windows. Please don't tell my father and I will work and pay for it!"

Mr. Moss was a kind man, and saw at once that the boy before him had conquered a strong temptation in confessing himself to be the author of the mischief; therefore he laid a soothing hand upon his head and said, "Don't be alarmed, Harry, my boy, but tell how the accident occurred?"

"I—just—threw—a—stone—and—it—hit—the—window—and—I—didn't—mean—to!" the frightened boy said.

"I believe you, my lad, don't cry. You need not pay for the window. I am pleased to know that my small neighbor, whom I have scarcely ever noticed, is so honest. I think this accident may make us friends."

Harry, smiling through his tears, said once more, "But I want to pay for the window, Mr. Moss. Papa always expects me to pay him when I carelessly break anything of his, and he will expect me to pay you."

"Well, my little man, that pane of glass is worth a dollar including the setting, and if you come down to my store for four afternoons this week, after school is over, I will allow you twenty-five cents each time for running errands for me, and as it is a busy week, I shall be glad of the help."

"I shall be only too happy if papa is willing," replied the relieved boy."

After a little further conversation, Harry returned to his home and obtained the ready consent of his papa to work out the debt, which he did.

Harry's parents were poor, but Mr. Moss had ample means. In his kind heart the gentleman resolved to befriend his noble little neighbor all in his power.

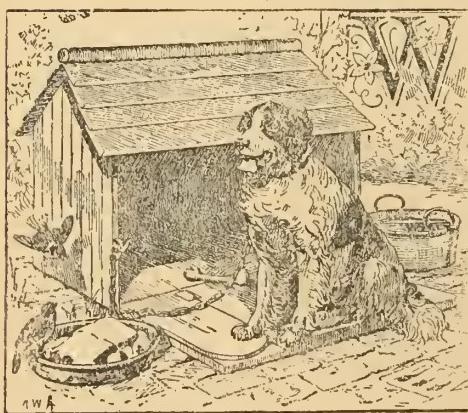
Therefore, from Harry's honesty sprang forth the most unexpected fruit. A new suit of clothes came first, and after this numberless gifts, such as the boy and his parents could both appreciate and enjoy, and Harry realized that right doing brings a rich reward.

We may not always reap a reward in this world's goods for honesty and truthfulness, but we will gain the Lord's blessing. We can never gain anything by wrong doing, for the "face of the Lord is against them that do evil."

Therefore, let all our young readers be like Harry, honest and truthful, even when it requires great bravery to be so.



#### TOWSER AT THE BAR.



HAT may be considered one of the most remarkable trials on record took place recently in Boston, Massachusetts. It was that of a dog on trial for his life. Perhaps such a trial was impossible outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts' curious laws. The event filled to overflowing the municipal court with eager spectators. His honor, Judge Curtis, presided.

The defendant, Towser, a handsome setter, belonging to one Nathan Simmons, a South End resident, was charged with having a vicious and savage

disposition, "dangerous to the peace and bodily weal of the good citizens of this Commonwealth."

To prove this one Hilmuth Hess swore that the dog had bitten him without provocation and he wanted the handsome animal killed. Towser's owner demurred and the court summoned Towser to prove his good character, and he was forthwith brought into court and installed in the pen.

His master retained able counsel for him, and amid the titter of the audience and the smiles of Judge Curtis the trial began.

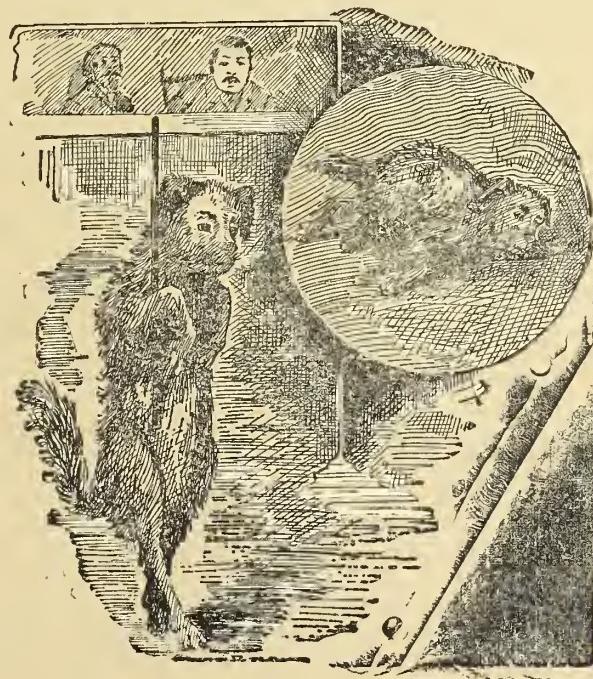
The plaintiff told how he was bitten, but acknowledged that he had provoked Towser by teasing him. Others came forward, and gave evidence of Towser's good qualities. Then the prisoner himself was brought forward in his own behalf.

At various commands he played dead, walked on his hind legs about the room, stood on his head, shouldered arms, whined dismally in imitation of a song, and wound up by marching up the steps to the Judge's desk on his hind legs and shaking hands with his Honor.

The latter was greatly amused, and, without hesitating, said, amid cheers, "Towser, you are a peaceable and orderly canine."

"I give judgment in your behalf and dismiss you, the plaintiff paying the costs."

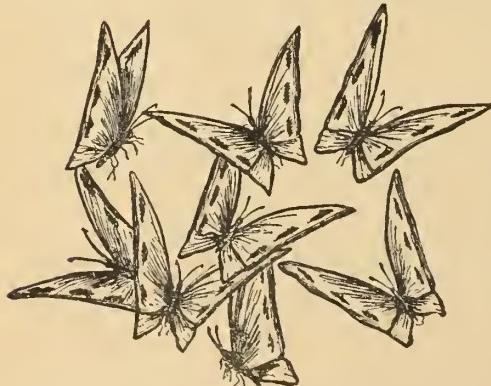
Leaving the room, the dog received an ovation.



**I**T is said that Psyche (the soul) gave her name to a butterfly, because, like the butterfly, when freed from its chrysalis in which it had been imprisoned, it wafted its way through the light, soaring above earth.

Psyche was the daughter of a great and powerful king, and was very beautiful. The fame of her beauty awoke the jealousy and hatred of Venus, the goddess of love, and she began to think of a plan by which she could get rid of her rival. So Venus told her little son, Cupid, to visit the princess and send one of his unerring darts through her heart, that she might be inspired to love some contemptible man or common man. Cupid took his bow and arrows and proceeded to the home of the princess, intending to obey his mother. But when he saw the little maiden, he thought only of her beauty, and resolved to carry her off to a happy valley where he could have her for a play-fellow. So he took her away to a fairy palace in a vale of paradise, where they spent many happy hours together without fear or care. But there was one drawback to their enjoyment. Psyche was not permitted to look at her little comrade with her mortal eyes; she could only see him with the eyes of the soul. Even this would not have troubled her if her envious sisters had not continuously urged her to look at him and find out who he was. Yielding to the temptation she took a lamp one night and stole into the room where Cupid lay asleep, and what was her surprise, when she saw Cupid, the god of love.

So alarmed was she at the discovery she had made that she let a drop of hot oil fall on his shoulder. He awoke, and finding that she had disobeyed his express command, left her alone, to



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T h e n  
Psy che  
set ou t  
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playmate, and she wandered over many lands,

searching for him everywhere. At last she came to the palace where the goddess-mother lived, and begged to see her little friend. But Venus made a servant of her and gave her hard work to do. After awhile the goddess sent her down to the infernal regions, under the earth, where lived dread Pluto and his bride, to get a box of beauty's ointment. This was a great task, but Psyche took the box back to Venus and sweetly opened it for her, that the goddess might become more beautiful than ever. But the ointment had such a powerful odor that Psyche fainted and fell to the floor. Cupid could no longer resist her faithful love for him and ran to her help and brought her back to life. The anger of Venus was appeased. Since by using the ointment she could become as beautiful as Psyche, she no longer had any cause to be jealous. So she told Cupid not to shun

Psyche any longer, and their marriage was celebrated in the presence of the gods with great rejoicings. Roses were scattered before them and a rose-tree grew up near them, for the rose is a symbol of the beauty of love. And now, when artists paint a picture of Psyche, they give her the wings of the butterfly,

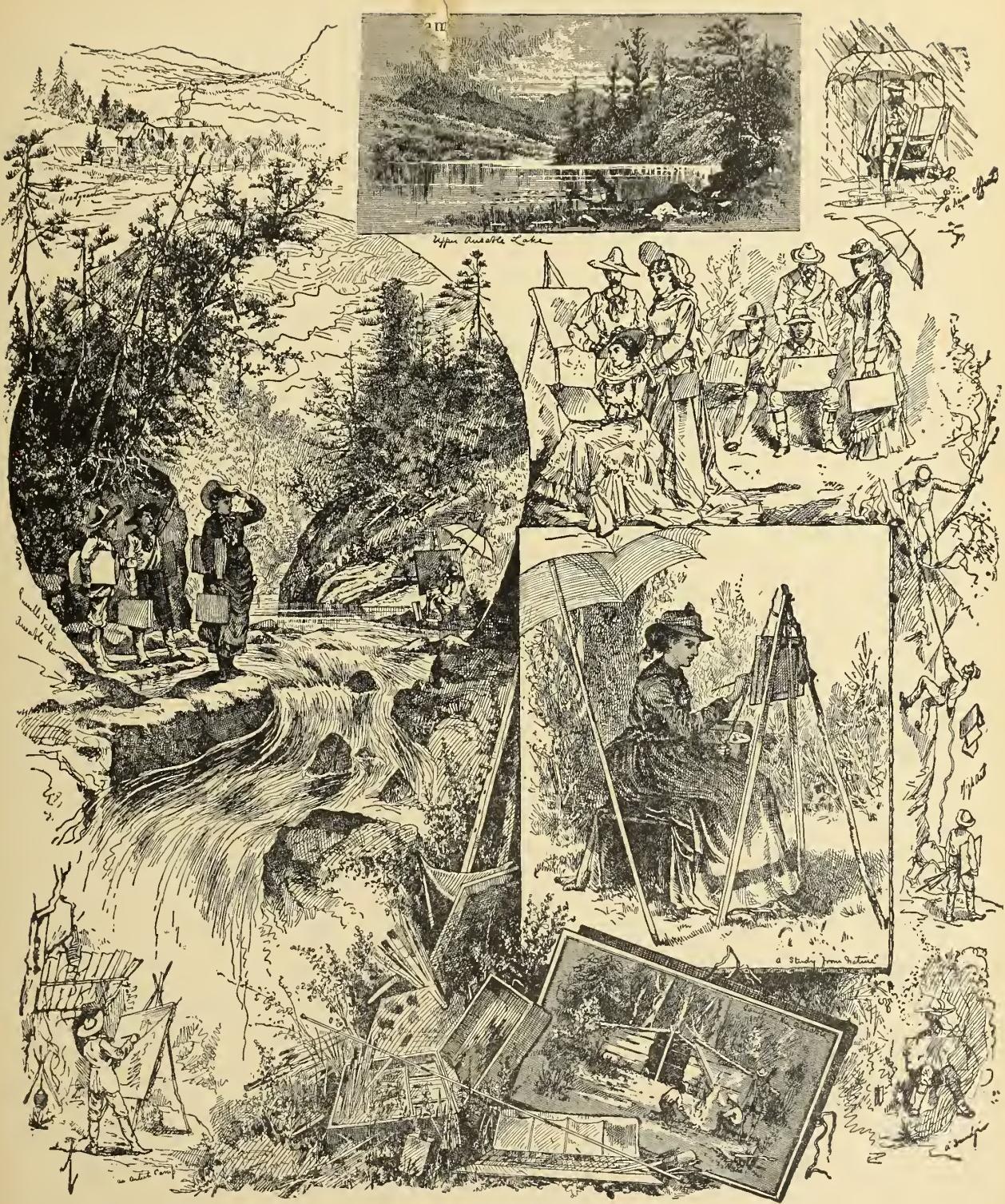


because they  
are beautiful  
and because  
the soul  
seeks the  
freedom of  
the air; and  
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ankles because the soul may be chained by love. Sometimes they paint Cupid riding on a lion, because love  
geous and  
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of the purity of a soul wedded to love.



A SUMMER VACATION.

# A STORY OF ROCKS, WAVES AND SUNSHINE.

ADAPTED FROM OVID BY MARY E. BURT.

**T**HREE is a gleam on the water on a sunny day and a long bright path when the moon comes up at night. The sea weeds shine when they are cast up wet on the shore as if they carried part of this radiance with them. We have heard of a rock out in the sea, a great bare rock over which the gleaming waves continually break. They rush toward it and encircle it with their shining arms, and they wash the green seaweed upon it until one might, in imagination, paint the picture of a great sea-god with a green beard and gleaming eyes endeavoring to clasp some lone water-nymph to his heart.

There was a youth who wandered on the shore near this rock. Sometimes he would drag the net up and down the shore and sweep up many fishes into its meshes. Or he would spring to the rock and catch fish with a line. There was a verdant meadow close to the shore, one part of which was surrounded with water and the other with a kind of a grass which the horned cattle would not eat nor would the sheep or goats touch it. The bees did not collect honey from it and the mowers had never cut it. One day when the youth had caught many fish, he sat down on the grass, and, after putting his net to dry, laid the fishes in rows that he might count them. Some of the fishes he had taken with the hook and they were hurt, others he had driven into his net and they were choked in their struggles. As soon as the fish touched the grass they seemed endued with new life. They began to move about, and shift from side to side and after a little they began to skip about on the land and then they danced off into the sea and left their new master alone on the land.

The young man was astonished and wondered

what could be the cause of this; whether some Divinity had done it or whether the fishes had eaten some enchanted herb. "What herb," said the youth to himself, "could have such magical power?" With that he plucked some of the grass and chewed it but he had hardly swallowed it before he felt himself possessed of the nature of a different creature. He began to dance about and soon he seemed to be obliged to leap into the sea. As he leaped forth he cried out, "Farewell, oh beautiful land! I shall never visit thee again!" and he plunged under the waters. The gods of the sea received him with honors, and they entreated old Ocean to wash away from him all signs of mortality. So the ocean purified him and the gods repeated a charm over him nine times, to take away all his earthly sins, and they commanded him to dive below a hundred streams. This he did and whole seas came pouring over his head, and he fell asleep. When he awoke he found that his body was entirely different from his former body and he was not the same in mind. He had a long green beard and flowing hair which swept over his huge shoulders and floated on the waves like sea-weeds. His arms were the color of the sky above and his body was like that of a fish. He had become a sea-god and they called him Glaucus, the Gleaming-Eyed. As he swam about in the calm sea he looked like the path of light which you see on the lake on a bright summer morning. And when it stormed he let his white sea-horses rove over the billows for he was the master of the steeds of the sea.

It happened as Glaucus was swimming about in the waters one day that a lovely sea-nymph wandered along the shore and when Glaucus saw

her he rushed toward her as a great gleaming wave hurries toward the shore. His green beard and his long flowing locks floating loosely on the waves; one might have thought that the waters had gathered up all the sea-weeds and sea grasses for miles around. When the nymph, whose name was Scylla, saw him coming toward her she was frightened and ran along the shore as fast as she could, hoping to escape him. And Glaucus called out to her, "Oh, beautious maiden, I am not a monster but a sea-king. I pray thee look upon me with kindness, and if thou wilt be my bride I will give thee a red-gold throne down in the ocean palace which is my home." But Scylla was as badly scared as ever when she heard his loud voice, so she sped along until she reached the top of the mountain, close to the shore.



In front of the sea, there is a huge ridge which ends in one bare pointed rock. This rock bends for a long distance over the sea and it has no trees upon it. Here she stood secure and looked at the god, admiring his color and his flowing hair with great wonder. Then he told her his story but she still feared him, and she hid away from him in the dark cave in the rock.

And Glaucus flung himself up onto the rocks tried to climb over their watery stones that he might find Scylla but he could not hold on, the rocks were so slippery. He swam about here and there among the crags but he could not even glance for one moment into the cave where the

nymph was hiding. Then Glaucus thought of a sunny faced goddess who lived on an island covered with grassy hills. She was the daughter of Sun and Ocean, and her name was Circe. By the sunshine which radiated from her own face she could light up the darkest cave and see into all of its secret corners. She lived in a great palace of white marble, as grand as the marble-white towers which the clouds seem to form in the sky after a rain. Her halls were filled with wild beasts. They loved to lie at her feet and let her caress them with her warm hand just as the lion loves to lie down and rest in the sun shine. She knew all sorts of charms and could cause clouds to rise from the sea and flowers to spring from the ground. She could wave the magic wand over the ripening grape and instil a charm into its juices, by which she could turn men into wild beasts.

So Glaucus stabled in the sea caves, the wild white steeds which had been committed to his care and he left the field of the Cyclops and the mountain which rests on a giant's jaws and went swimming away to find the island of Circe. His green beard and long hair floated all about on the water and his huge hands were spread out to pull himself over the gleaming path which the sun threw before him. When Glaucus arrived at the island of Circe and beheld the goddess he said to her: "Oh, lovely goddess, daughter of the Sun, I pray thee pity me in trouble. I beseech thee to come to the rock and light up the cave wherein the beautiful Scylla has hidden herself. And wilt thou teach her to be friendly to the sea-waves strewn with grasses and thy servant Glaucus who must ever be lonely if she frowns upon him, for hatred is cold and hard to bear." then Circe, the daughter of the golden Sun cast the radiance of her face upon him and answered, "If Scylla be cold and hard like the rock and frowns upon thee, do thou remain here in my kingdom. The radiance of the Sun shall be thine and kindly smiles and warm friendship."

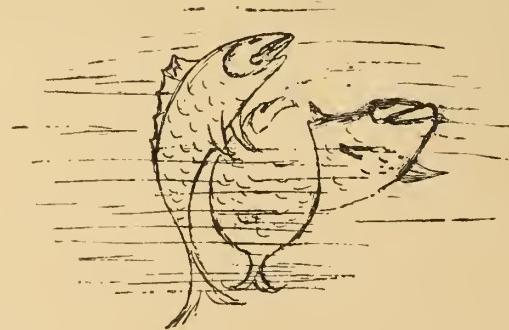
But Glaucus made a scornful reply. "Sooner shall foliage grow in the ocean, sooner shall seaweed grow on the tops of mountains than I shall cease to love Scylla. The cruel rock wherein she hides is better than thy warm halls."

The goddess was angry when she heard these words and she put on her azure vestments and taking the juices of poisonous plants with her, she stepped out into the boiling waters. She walked with bare feet along on the waves as firmly as if she were walking on dry land; wherever her feet touched the sea rain clouds rose into the sky.

Now there was a little bay curving in the shape of a bow among the secret places of the rocks where Scylla went to bathe when the sun was highest in the heavens. Circe found this little bay and threw the poisoned juices into it, saying to herself, "Since Glaucus scorns the warmth and sunlight of the halls of Circe, he shall be scorned by the nymph whom he loves." Circe said some strange words of magic over the waters and then she departed. Hardly had she gone when Scylla, not knowing that the waters had been charmed, stepped into the bay to take a bath. No sooner had she plunged beneath the waters than she

found herself changing into a horrible rock full of ugly caves, a rock as cold and hard as the rock which frowned down upon the sea. And she found herself surrounded by frightful dogs, barking and biting, and when she put her hand down to drive them away she could not; they had taken up their abode in the caves and had become a part of herself. Their mouths were open and their jaws ready to devour all who came in their way and they barked continually. And there Scylla stands now, just as she stood ages and ages ago and the dogs are barking at Glaucus day and night. The poisoned waters keep on working their charms and the waters in the little bay rise and give Scylla a bath at noontide.

And now you may tell me whether there is any better way of telling about sea-weeds and sea-waves and tides, paths of light on the water, the beating of rocks by the waters—to form sea-waves—and the action of the Sun and his golden rays.





## THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

SING hey, sing ho, for the first of May,  
When the hawthorn's in bloom and the meadows  
are gay,  
And the children are dancing away the hours.

AH

Sing hey, sing ho, for the Queen of the May,  
As they crown her with garlands and bear her away,  
And throne her at last 'mid the wood's leafy bowers.

Sing hey, sing ho, for the Queen of the May,  
Who's as good as she's pretty—a grand thing to say—  
And as humble and sweet as sweet meadow flowers!  
Sing hey, sing ho, for the Queen of the May—  
The Queen of the May!

# THE LITTLE CAPTIVES.

MARY ALLEN WEST.



N a cold day in December, 1795, Robert McMahon was chopping wood near his log cabin, five miles from New Design, Illinois. The spring before he had come to that settlement from Kentucky; he was an

adventurous fellow, with a frontiersman's hatred of living near neighbors, so he roamed through the woods for days, hunting for a place to locate. When he saw this spot—"The sun never shone on a purtier place," he said, and he was not far out of the way. It was a glade, surrounded by dense woods, studded with a few grand old trees, making it look like a well-kept park. Wooded hills protected it on the north and west, and just where they sloped into the glade, a spring burst out of the hillside, its waters forming a brook that babbled and sung all the day, like a happy child.

"Jest the place to build a cabin for Molly and the babies," said Robert, as he drove his walking stick down, a score of feet from the spring, and started back to New Design, blazing a path through the woods as he went. But the wise old settlers shook their heads, when he told them of his purpose to build his cabin out by the spring, five miles from anybody.

"The Injuns will get ye, sure," they declared. But this doughty Kentuckian thought himself a match for any number of Indians, and so the cabin was built by the spring, with the help of his kind-hearted, though protesting, neighbors.

To it, on a bright June day, he brought Molly and the children—half a dozen of them, from the nine-years-old twins, Polly and Patsy, to baby Bob in his cradle.

What fun those children had through the long,

bright days of that happy summer! They must not go into the woods, for fear of the Indians; but the glade, with its spring and brook, its flowers, its mosses for their play-house carpets, and its other woodsey treasures, was enough for them, and they were always within sight and call of their watchful mother. They floated chips in the brook, gathered ferns and flowers to decorate the cabin and their play-house, made mud pies, set table with acorn cups for dishes, and romped with their never-failing friend, little dog Tray, "A good-fur-nuthin fist, so fur as huntin goes," their father declared, "but powerful fond uv the children." And their mother felt safe to have Tray with them, for she knew he would give quick warning of danger, if he could not avert it. No danger came, however, and the happy summer passed all too quickly, the children thought, busy with their play and their work, for like most pioneer children, these had helpful hands, always ready for work, in-doors or out. "I could not keep house without the twins," their mother often said, and at seven years old Jack was his father's "right hand man."

On the day our story opens, Mr. McMahon was chopping wood near the cabin, with his back to the wooded hill close by, against which his New Design friends had warned him. "It makes a good wind-break," was all the reply he gave to their caution against building so near to what might prove an Indian ambush. The summer had passed without any signs of Indians, and if Robert had ever felt any apprehensions on that score, they were all gone now, as he chopped away lustily, occasionally whistling a bar or two when he had breath to spare.

Inside, his wife was setting the table for dinner; Polly was tugging away at a churn-dasher taller than herself; Patsey was watching a corn-cake browning before the fire, on an inclined

board; Jack was rocking the cradle in which Bob was dropping off to sleep, with long-suffering Tray snuggled up in his arms, while Sally and Tom were building cob-houses in the corner.

"Tommy, run tell Pap dinner is ready," said the mother. Tom jumped up and ran to the door; as he opened it, something big and black confronted him—the swift blow of a tomahawk fell, and he lay dead before he could "call Pappy." One horrified glance through the open door was all that was granted to poor Mrs. McMahon. Polly and Patsey alone were spared, and they, with their father, were hurried into captivity.

Like a thunderbolt the savages had leapt out of the woods upon the defenseless family, and like a flash of lightning they were gone. When safe in the covert of the thick woods, they halted long enough to bind Robert's arms securely behind him, and place him as far as possible from the children, whom a big Indian led with either hand; then in Indian file they took up their march for their village, two days' journey to the northeast.

Imagine what that journey must have been to these little captives. It was bitterly cold, and they had been hurried off without hoods or wrappings; the ground was rough and hard frozen, their path led through the woods where roots and stumps bruised their feet, and briars tore their flesh. Soon their feet were bleeding, but their hearts bled more sorely, for the vision of their murdered mother and the children, was ever before them.

The fury which possessed their captors during the massacre cooled down, and they seemed to feel kindly to the children; the one who led them, tried to show them by signs that he would not hurt them, and he wrapped deerskin thongs around the torn shoes, to protect their bleeding feet. He offered them some bits of dried venison, but the poor little ones were too sad to eat. A pity it was, too, for this was all the food the Indians had. It was eaten ravenously by them, when the little girls refused it, and none of them had any thing more to eat for two days.

The poor father was almost worse off than the little ones, for he must see their sufferings, with no power to help or even cheer them, as he was not

allowed to speak to his children. He was given no food for four days, and his heart was breaking for his wife and children left dead on the cabin floor. A certain fearful looking-for of evil, haunted him. He knew enough of the Indian "lingo" to understand from their talk, that they intended to burn him at the stake, when they reached their village, to revenge the death of some of their braves, killed in battle with the whites.

On they went, straight through the woods, crossing the Prairies du Long Creek, and not stopping till they reached Richland creek, near where Belleville now stands; here they camped for the night. The worn-out children soon sobbed themselves into a sleep, from which they often started with pitiful cries, as the scenes of the day were repeated in dreams.

But even this poor respite was denied their father; his mind was too busy and his body too much in pain, for sleep. To prevent his escape, his captors took off his shoes and most of his clothes, placing them under an Indian to make sure he could not get them; around his waist was fastened a belt, finely wrought with porcupine quills, and little bells, which jingled whenever he moved; he was then bound down to the ground so tightly he could not stir, and one of the Indians lay down on either side of him.

There he lay, through all that dreadful night, trying to plan escape for his little girls and himself. What could he do? If alone, it would be hard enough to escape, to get them away was impossible. Could he leave them in the hands of the savages, even for the sake of a possible rescue? That was the question with which Robert McMahon struggled all that night and all the next miserable day.

All the next day they traveled; how the little captives stood it, we can not imagine, except it be that "their angels which do always behold the face of their Father," sustained and guarded them, and I believe that God brought them, as He did Daniel, into favor with their captors. Certain it is that Polly and Patsey did keep up bravely and struggled on, much to the admiration of their guard, who showed in many ways, his kindly feeling toward them.

Their father noticed this and it decided the per-

plexing question for him; he could do nothing for his children by staying. They had evidently won the regard of the leader, who would look out for them; by escaping, he could bring men from the settlements to rescue the children; by staying, he could do nothing, and it meant death by torture for himself. He would make the trial, praying God to give him success. If only he could have told his brave little daughters his plans, it would have been a great comfort; but this was impossible, and perhaps, better so; they could hardly have helped betraying their knowledge, and that might have been their death.

The second night they camped near the head waters of Sugar Creek, not far from where Lebanon now stands, and a heavy snow-storm came on; this favored Robert's plans, as the snow would cover his tracks and hinder the Indians' following him. He was tied and secured as before, but in the night managed to slip the cords off his wrists and untie those round his body. Most of his clothes had been taken off, and were beneath a sleeping Indian, but with the few left, he muffled the bells in his belt and was just ready to steal off, when the man beside him woke, sat up and looked over his prisoner. Seeing nothing amiss, for you may be sure Mr. McMahon made no move, he lay down and was soon sleeping soundly, when Robert crept cautiously out from between the sleeping men. He tried to secure either his own shoes or the moccasins of the Indian, but failed, and so was forced to set out on that perilous journey, bare-footed, half naked and famishing.

Meanwhile, the people of New Design knew nothing of the tragedy. A messenger had come, trying to tell the news, but they did not understand his language; it was the children's playmate, little dog Tray. Just before sundown he appeared on their streets, barking and whining piteously; when he thus attracted attention, he would run toward home, and in the best dog-fashion, implore them to follow. But no one would follow, and after many trials he went away, only to return the next day, and the next, without being able to move any one by his piteous pleadings. The fourth morning, good Mother Judy saw the poor dog, and understood his appeal. "That dog wants ye to go with

him, and ye'd better go," she said to her husband. He did go, and the "fist" led him straight to the cabin. He returned, and with tears streaming down his face, told what he saw there. His neighbors went back with him, and buried the mother and her four children in one grave, on the spot whose beauty had cost them so dear.

That evening the whole settlement came together in the block-house, and held funeral services for the poor family. Just as the exercises closed, Mr. McMahon, haggard, barefoot, nearly naked, his hands and feet frozen, his body torn and bleeding, staggered into the house, and sunk into a chair.

It was like an apparition from the dead, and no one recognized him at first. But Tray lay before the fire near him. He gave one look into his master's face, and sprang to Robert, who clasped him in his arms as all that was left him, and shed over Tray the tears he was not permitted to weep over his dead. Strong men wept with him, and it was long before any were calm enough to tell the story of their death or of their burial. When at length it was told, and the bereaved man knew that his loved ones had received Christian burial, and lay side by side in the grave, he bowed his head submissively, and said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

When the Indians woke in the morning, and found that Mr. McMahon had escaped, they were furious, and some wished to kill Polly and Patsey. But their guard said, "no, they are my daughters; you shall not kill them;" he was their chief, and they obeyed him.

To the children, at first it seemed the most terrible thing of all that their father should go away and leave them: soon, however, brave, trusting little Polly dried her tears and comforted her sister. "Pappy will surely come back with men enough to take us from the Injuns," she said; and so he did. I have not time to tell you all about it, but you may be sure that their father never rested till he had collected men in New Design and Prairie du Rocher, and rescued Polly and Patsey.

I am sorry my story is so sad, but it is a true story; hearing it may make us understand better what dangers the pioneers braved in laying foundations for this State of Illinois we love so well.



AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

# MRS. VESPA.



NE warm morning in spring, after the snow had melted, and left the ground quite bare, an old wasp flew out of a little hole on the side of a bank. She was lame, for she had been cuddled up in such a tiny corner all winter that she could n't use her wings much. They were so stiff that at first she could hardly fly. But after moving about in the sun, and warming herself thoroughly, she felt better, and hurried off to find a place to start a new home.

Presently she spied a little hole where some field mice had lived. She flew into it, looked all about, and thought: "Now this is a very nice place. I can make the hall longer, and down there at the end of it is a lovely place for a nursery. It needs a good cleaning and papering; but that I can easily do."

After Mrs. Vespa (this was the wasp's name) had once made up her mind to do a thing, she generally went about it pretty quickly, and she worked steadily, too. So now, while she stood in the doorway, although it was rather dark, her bright eyes spied some bits of old potato and turnip, some dirty moss, and other rubbish that the mouse had left when she moved, and Mrs. Vespa began at once to carry it out. She gathered it all up into little heaps, and pushed it out of the hole with her strong jaws. Then she began lengthening the hall, carrying every bit of the earth out herself, for she was all alone.

She made the passage about an inch wide, and eighteen inches long; but she decided that it must not run straight to the nursery, but go in a zigzag direction, that no one might reach her babies to harm them. This room at the end of the winding hall was to be nice and large—about twenty inches across the widest part. It is true there were no windows in it; but that was all the bet-

ter for the baby grubs, for the light would n't hurt their eyes.

After it was dug out the right size, Mrs. Vespa began to wonder how she could get the paper for the walls and ceiling. There was no place where she could buy the right kind; so she said she would make the paper as well as paste it on. She flew out of the darkness to an old decayed oak post, which stood in a garden near by, and with her mandibles (as wasp's teeth are called) began to tear off little tiny splinters; and these she would again tear until they were like very fine threads of wool, about a quarter of an inch long. These she gathered into little bundles, and bruised them by trampling on them until they were matted together, though they were still quite dry.

"Now," said Mrs. Vespa, "that's about all I can carry at one time. I'll take this load home and come back for more."

But, just as she was flying off, a gentleman, who had been wondering what she was doing, caught her, so that he could look closely at her package. He had seen the inside of a wasp's house, and wondered where they got their bluish gray paper to line it with; and he thought he would make Mrs. Vespa tell him. But she did n't treat him very politely. Instead of waiting till the gentleman had done examining her little load of wood, she squirmed about and stung his hand badly. That was enough to make him drop her at once; and off she flew, terribly frightened, to her new house. She kept tight hold of her precious bundle till she got safely into the hall, and then dropped it on the floor. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "that great giant of a man has frightened me so that I can't work any more. It was n't very kind to sting him as I did, for I don't believe he meant to hurt me, after all; but, then, he must keep his hands off from me! I have n't time to stop for people to look at me."

After resting a little till she got over the fright, she jumped on the bits of wood, and dampening them with some juices from her own body, she kneaded them with her feet, and chewed them till the lump was like smooth paste.

"Now, I call that good," she said to herself, "and it's all ready to be spread on the walls." So taking as much of it as she could easily carry, she flew to the ceiling, and, walking backwards and forwards, she spread it all over as far as it would go. Then she got some more, and put that on, too, working downward all the time. "Yes, that's very good paper," she thought; "but its no thicker than tissue paper, and won't hinder the sand and earth from falling into those precious cradles that I'm going to have in here. I must have another layer."

So she flew back to the old post, looking carefully to see if "the giant," as she called the gentleman, was anywhere near. She saw nobody; for the man had gone to tie his hand up in some wet earth, to take out the pain of the sting, and Mrs. Vespa had no trouble in getting all the material she needed for fifteen layers of paper. These sheets were not pasted on flat and close, as our walls are papered, for this little worker thought it would be better and warmer for the babies if she should leave a little space for air between the middle and edges of each layer; it would be softer, too, in case she should bump her head while working fast.

After the house was done, it was time to get the furniture in. The furniture was nothing but little six-sided cribs, like those the baby bees sleep in, only deeper. There were to be rows and rows of these cribs, for she meant to have a great many children.

She now made some very strong paper posts, large at each end, and small in the middle. There were about thirty of these. One end of the post was fastened to the ceiling; to the other was fastened a round, hanging floor, made of the paper; and on this floor were the cribs, just as close together as they could be packed.

"Now I can put my eggs in their places, and how glad I am!" thought Mrs. Vespa. "I'll fill

the little cribs first, and, while the grubs are hatching, I'll be getting some food ready for them."

So the eggs were laid, in such a way, that when the grubs came out, their heads were downward. For the little mother laid the food for each baby at the bottom of its bed, so that the little thing could reach it by itself.

In a few weeks all Mrs. Vespa's children had grown as large and as strong as herself, so that they were able to help her make more cribs. As fast as one perfect wasp came out, the cell was nicely cleaned and a new egg was laid in it; and the mother wasp soon found that, instead of being alone, she had ever so many children and grandchildren, all living in the same house, and working with her.

Some of her children began to think that they would go off and build a new home for themselves; but Mrs. Vespa could n't bear to think of parting, so they all stayed together till winter.

One cold day old Mrs. Vespa said she thought that, as Jack Frost was coming around again, they'd better take all the eggs and grubs out of the cells, and destroy them; for there was not food enough of the right kind for the wee ones to eat, and they would only starve to death slowly; so the next morning, which was very cold, they all went to work, and tore down every cell which had anything in it, and completely destroyed it. After this the older wasps huddled together and went to sleep. Many of them never awoke again, for it was a bitter cold winter, and they were frozen. Those who were in the warmest corners of the house slept safely until spring came around again, when each set out to find a new home, which was planned and built as they had seen their mother work on the old one where they had passed so many busy and happy days. For Mrs. Vespa had been a very wise mother, and had taught her children to do everything that she knew how to do herself; and the little wasps were very good children, and thought that making paper and building cells for their little brothers and sisters was real good play.—

*From The Kindergarten.*

# HOME HINTS AND STORIES.

EDITED BY FRIEDA STARR.

THAT our homes may be places of happiness and of healthful development for the children growing up in them, we home-makers must not forget the supreme importance of beginning *early*. In arranging the comforts and conveniences, the customs and habits of the family, let us begin at once, as soon as the home is ours, to give it the best possible system, that which is most pleasant, easy and cheerful, and not wait, the prey of circumstances, until matters have formed themselves about us, and taken a shape which we would gladly alter, but find too difficult for our belated efforts. A little energy exercised at the right moment, in forethought and decision, is worth far more in securing the wholesome daily life which we desire for our homes, than great exertions put forth after all is in motion, to remedy irregular and unsatisfactory conditions.

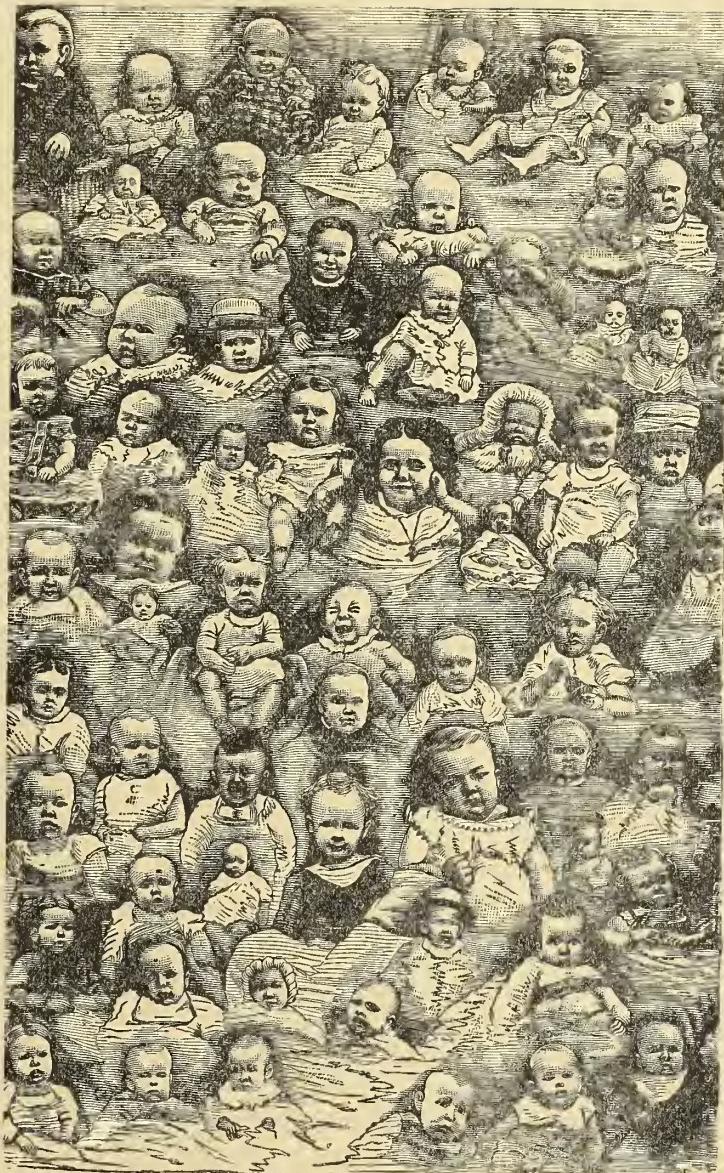
So, in the training of the little ones, if we could but realize *how* early we may give them the right bias, what an infinite amount of later, and how often fruitless, correction, we might spare ourselves. Our constant desire should be, not to rule over the children, but to guide them in learning to rule over themselves. We let the tiny hands strike and slap our faces, wincing often at the smart, until some day, when, a little stronger, or more excited, they hurt a dear face, and the baby's hand is as smartly whipped, causing pain, rage and mental confusion, for all of which we are to blame; and, worst of all, the habit is not cured, nor the false belief—that it was pretty and cunning to slap—eradicated. We must not let the wrong habit grow, nor need we be harsh, or thwart the child's instinctive activities. We should correct a babe or an older child by showing the correct thing: that is the true setting right, not emphasizing the error, as when we say with a scowl, "Oh, Tom don't do that!"

or "How badly you do act to-day!" Often a pause and a loving, encouraging smile from the mother or father, will lead the little one to see that something is wrong, and he will withdraw the left hand and offer the right, or pass behind mamma instead of in front of her, and meantime his sensibilities have not been wounded by reproof, and his will has been strengthened by choosing the right.

## BABY'S EDUCATION.

Direct mental habits may be formed even in the youngest children. A baby not yet old enough to walk, should be subject to an orderly and systematic course of training. In the tender years, when the indefinite is becoming definite to the pure thought of a child, the greatest of care should be exercised.

Sara E. Wiltse gives an interesting example in the case of a very young child and a watch: "A baby recently took my watch, and, as a matter of course, was about to carry it to her mouth. I said, 'not mouth, ear'—putting the watch to my ear, and then to hers. She undoubtedly caught the sound, and after a few efforts could carry the watch to her own ear, to her mother's, her sister's and mine, taking evident delight in the attempted order involved in giving each a turn. There was evident difficulty in overcoming the muscular tendency to carry the watch to her own mouth, the little hands flourishing about in a bewildered way when attempting this feat, but making much more direct and free movements when seeking the ear of another; in the latter she was, of course, aided by the presentation of the ear. It would have been a mental injury to the child had we puzzled her by presenting the mouth, or distracted her attention by presenting the cat for her to stroke."—*The Kindergarten*, (Chicago), for Feb.



A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

## A LITTLE TRAVELER.

Tight holding friendly fingers,  
She leaves her mother's knee  
And takes a zigzag journey,  
Strange countries for to see.  
  
She lifts her tiny foot and smiles,  
So venturesome she feels—  
She puts it down and laughs aloud,  
Such wonders life reveals!

Another step! she rolls about  
And sways from side to side;  
A little barque that, laboring, seeks  
To stem an unknown tide.

She skirts along the foreign coasts  
And well-nigh comes to grief,  
Because a wrinkle in the rug  
Turns out a dangerous reef.

At last, at last she comes to port  
Where, safe from all alarms,  
She rests within the haven  
Of her mother's sheltering arms.

O, happy little traveler,  
Wherever thou mayst roam,  
God speed thee on thy journey  
And bring thee safely home.

ANNA M. PRATT.

## JUMPING A SUNBEAM.

I happened one day to be in the nursery with my little boy only two years of age. The blinds were closed to keep out the bright sun, but through some chink or other there stole one long, bright ray, making a line of light across the floor. As the little fellow in his play happened to reach this sunbeam on the floor, he paused in surprised perplexity. He forgot his toys in this new object. He looked across it to the comparative gloom beyond, then he looked back at me. He half turned away from the sunbeam as if afraid to venture into such a dubious looking thing as that. But finally he gathered all his courage and strength, and, with a determined yet anxious look on his young face, he bravely advanced, and jumped as high and far as he could from the dark brink on his side towards the dark brink on the other side. Apparently he thought it was some dreadful chasm in his way, which only my presence in the room gave him the courage to at-

tempt. He did not quite clear it, but he found his feet on solid ground all the same, and the sunlight flashed on his flaxen hair and flushed cheeks, making a radiant picture of glad surprise and relief. In a few minutes he had forgotten that the sunbeam was anything dangerous, and was running back and forth in his play, in and out of the light in perfect fearlessness.—A. W. GOULD.

## TEMPTED.

They were two American boys in England for the summer, and thus far they had let nothing stand in the way of their daily delight. In due course of the trip, they came to Plymouth, and there declared that, of all things, they longed to see the docks, where marvels of ship-building and repairing were constantly going on.

"But I say, this is too bad!" cried Arthur, dolefully, looking up from the guide book, "nobody can go, except English citizens, without an order from the Admiralty."

"And for that you can't wait," said their mother, decisively. "We must go away to-morrow noon."

A great deal of sighing took place over that hard fact, but at night, when the boys were in their own room, they came to a comforting conclusion.

"I shall simply allow myself to be considered English," said Harry, with an air of dogged resolution.

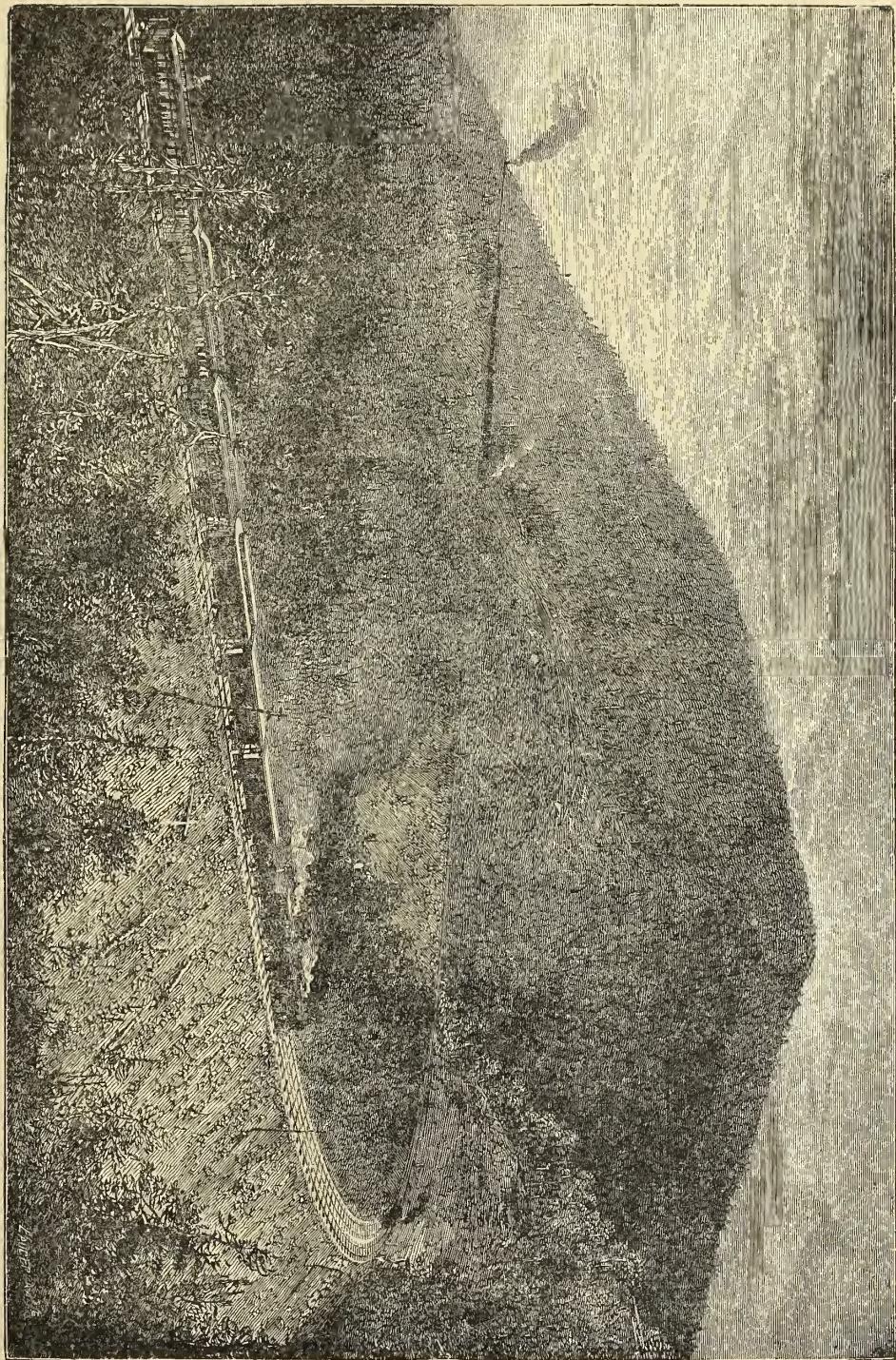
"But they'll ask you questions!"

"Then I shall say I've come from London, which is perfectly true."

"It certainly doesn't seem quite like a lie," said Arthur, doubtfully, and next morning he was ready for the venture.

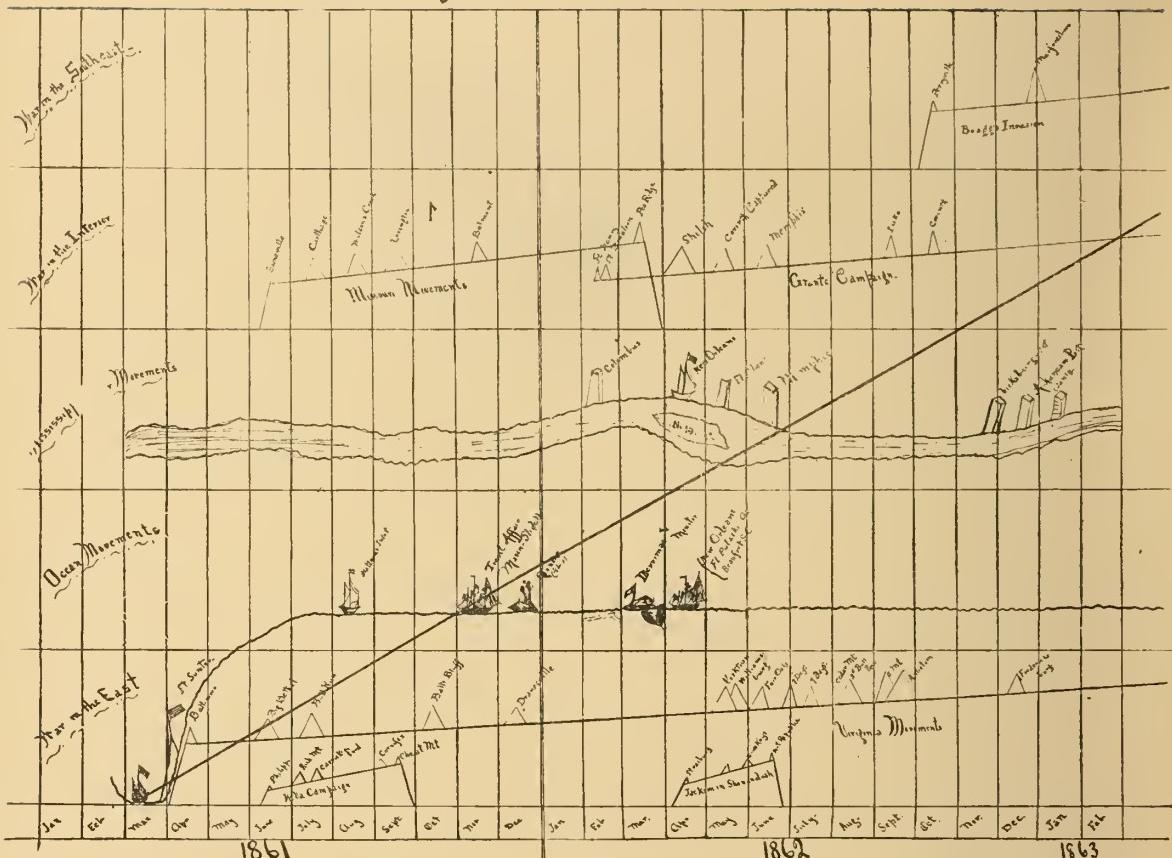
At 10 o'clock, the two approached the gateway of the docks, their hearts in their mouths. Perhaps only boys of their own age and tastes can guess how they longed to see the mammoth spectacle of old England's shipping, as it looks in process of birth.

"We should like to be shown over the docks, if you please," said Harry, with a slight air of bravado, to the burly policeman who came forward to meet them.



THE FAMOUS HORSE SHOE CURVE.

## Plan of The Civil War.



# THE CIVIL WAR.

## THE TURNING POINT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

## TEACHER—

"There is a moment in every great battle which determines the victory." It is that critical moment recognized and appreciated by the skillful leader that causes him to adapt his tactics to the needs of the hour and makes him victor. So we may find a turning point in a great campaign, which, foreseen and turned to account by the strategist, gives victory to a great cause.

The study necessary to determine such a crisis in the Civil War may lead to a better under-

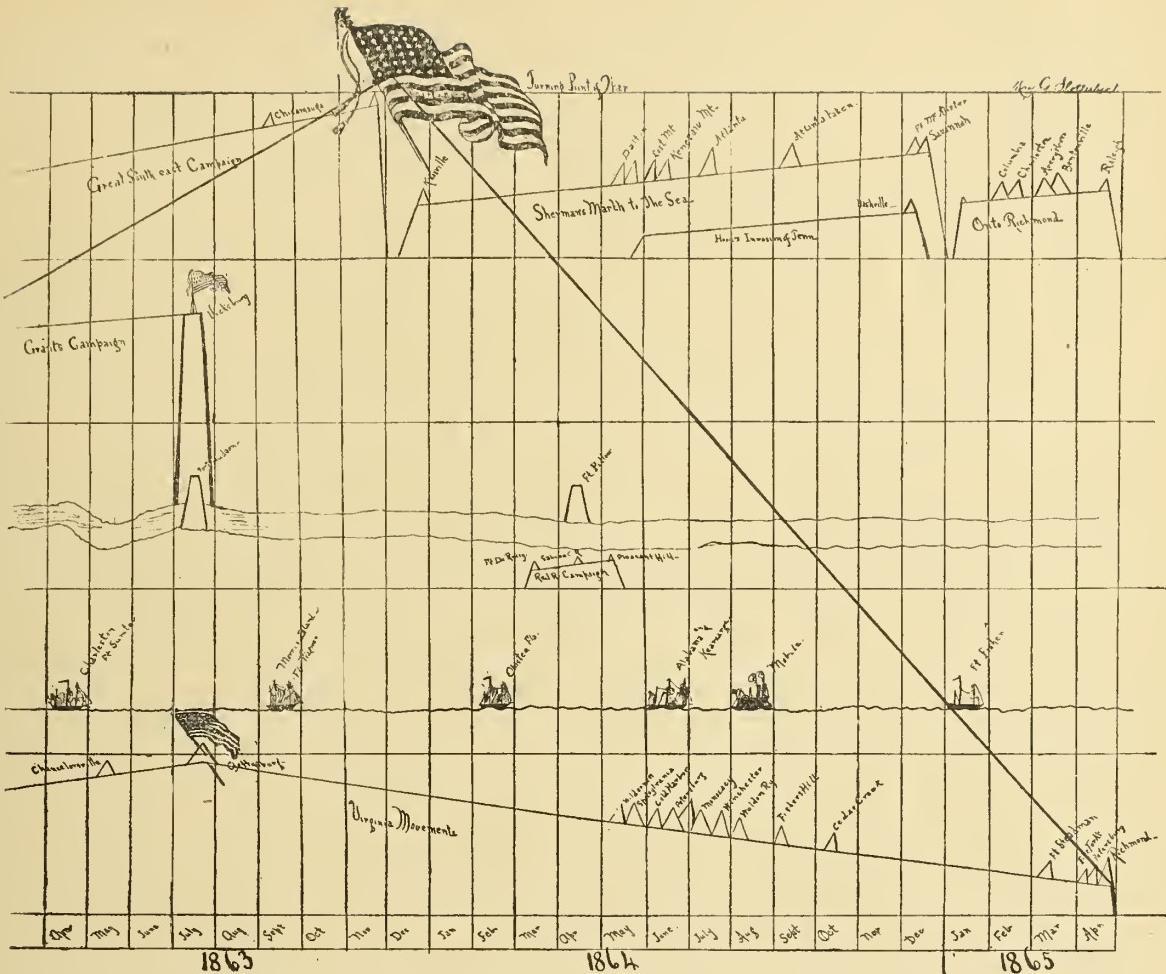
standing of the plan of its campaign and their relative importance.

## CLARENCE—

The battle of Gettysburg marks the turning point in the Civil War.

The Confederate army had waited long and restlessly to break through the line of northern investment and change the seat of war from the familiar blood-stained battle-fields of the South to the soil of their enemies. They believed that a decided success at the North would bring the war to a speedy close.

The North itself seemed almost ready for com-



promise. The popular clamor for peace, the resistance to the draft, opposition to the Emancipation Proclamation and fear of foreign interference, all emphasized how much was staked upon the issue of this great battle.

#### LUCIEN—

Had Lee gained the day at Gettysburg he would have marched his victorious army on to Washington and there exacted separation and dictated terms of peace.

The result turned the current of public sentiment. The idea of invading the North was at an end—the dream of passing the Susquehanna had passed away.

The veteran army of the Confederacy was no more, and it could not be replaced. The cause of the Union was advanced and the Confederacy from this time began to go down.

#### NORMAN—

I do not agree that Gettysburg was the great crisis of the war.

In fighting for her independence it was not necessary for the South to invade or conquer any part of Northern territory, but only to defend her own. This was a great military advantage and one that was fully appreciated by the Southern leaders who planned the secession. But the greatest advantage on which the secessionists counted, was aid from France and England.

“Cotton is King” was the watch-word of the founders of the Confederacy. Foreign manufacturers were so dependent upon her cotton that foreign powers could not afford to have her coasts blockaded. England and France awaited an opportunity to recognize the independence of the South. This was averted by the success of the Union arms.

# THE STORY OF HENRY HUDSON.

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BY A. L. O. A.

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ONE of the most adventurous and daring spirits that ever set foot on the new world was Henry or Hendrick Hudson. He was English born, but when and where he first saw the light and received his early training nobody knows. He began his extensive sea voyages in the employ of the merchants of London, who wished to find a nearer route to Asia than by the Cape of Good Hope.

Hudson was fitted out with a small vessel and with his only son for a companion set sail for the North. He reached the shores of Greenland and got nearer to the Pole than any other navigators who had gone before him. He met icy barriers on the coast of Spitzbergen which he could not pass. He then renewed his effort believing that he could pass through the waters dividing Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla. Failing to do what he desired, he returned home.

He afterwards went to Holland and offered his services to the East India company to find a passage by the Northwest to China. They fitted out a yacht or small sailing vessel of eighty tons for him called the Half Moon, in which he started on the 4th of April, 1609 for the icy North.

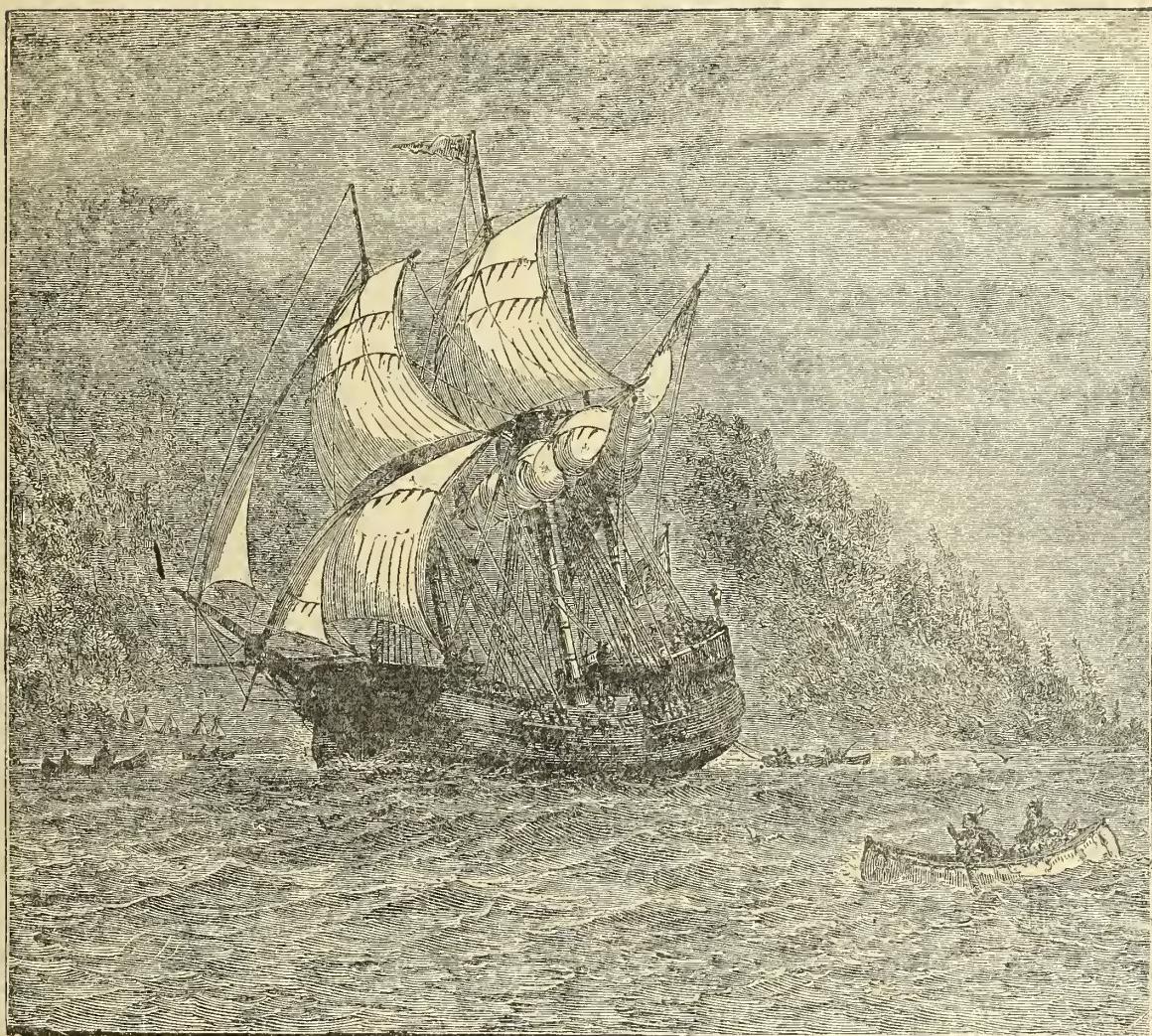
Tossed about among the icebergs and ice floes he was compelled again to turn back. Directing the

prow of his ship towards the Chesapeake, he met a violent storm which carried away his foremast and stripped his canvass. He was now drifting among the foggy banks of New England, but managed to reach a harbor on the coast of Maine.

Here he obtained a foremast from the woods. He again set sail, passed Cape Cod, and on the 18th of August was at the mouth of James River. Then he steered for Delaware Bay. Leaving that region and going to the North, he saw, with his little son, on the 3d day of September the New Jersey Highlands. He then sailed up that noble river which now bears his name, as far as the present site of Albany, receiving every conceivable act of kindness from the Indians whom he encountered.

In 1610 he sailed from again from England in another vessel, the Discoverer, and discovered Hudson's straits and Hudson's Bay. His crew maddened with hunger mutined against him. They threw him with his son John, and seven suffering seamen into a shallop, into which also the ship's carpenter, brave Philip Staffe entered, saying he would not leave his commander. The frail boat was never heard of afterwards, and thus the fate of brave Henry Hudson is not known.





THE HALF MOON ON THE HUDSON.

# THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

## PART I.

To all true Americans, whether young or old, every subject that pertains to the history of our nation, is fraught with the deepest interest, and what subject can be more instructive or more profoundly interesting than the history of our flag, the starry emblem of our country? No study can be more ennobling than that of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the important lessons it inculcates. No story is more thrilling than the story of our beautiful banner, beneath whose folds glorious victories have been won, and heroic deeds, without number, have had their birth.

To the loyal American citizen, wandering in a foreign land, no sight is more welcome or more heart-stirring, than the sight of the "dear old Stars and Stripes." With what courage and self-devotion does the soldier follow the beloved flag amidst the smoke and carnage of battle, shedding his blood freely to maintain its honor, dying, it may be, in its defense. To every true heart, the flag is not merely a piece of bunting, backed by the power and authority of Government, to enforce its recognition, nor is it merely the emblem of his land, or the insignia of the Nation, but it is the embodiment of a principle, the symbol of those sacred truths handed down to us by the Past as a sacred inheritance, and which, if we are not traitors to the trust, we will as sacredly transmit to the Future.

Every star and stripe that adorns the folds of our national ensign has a tongue. "There is no speech nor language where their voices are not heard." They speak to us of the struggles of our country during its earlier and later history. They speak to us of the sufferings of the Past, the glories of the Present, and the still greater glories yet to be. They speak to us of patriots and heroes among the living and dead, of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land; but far beyond all these glorious associations and mem-

ories, do they speak to us of Liberty and Union, of the Constitution and the Laws.

The story of our Flag should be familiar to all of us; its history should be a household word. Every American youth should study its emblematic significance, and learn the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war. That story we will now endeavor to give to our readers, tracing the eventful history of our banner from its very birth, until it attained its present glorious beauty. But to learn this story we shall have to go far back to the colonial history of our country, long before the banner of the present, with its stars and stripes, was thought of. The

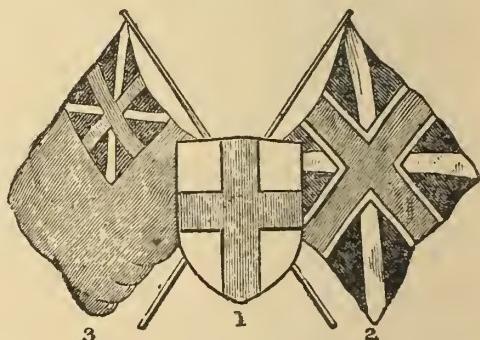


PLATE I.—Fig. 1, Cross of St. George. Fig. 2, Ancient British Flag. Fig. 3, British Ensign.

flags used by the Colonies, before the Revolution, were chiefly those of the mother country, and though there were many other designs, they were nearly always combined with some feature of the British colors.

Here it would be natural to inquire, in the first place, what were the flags used at that period by England? and in the second place, what colors did the Colonies use during that time?

The old English national flag was the red cross of St. George on a white field (See Plate I, Fig. 1), which had been the distinction badge of every English soldier as early as the fourteenth century.

This badge—the crimson cross on a white field—was always worn over the armor, as we often see in those pictures representing the English knights of the older times. From this fact, this emblem of St. George, the patron saint of England, as he was called, became in time the national standard of that country, and continued to be so until 1606, about three years after the crowns of England and Scotland had been united under King James I.

In that year the Scottish banner of St. Andrew (a white cross, thus X, on a blue field—see Plate I, Fig 2) was, by a royal proclamation, combined with the national colors of England, as is seen in the subjoined extract.

"Whereas, some difference hath arisen between our subjects of South and North Britain, traveling by seas, about the bearing of their flags; for the avoiding of all such contentions hereafter, we have, with the advice of our council, ordered that henceforth all our subjects of this Isle and Kingdom of Great Britain, and the members thereof, shall bear in their maintop the red cross, commonly called St. George's cross, and the white cross, commonly called St. Andrew's cross, joined together, according to a form made by our heralds, and sent by us to our Admiral to be published to our said subjects; and in their foretop our subjects of South Britain shall wear the red cross only as they were wont; and the subjects of North Britain, in their foretop, the white cross only, as they were accustomed."

We are told, by the writers of that period, that the flag which combined the two crosses was called the *King's Colors*, because they signified that England and Scotland were united under the sovereignty of James I, while the relative nationality of the vessels of the two countries was made known by the white or red cross carried on the foretop.

No further change was made in the British colors until 1707, when England and Scotland were formally united into one kingdom, under the name of Great Britain. At that time the color of the flag was changed to crimson, and the crosses, which had at first filled the whole banner, were now confined to the upper corner, (See Plate I, Fig. 3). This was the famous "meteor flag" of England. But to the circumstances connected with this change, we shall refer in a subsequent part of our narrative. Suffice it to say, it was not until 1801, long after our independence, that the banner of the mother country assumed its present form, when

the Irish cross of St. Patrick was added to the other two.

We must now go back to the old English flag proper, which bore the single red cross of St. George. This banner was carried by the hardy English adventurers when they made their first conquests in America, and no doubt it waved over the devoted little band of Puritan exiles, when, on that bleak December day, in 1620, they knelt on the "stern and rock-bound coast," at Plymouth. Of course everything that smacked of Popery was heartily detested by the Puritans, and although the banner of St. George reminded them of the old country to which they were still bound by the tenderest associations, having left many of their dear ones behind, yet many of the colonists were found who held an unconquerable aversion to the cross in the banner because it had been given to England by a Pope.

To show that this state of feeling existed at that time, and to prove also, that the red cross of St. George was in use in the Colonies, even at that early period of their existence, we refer to the following incident, mentioned in the journal of Governor John Winthrop, who was the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, (1634).

The writer tells us, "That in November, 1633, Richard Brown, of Watertown, Mass., made a complaint, 'That the ensign at Salem was defaced, in that *one part of the red cross had been taken out*.' Much matter was made of this, as fearing it would be taken as an act of rebellion, or of like high nature, in defacing the King's Colors, (the flag of St. George), though in truth it was done upon this opinion, that the red cross was given to the King of England by the Pope, as an ensign of victory, and so a superstitious thing, and a relic of Anti-christ."

At the next term of Court an investigation concerning the matter was held, and the ensign bearer, Richard Davenport, was called up before the tribunal to answer for allowing the banner to be defaced.

The chronicler tells us, also, "That in 1635, a Mr. Endecott was summoned before a general Court, held at Newton, to render account for defacing the cross in the ensign; but because the

Court could not agree about the thing, whether the ensigns should be laid by, out of regard that many refused to follow them, the whole case was deferred till the next general Court, and the commissioners for military affairs gave orders, in the meantime, that all ensigns should be laid aside."

During this period the fanatical opposition to the cross in the banner ran so high that a proposal was made to substitute in its place the red and white roses, which had been the distinguishing insignia of the rival houses of York and Lancaster emblazoned on the English national flag, and borne by the two factions in that unhappy civil contest for the throne of England, known as the wars of the red and white roses.

But this proposal seems to have come to naught, for we learn that sometime in the beginning of December, 1635, by order of the military commissioners, colors, with the cross left out in all of them, were appointed to every company, but in the flag used on Castle Island the king's arms were allowed to remain.

The red cross of St. George, however, gradually worked its way back into favor again, though it was now used with some variations. The most frequent of these was a crimson banner, with the red cross on a white field in the upper corner, (See Plate IV, Fig. 1), and in one corner of the four spaces formed by the cross, a symbol was placed, intended to represent a pine tree. This tree had been adopted by the people of New England as an emblem to typify their sturdy and rugged natures; it was also used on the first money, coined in the year 1652.

Other variations of the banner of St. George were devised, and in use in the Colonies from time to time, giving evidence of that growing feeling which was ultimately to eventuate in their independence, until, in 1707, the union flag, created by King James I, in 1606, was ordered by the British Parliament for general use in all the colonies.

It was on January 16, 1707, that Parliament passed the Act ratifying the treaty of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, by which the

distinction of the two countries under one government was effected. Under this act it was prescribed:

"That the kingdoms of Scotland and England shall, upon the first day of May next ensuing the date hereof, and forever after, be united into one kingdom, by the name of Great Britain; and that the ensigns armorial of the said United Kingdom be such as Her Majesty shall appoint."

On July 28th, in the same year, Queen Anne, the then reigning sovereign of Great Britain, issued a proclamation relating the form of the ensigns of the United Kingdom, which were called *union flags*, as the following extract from the proclamation will show:

"ANNE R."

"Whereas, By the first article of the treaty of union, as the same hath been ratified and approved by several Acts of Parliament, the one made in our Parliament of England, and the other in our Parliament of Scotland, it was provided and agreed that the ensigns armorial of our Kingdom of Great Britain be such as we should appoint and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew conjoined in such a manner as we should think fit, and used in all flags, banners, standards, and ensigns, both at sea and land; we have therefore

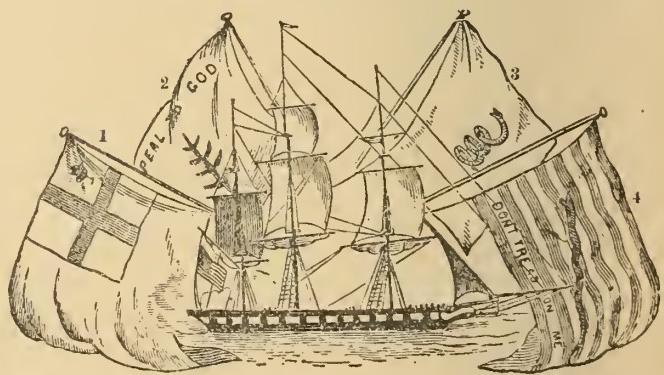


PLATE IV. First Naval Flags.

thought fit, by and with the advice of our privy council, to order and appoint the ensign described on the marginet hereof."

As we have shown, in a former part of this story, these flags were of a crimson color, with the two combined crosses placed in the upper corner. (See Fig 3, Plate I). They were called "Union Flags,"

as symbolizing the union of England and Scotland into one kingdom.

The Act of Parliament prescribing the general use of this flag in all the American Colonies, indicates to us how early the Colonists began to manifest that spirit of independence which finally made them a separate nation. But it was not until long-continued grievances had been heaped upon our people by the Government of the mother country, that endurance ceased to be a virtue, and the separation took place. But in this connection, we must bear in mind the fact that, although our forefathers resisted the aggressions of the British King and his ministers, and took up the sword for that purpose, yet their primary object was simply to maintain their rights, and obtain redress for standing grievances.

The idea of *separation* was not involved in the beginning of the struggle, although, doubtless, to some leading minds the hand-writing on the wall was visible, foreshowing the coming independence of the nation.

As the exciting times of the Revolution drew near, the growing spirit of independence again manifested itself in the designs used in the banners. The ten years preceding the outbreak, witnessed a great variety of devices and mottoes on the flags, all pointing to the state of feeling which agitated the public mind, and during the first months of the Revolutionary war each state had its own flag.

In the fall of 1775 Congress appointed a committee to create a navy, but nothing seems to have been done about furnishing the newly made navy with a suitable ensign. On July 18, 1775, Washington was presented with a standard bearing the motto, "An appeal to Heaven." In the same year a similar design was used for a Revolutionary flag, with the addition of a pine tree in the middle of a white ground, (See Figure 2, Plate IV). This became the emblem of the colonial cruisers, as is shown by the subjoined extract from a letter written by Colonel Joseph Reed, Washington's military secretary.

"Please fix upon some particular color for a flag, and a signal by which our vessels may know one another. What do you think of a flag with a white ground, a tree

in the middle, the motto 'An appeal to Heaven?' This is the flag of our floating batteries."

Another favorite device was a rattlesnake with the motto, "Don't tread on me." Some flags added a mailed hand clinching thirteen arrows. The rattlesnake came very near being our National emblem instead of the eagle. Being indigenous to America, it had been early chosen as an appropriate symbol, and had often before been used on flags. The old banner of the French and Indian War was again used in 1775. This was a white flag with a rattlesnake cut into parts representing the Colonies, and the motto, "Unite or Die." In 1774-6 this device was used by many of the newspapers as a head-piece, when the Colonies were called upon to form a union as the best mode of securing their liberties. When that union had been effected, the device was changed into a united snake, typifying the consummation of the union.

Much discussion took place concerning the adoption of the rattlesnake as the National emblem, and Benjamin Franklin urged weighty reasons in its favor. These we give in his own words to the reader:

PHILADELPHIA, December 27th, 1775.

I observe on one of the drums belonging to the marines now raising, there was painted a rattlesnake with this motto under it, "Don't tread on me." As I know it is the custom to have some device on the arms of every country, I suppose this may have been intended for the arms of America; and, as I have nothing to do with public affairs, and as my time is perfectly my own, in order to divert an idle hour, I sat down to guess what could have been intended by this uncommon device. I took care, however, to consult, on this occasion, a person who is acquainted with heraldry, from whom I learned that it is a rule, among the learned in that science, "that the worthy properties of the animal, in the crest borne," shall be considered. He likewise informed me that the ancients considered the serpent as an emblem of wisdom, and, in a certain attitude, of endless duration—both of which circumstances, I suppose, may have been had in view. Having gained this intelligence, and recollecting that countries are sometimes represented by animals peculiar to them, it occurred to me that the rattlesnake is found in no other quarter of the world beside America, and may, therefore, have been chosen on that account to represent her. But then, the worthy properties of a snake, I judge, would be hard to point out. This rather raised than suppressed my curiosity; and

having frequently seen the rattlesnake, I ran over in my mind every property by which she was distinguished, not only from other animals, but from those of the same genus or class of animals, endeavoring to fix some meaning to each, not wholly inconsistent with common sense.

I recollect that her eye excelled in brightness that of any other animal, and that she has no eyelids. She may, therefore, be esteemed an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor, when once engaged, ever surrenders. She is, therefore, an emblem of magnanimity and true courage.

As if anxious to prevent all pretensions of quarreling with her, the weapons with which nature has furnished her she conceals in the roof of her mouth, so that to those who are unacquainted with her, she appears to be a defenseless animal; and even when those weapons are shown, and extended for her defense, they appear weak and contemptible; but their wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. Conscious of this, she never wounds till she has generously given notice, even to her enemy, and cautioned him against the danger of treading on her.

Was I wrong, sir, in thinking this a strong picture of the temper and conduct of America? The poison of her teeth is the necessary means of digesting her food, and at the same time is certain destruction to her enemies. This may be understood to intimate that those things which are destruction to our enemies, may be to us not only harmless, but absolutely necessary to our existance.

I confess I was wholly at a loss what to make of the rattles, till I went back and counted them, and found them just thirteen, exactly the number of the Colonies united in America; and I recollect too, that this was the only part of the snake which increased in number. Perhaps it might be only fancy, but I had a conceit that the painter had shown a half-formed additional rattle; which, I suppose, may have been intended to represent the province of Canada.

'Tis curious and amazing to observe how distinct and independent of each other the rattles of this animal are, and yet how firmly they are united together, so as never to be separated but by breaking them to pieces.

One of these rattles singly is incapable of producing a sound; but the ringing of thirteen together is sufficient to alarm the boldest man living.

The rattlesnake is solitary, and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for their preservation. In winter the warmth of a number together will preserve their lives; while, singly, they would probably perish.

The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction may be understood to mean that those who consider the liberty and blessings which America affords, and once come over to her, never afterwards leave her, but spend their lives with her.

She strongly resembles America in this, that she is beautiful in her youth, and her beauty increaseth with

her age. "Her tongue also is blue, and forked as the lightning, and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

Having pleased myself with reflections of this kind, I communicated my sentiments to a neighbor of mine, who has a surprising readiness at guessing at everything which relates to public affairs; and indeed I should be jealous of his reputation in that way, was it not that the event constantly shows that he has guessed wrong.

He instantly declared it as his sentiments that the Congress meant to allude to Lord North's declaration in the House of Commons, that he never would relax his measures until he had brought America to his feet; and to intimate to his lordship that if she was brought to his feet, it would be dangerous treading on her. But I am positive he has guessed wrong, for I am sure that Congress would not condescend, at this time of day, to take the least notice of his lordship, in that or any other way. In which opinion I am determined to remain, your humble servant."

But, as we know, the rattlesnake was not adopted as our national emblem, perhaps from the fact that it is a serpent, and under the curse of God; yet this symbol was used as an appropriate device in many of the flags of the period. One design was that presented by Colonel Gadsen to Congress. It was a yellow flag with a rattlesnake in the middle, coiled ready to strike, and underneath were the words of warning, "Don't tread on me." (See Plate IV, Figure 3).

This was said by some to have been the Admiral's flag of that period, and that Admiral Hopkins, the commander of the first American fleet, bore this flag. We are told by others that the Admiral's flag at that time was of thirteen stripes, with a rattlesnake undulating over them, and the usual motto, "Don't tread on me." (See Plate IV, Figure 4). However the case may be, it is doubtless true that the last mentioned flag constituted the colors of the American fleet in 1776.

But we must now give our attention to the circumstances under which our present flag was born. The infant colonies were now about to engage in their fearful struggle for liberty, with the mother country, and the necessity for union was the paramount idea in every loyal heart. Every motto and device emblazoned on the flags and badges of the time, embodied that sentiment. It rang out in thrilling tones from eloquent lips. The journals of the day took up the strain, and,

as we have said, headed their columns with the emblem of a rattlesnake divided into thirteen parts, each bearing the initial of some colony, while underneath were the words, "Unite or die." No more significant motto could have been chosen. It meant that without *union* there was no hope of safety or of success. Union was life—disunion, death!

And now the necessity of having *one* flag, *one* National banner, around which the united Colonies could rally, became manifest. The Declaration of Independence had not yet been made; the flag must come before the declaration. The spirit of the People must be tried, and some hard and sturdy fighting done before such bold words could be spoken. But men cannot fight without a flag, and so our national banner was born.

Up to this time, the old Union flag of Great Britain had been in use, that is, the crimson flag with the combine crosses of St. George and St. Andrews in the upper corner. (See Figure 3, Plate I). But late in 1775, Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Harrison, were appointed as a Committee of Conference, by Congress, to have the subject of a National flag under consideration.

This Committee met at the American camp at Cambridge, and adopted as the banner the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew (the

symbol of the union flag of Great Britain) united with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white.

We do not know whether or not the reasons for adopting this insignia were ever made known. It has been suggested that the stripes and ribbons, then the only distinguishing marks of rank among the different grades of officers in the army, might have suggested to the Committee the idea of representing the various States by similar means. The adoption of the combined crosses of the English union flag showed a desire to cherish and retain some memento of the Past. The seven red and six white stripes designated the number of the Colonies; and these thirteen stripes re-united with the two joined crosses showed, that although the Colonies united for defense against England's tyranny, they still acknowledge her sovereignty.

It is not known when this flag, called the "Great Union flag" was adopted *by law*, neither can any record be found of Congress having taken any part in this affair at Cambridge.

The new flag was raised at the camp at Cambridge on January 2d, 1776, and this was the first unfolding of that flag which has become the pride of a great nation, the symbol of a mighty power, and will float in heaven as long our country is on the map of the earth, which will be as long as love of liberty and union dwells in the hearts of men.



## THE STORY OF THE FLAG

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

### PART II.

UPON the day that the Great Union Flag was raised, the King's speech, on the trouble with the Colonies, was received in Boston, and copies of the speech were sent, under a flag of truce, to Washington, at Cambridge, by Lord Howe, the commander of the British troops.

This coincidence caused an amusing error on the part of the British, for when the new flag was raised in the American camp, amid the booming of cannon and ringing cheers, they thought that all these demonstrations denoted the submission of the Americans to the exactions of the King.

But the idea of submission was farthest from their thoughts. The King's speech was indignantly burned, and as the new banner was unfolded to the breeze, every loyal heart was filled with a deeper and sturdier patriotism, with a firmer determination to battle for Freedom.

Believing it will be of interest to our readers, we give a few extracts having reference to the circumstances which we have just related. The first is from the *Philadelphia Gazette*, one of the newspapers of that time.

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1776.

"Upon the King's speech arriving at Boston, a great number of them were reprinted, and sent to our lines on the 2d of January, which, being also the day of forming the new army, the Great Union Flag was hoisted on Prospect Hill, in compliment to the United Colonies. This happening soon after the speeches were delivered at Roxbury, but before they were received at Cambridge, the Boston gentry supposed it to be a token of the deep impression the speech had made, and a signal of submission. They were much disappointed at finding several days elapse without some formal measure leading to a surrender, with which they had begun to flatter themselves."

The second extract is taken from a letter written by General Washington to his military secretary:

CAMBRIDGE, January 4th, 1776.

Dear Sir.—"We are at length favored with a sight of

His Majesty's most gracious speech, breathing sentiments of tenderness and compassion for his deluded American subjects. The echo is not yet come to hand, but we know what it must be; and as Lord North said, (and we ought to have believed and acted accordingly,) we now know the ultimatum of British justice. The speech I send you. A volume of them were sent out by the Boston gentry; and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them, without knowing or intending it; for on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies.

But behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear, by a person out of Boston last night. By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

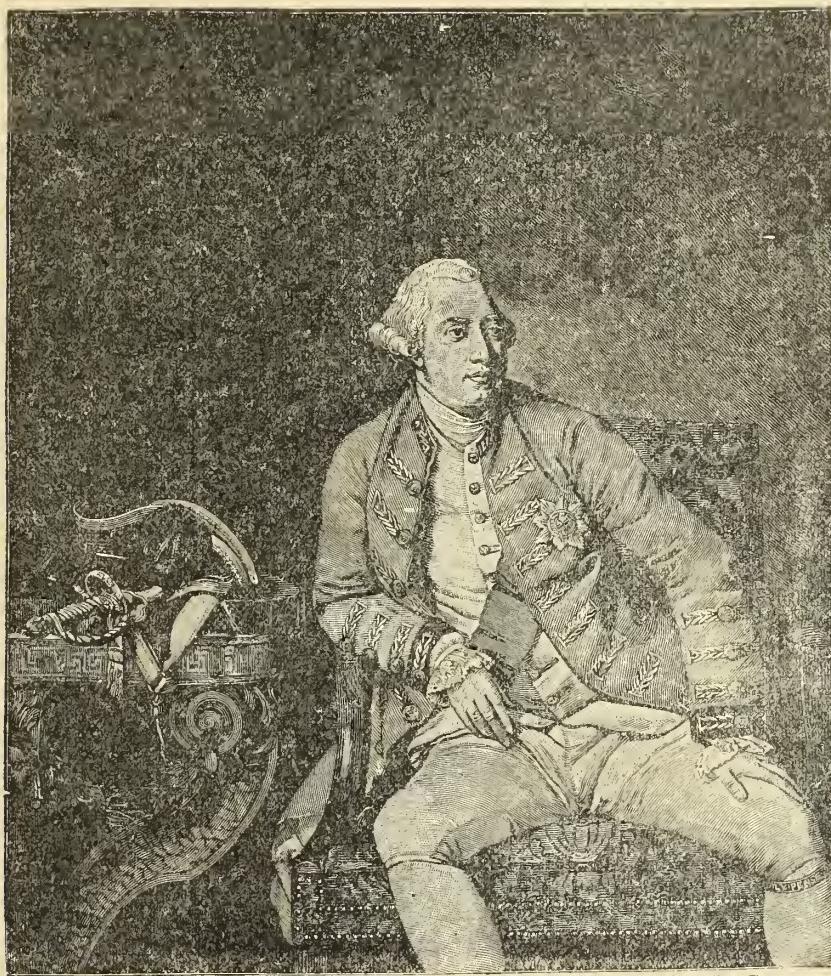
The British soon discovered that they were laboring under a delusion, and their self-gratulations were all for naught. That they shortly learned that no submission was intended, and, also, that the King's speech had been publicly burned in the American camp, is shown by the following account, written by an English captain to the owners of his vessel, at London, and published in the British Annual Register for 1776.

BOSTON, January 17, 1776.

"I can see the rebels' camp very plain, whose colors, a little while ago, were entirely red; but on the receipt of the King's speech (which they burnt), they have hoisted the Union flag, which is here supposed to intimate the union of the provinces.

The arrival of a copy of the King's speech, with an account of the fate of the petition from the Continental Congress, is said to have excited the greatest degree of rage and indignation among them; as a proof of which the former was publicly burnt in the camp: and they are said on this occasion to have changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the Colonies."

The fact, then, is established beyond all doubt, that the flag raised on the second of January, 17-



J. Jeffery Printed 1777

Ribaut Super Excudit

Richard Tompson Fecit 1777

George the Third King of Great Britain &c &c

GEORGE THE THIRD.

76, was a flag of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew joined together in the upper corner. This striped flag also, we are told, floated over the Virginia Convention, which, three weeks before the Declaration of Independence, declared the United Colonies "free and independent States."

In the meantime the American cruisers were still carrying their colonial or state flags. As we have before said, the favorite colors of the American fleet was the rattlesnake flag. It was also the Admiral's flag; but some of the commanders on sea adopted banners for their own vessels. The one used by Paul Jones is said to have consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and blue. John Paul Jones claims that he hoisted "the flag of America" with his own hand, on board the Alfred, this being the first time it was ever shown by a regular American man-of-war. Cooper thinks that this "flag of America" was a pine-tree flag,

used by the patriots at the battle of Bunker Hill. In the rotunda at Washington, there is a celebrated painting, by Trumbull, of the battle, in which is represented the flag said to have been used on that occasion. It is a red flag with a white canton bearing a green pine tree. (See Fig. 1, Plate III).

Some writers assert that the battle was fought without a flag on the part of the Americans. We quote from the words of an eloquent writer, J. E. Dow, Esq., who maintains that the provincials had no banners. He says:

Not a banner had the provincials to raise on that occasion; some say a plain white sheet, and others that a standard, bearing upon its scanty surface a tree, was seen waving over the redoubt; but I doubt it. The soldiers of Bunker's Hill, unlike those in most every other battle, needed no starred banner to wave them on, no spirit-stirring fife or rattling drum to cheer them in the fight, nor to drown the cries of the wounded and the dying. They fought for liberty, and their banner was their leader's calico hunting-shirt, and their music the muttering of deep-mouthed cannon and the shrill whistle of rifle bullets.

But the fact that there was a flag carried by the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill, has been handed down to us by tradition, and not only that, but that the flag was red, signifying battle. It does not sound reasonable that, while so many banners bearing different devices and mottoes, were in use in the Colonies at that time, not a banner waved over that gallant band which made Bunker Hill memorable for all time.

True, such heroes needed no "starried banner to wave them on," but when they gathered in that redoubt, so fatal to many of Old England's sons, it is very probable that they adopted some ensign to serve as the rallying point in case of disaster.

The probability is also strong that there was not only *one* banner borne by the provincials on that day, but perhaps several. One writer speaking of that occasion says, "The banners carried were as varied as the troops were motley." Authentic mention is made, also, of a crimson flag which was presented to General Putnam shortly before the battle, and which bore on one side the inscription, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*"—He who brought us here will sustain us—while on the other side was the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." It is reasonable to suppose that this flag, as well as the one represented in Trumbull's painting, waved over the little band of heroes in the battle of Bunker Hill.

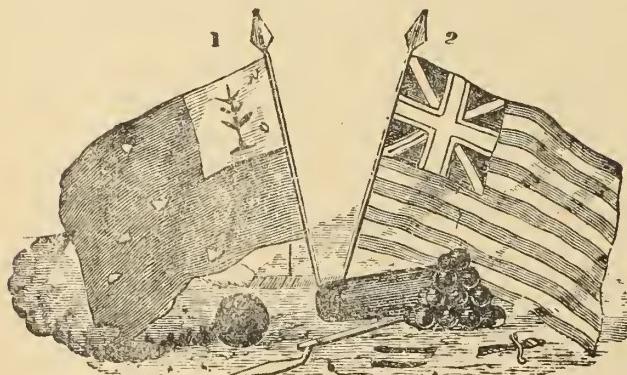
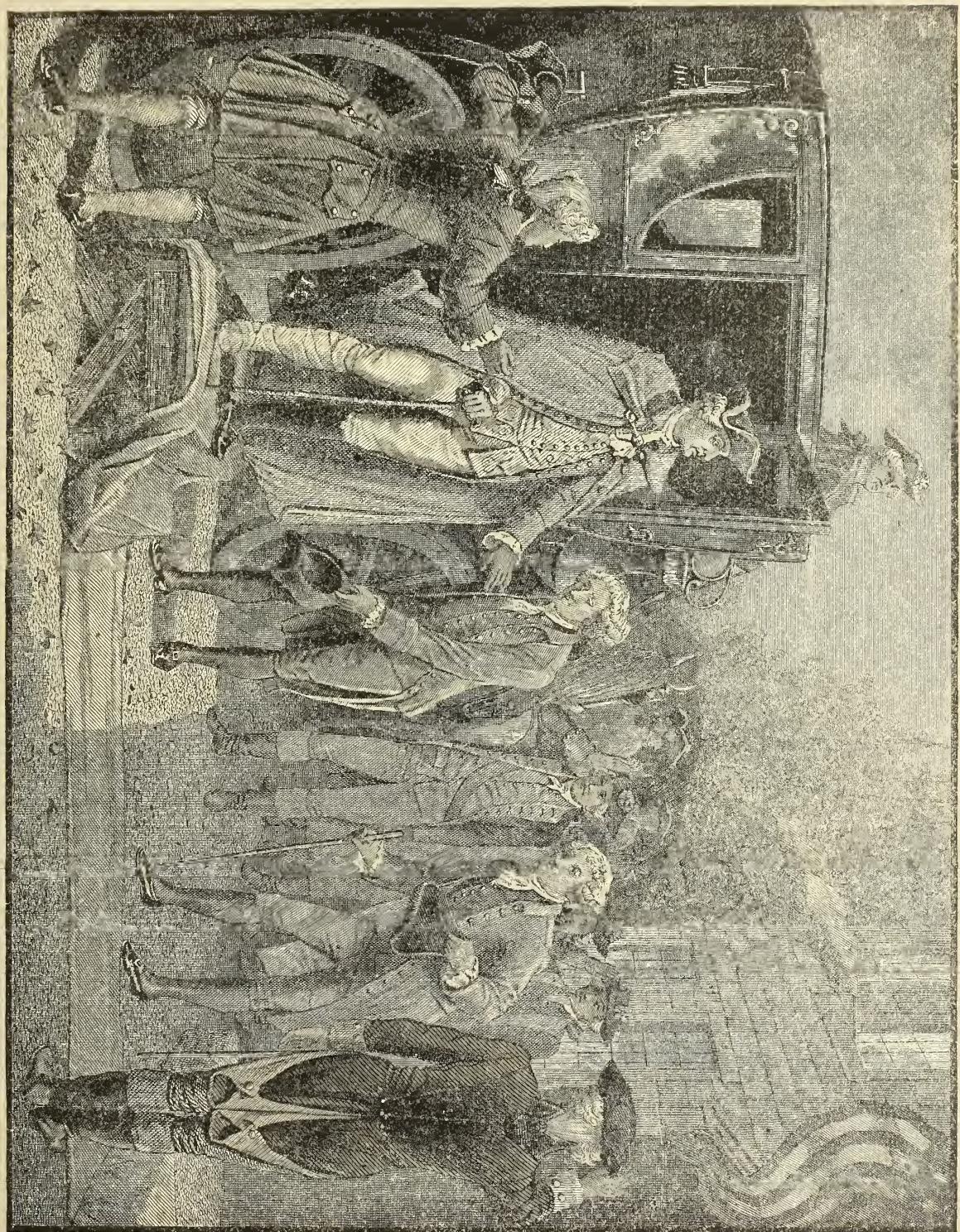


PLATE III.—1, Flag at Bunker's Hill. 2, Flag Raised at Cambridge—Great Union Flag.

with a rattlesnake and motto, but the probability is, that it was the new striped flag. The claim of Paul Jones was afterward disputed by old John Adams, who ascribed the honor to a Massachusetts man; but the weight of proof seems to indicate that the honor belongs to Jones.

Before we go on to trace the further development of our National banner until it attained its present form, it may not be uninteresting to speak of some of the other flags that were in use during the Revolutionary period.

The first of these to which we would call the attention of the reader, is the banner that was



GENERAL HANCOCK VISITING GENERAL WASHINGTON.

# THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

## PART III.

ANOTHER flag of the Revolution was called the Culpepper flag, adopted by the Culpepper Minute Men. This band was organized in response to the call of Patrick Henry. Their uniform consisted of green hunting-shirts, with Henry's words, "Liberty or Death," in large white letters on their breasts. Near the upper border of their flag was a scroll inscribed with the name of the corps, "The Culpepper Minute Men," and underneath are the words, "Liberty or Death."

Beneath the last inscription was a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike, with the usual motto under

were clothed in blue, and the fort was garrisoned by the first and second regiments, who wore a silver crescent on the front of their caps, I had a large blue flag made, with a crescent in the dexter corner, to be uniform with the troops. This was the first American flag displayed in the South." (See Fig. 3, Plate V). Early in the following year a similar flag, with the word "Liberty" inscribed upon it, was raised above Fort Moultrie.

The next flag of which we will speak, is the one carried by the Morgan Rifles. This corps was commanded by David Morgan, who was born in

1736, and followed the humble occupation of a farmer and wagoner until called to the field. He had been a private soldier under Braddock, and when the war of the Revolution broke out he joined Washington at Cambridge, in 1775, and became a general. He distinguished himself in various engagements, and especially at the battle of the Cowpens.

The flag carried by his rifle corps had at the top a wreath of laurel encircling the date 1776; underneath was the inscription, "XI Virginia Regiment," and below this was the legend, "Morgan's Rifle Corps." (See Figure 1, Plate V).

Another flag, used in the stirring times of that period, had a blue ground, with the Goddess of Liberty on one side, and a soldier in full uniform on the other, supporting a large shield, upon which was emblazoned an eagle with outstretched wings. At the base of this were piled cannon balls and drums, while behind it were arranged several striped, or Continental flags. (See Fig. 3, Plate VI). This flag was bravely borne by the Richmond Rifles during that important era in their country's history.

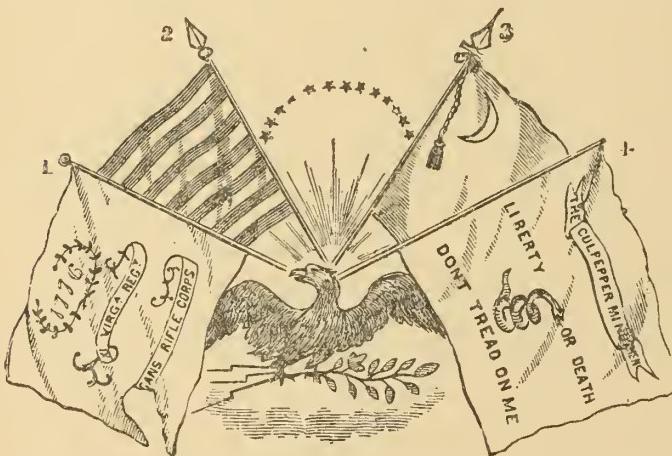


PLATE V.—1. Flag of Morgan Rifles. 2. Continental Stripes Flag. 3. South Carolina Flag. 4. Culpepper Flag.

it, "Don't tread on me." (See Fig. 4, Plate V).

The first flag that appeared in the Southern section of the country was that of South Carolina, designed by Colonel Moultrie, who became famous for his gallant defense of Sullivan's Island, in 1776. We will let the Colonel describe the flag, and the circumstances relating to its adoption, in his own words.

"As there was no National flag at the time," he says, "I was desired by the Council of Safety to have one made; upon which, as the State troops



THE BOSTON ELM—A REVOLUTIONARY TREE.

## THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

Soon after the siege of Boston and while the American army was encamped on Manhattan Island, near the city of New York, a distinct corps of mounted men, taken from all the States which furnished the army with troops, was organized to act as a body guard to General Washington. It was commonly called "The Life Guard," and, though formed for the purpose of acting as the commander-in-chief's personal guard, it was often called upon to take its share in the fight in which he was engaged. It consisted of one hundred and eighty men under the command of an officer styled *captain commandant*. The uniform of the "Life Guard" consisted of a blue coat with white facings, white waistcoat and breeches, black half gaiters, and a cocked hat with a blue and white

in their struggle against the mother country. He took part in the battle of Brandywine, where he gained much distinction and was created a brigadier-general in the Continental Army. By permission of Congress, he raised and took command of an independent corps, consisting of sixty-eight horse and two hundred foot. This command was composed chiefly of men belonging to the city of Baltimore, when the organization was effected, and where it was known that such an organization was forming, a banner of crimson silk, beautifully embroidered with designs by their own hands, was sent by the nuns of Bethlehem to Pulaski with their blessing. (See Fig. 2, Plate VI).

This event has been commemorated by our late lamented Longfellow in the exquisite lines:

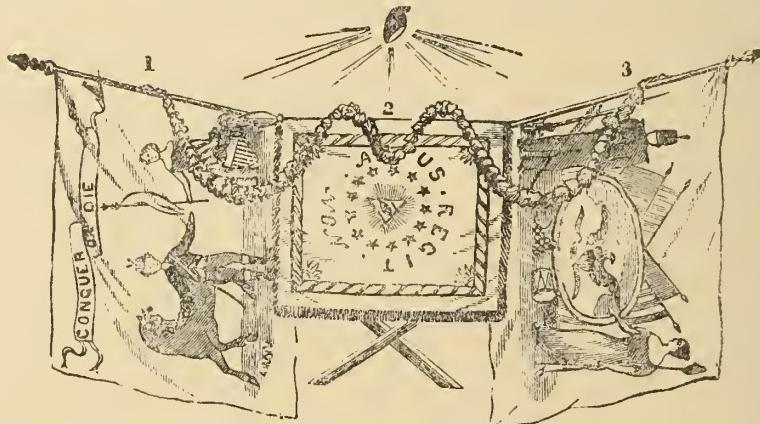


PLATE VI.—Fig. 1, Washington Life Guard Banner. Fig. 2, Pulaski's Battle Flag. Fig. 3, Flag of Richmond Rifles.

plume. They were armed with muskets, and sometimes carried side-arms.

The standard of the corps was of white silk. Over the top the motto of the corps, "Conquer or Die," was inscribed upon a ribbon, while beneath one of the guard is seen holding a horse, and is in the act of receiving a banner from the Genius of Liberty, who is represented as a woman resting one hand on the Union shield, near which is the American Eagle.

Next in order, and the last of the Revolutionary standards of which we shall make mention, is the banner presented to Count Pulaski by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem. Pulaski was a distinguished Pole, who left his own loved land, and came to America to offer his services to the States

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shied  
Faint light on the cowled head;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
\*Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of those lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath shared;  
Spare him! as thou wouldest be spared.

The first is the Hessian banner, both sides of which are shown in the engraving. This flag was captured at Trenton, and consists of two pieces of very heavy white damask silk, with devices wrought in gold thread. A description of these devices is given by an authentic writer, from whom we quote.

"On one side is an eagle, bearing in its talons a scroll and olive branch. Over it, upon a ribbon, are the words 'Pro principe et patria'—'For principle and country'—a curious motto for hirelings to bear. Upon the other side is a monogram, composed of the letters E. C. T. S. A., supposed to be that of their general. Under it are the

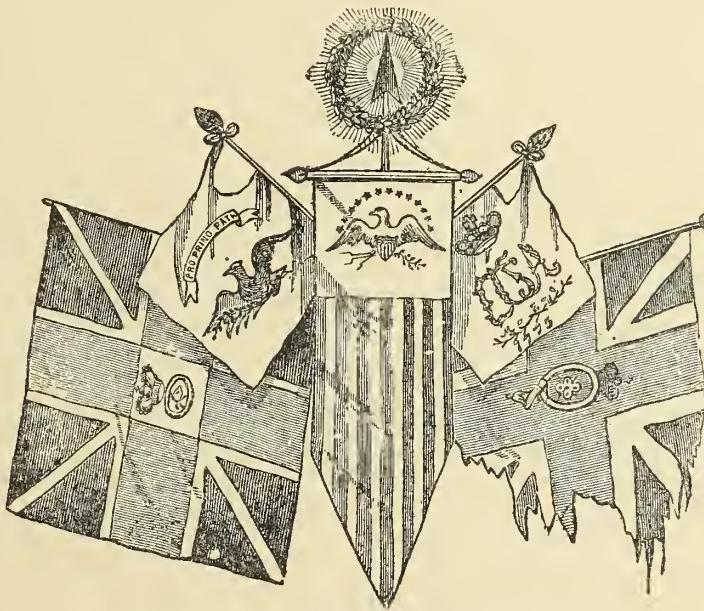


PLATE VII.—Flags Captured at Yorktown and Trenton.

Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldest press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.  
The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

Before leaving this part of our narrative it may not be inappropriate to make passing mention of the flags captured by Washington at Trenton and Yorktown, as they form interesting souvenirs of the Revolutionary war. A representation of these is given in Plate VII.

initials M. Z. B., and the date 1775. A British crown surmounts the whole. It is four feet square. The tassels, made of silver bullion, are suspended to a plate of silver tinsel."

The other two flags represented in the engraving are the banners surrendered by the British at the capture of Yorktown. They are composed of heavy blue twilled silk with the center stripes of the crosses red, and the marginal ones white.

We have now shown the origin of our National banner, following its various phases from its birth, up through its infancy and childhood, but the crowning glory of its manhood was yet to come.

During the earlier days of the war there were many, even of the loyal Americans who opposed the idea of a separation from the mother country as being unnecessary. On the other hand, many others claimed that this was the only course to be taken, and in the signs of the times they foresaw the coming independence.

Meanwhile England's determination to reduce her rebellious Colonies to subjection became stronger, and the cruel and heartless efforts she put forth to accomplish this purpose roused such a spirit that it became a self-evident fact, even to the most luke-warm, that further compromise was in vain, and that all allegiance to the British Crown must be thrown off. So the separation took place, and that immortal document, declaring us to be a Free and Independent Nation, was given to the world.

But, since by this separation we had sundered all the ties of birth and parentage that had previously bound us to the mother country, so it became necessary to blot out from our banner every memento of our past allegiance. Hence the emblem of the British union was stricken from our colors. On June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white. That the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Here then we have our stars and stripes, "old glory" clothed with the first vesture of manhood; but, as we have shown, this measure of Congress was only the official adoption of a flag that had existed for more than a year, with this exception —the blue union, containing thirteen stars. This flag was at once hoisted on sea and land, and the war was fought under the "Stars and Stripes." Every loyal heart found inspiration in,

"The red as of the rosy morn  
When brightest, clearest days are born,  
And of the lily fair and white  
When dipped in dews of summer night.  
The blue of clear and peaceful sky,  
When not a cloud goes floating by.  
The stars of brightest glittering  
All in that noble offering.

This emblem, then, shall ever be  
The symbol of sweet liberty."

The question would naturally arise, "Why were the *stars* selected to represent the different States?" To this we can only answer, that the origin of the stars is involved in obscurity. Many suppose that they were taken, as was said of the stripes, from the Washington coat-of-arms, which was, by a curious coincidence, composed of both stars and alternate red and white stripes. But this supposition is very unlikely; for had such been the case, doubtless Washington would have alluded to the fact in some way, which he seems never to have done.

Others think the stars were intended to represent the constellation "Lyra"—the lyre. This claim is based upon the idea that, as the new constellation signified Union, the constellation Lyra was adopted as the emblem, because, among the ancients, this was the symbol of harmony and unity among men, and contains just thirteen stars. But how to represent our new constellation based upon this emblem, would be a difficult question. A design, consisting of the thirteen stars arranged in the supposed form of a lyre, (see Fig. 3, Plate IX), possessed some objectionable features. It was too complex, and there would be great difficulty in representing such a device on the flag, so as to be readily comprehended by the people at large. Hence, a device more simple, and at the same time tasteful, was desirable.

In the flag adopted by Congress, the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, (see Fig. 1, Plate IX), designed, as is supposed, to signify union and eternal endurance, the circle being the symbol of eternity. Whether this plan was a modification of the preceding one, we are not prepared to say; and the relation existing between the constellation Lyra and a circle of stars would doubtless be obscure to many. In this connection we would say, that John Adams first proposed the Lyra as the emblem of union. His son, John Quincy Adams, while Secretary of State, in 1820, supervised the preparation of a new device to be used on the forms for United States passports which had, previous to that time, borne the arms of the United States. This new design consisted of an eagle



CHILDREN IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

holding in his beak the constellation Lyra, and the motto "*Nunc sidera ducit*," while around the Lyra the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, and represented as radiating from it.

Another feature, having reference to the individual form of the stars, has, perhaps, escaped the notice of many. As represented on our banner they have five points, while those on our coins are six-pointed. This difference arose from the fact that the designers of our flag followed the French custom, and the designers of the coins that of the English.

ninety-five years, who was also alive a few years since, was conversant with the fact. It is not generally known, perhaps, that to Philadelphia not only belongs the honor of unfolding the first star-spangled banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honor of having made it.

Mrs. Ross was an upholsterer in Philadelphia, and in June, 1776, after Congress had decided upon the design for the flag, a committee of Congress, with General Washington, visited the lady, and asked her to make a flag from a rough drawing which they had brought with them. She said,

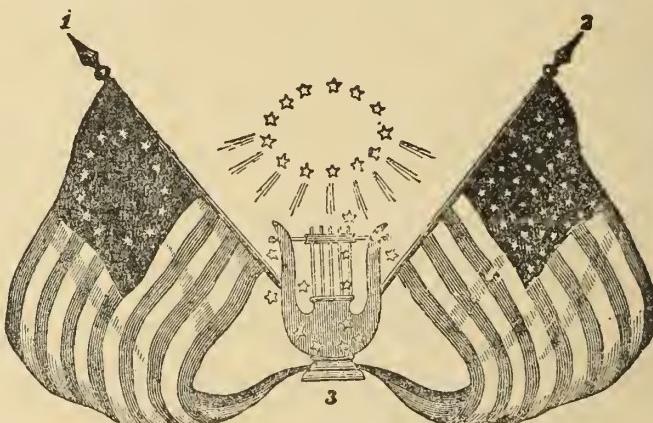
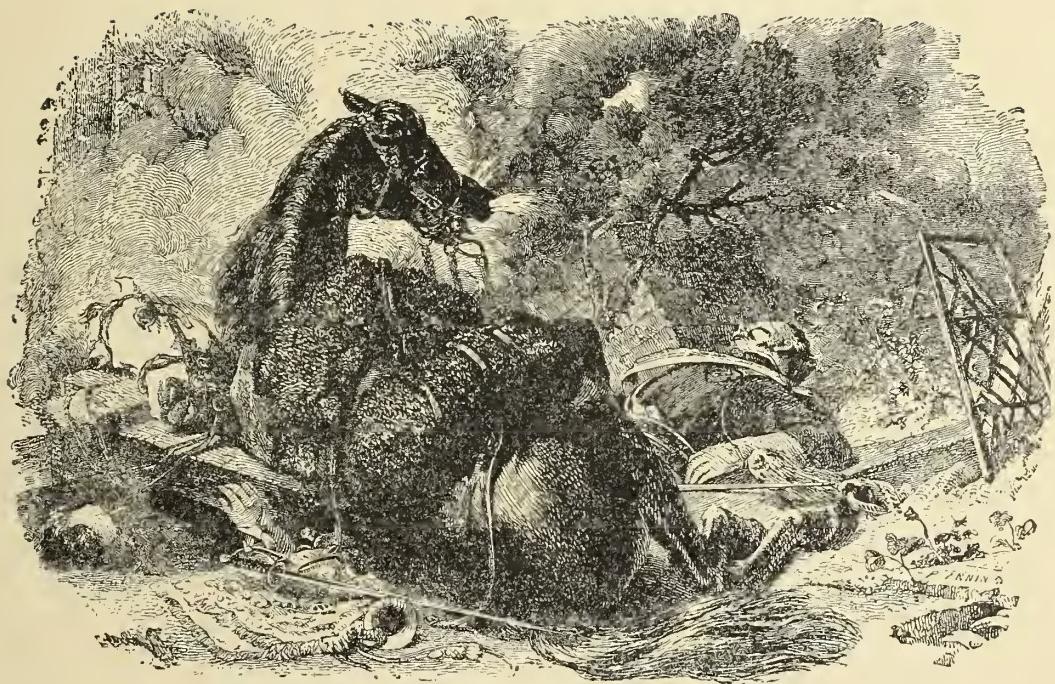


PLATE IX.—Fig. 1, Flag adopted by Congress in 1777. Fig. 2, The Flag in 1864. Fig. 3, The Lyre, the Emblem of the Union.

It has never been discovered who designed our union of stars, but the honor of making the first American flag, according to the design approved by Congress, do doubt belonged to Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. Three of her daughters, who were still living in Philadelphia in 1882, confirmed this fact—founding their belief, not upon what they saw, for it was made many years before they were born, but upon what their mother had often told them. A niece of this lady, Mrs. Margaret Boggs, aged

"I don't know whether I can, but I'll try." She then suggested some changes in the design, and called the attention of the gentleman to the fact that the form of the stars in it was incorrect, in that they were six-pointed and not five-pointed as they should be. This error was corrected; she made the flag and Congress accepted it. Mrs. Ross was appointed flag-maker to the government, and for half a dozen years made all its National flags.





AFTER THE BATTLE.

# A LIVE VALENTINE.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

"WE'RE going to send her the nicest ones we can find, silver lace, frosted, with flowers and Cupids and pretty verses on them. Won't she be surprised, though? Guess no other teacher in Dakota'll get such nice ones! But then Miss Toby is the best teacher that ever lived!"

These sentences came from a group of school children gathered around a large lignite coal stove in the center of a Dakota schoolhouse.

Olaf Jansen made the fires. He was a big Danish boy, whose shock of yellow hair and clumsily made garments gave him a comical appearance, though his fair forehead and ruddy cheeks were wholesome looking and the big blue eyes under his shaggy brows the most honest one ever saw. Olaf had a big, honest heart, too, and it beat loyally for the bright, pretty teacher. He was very sorry that on this particular morning she was kept at home sick of a cold, and as he sat by the stove, opening its door now and then to throw in a chunk of lignite, he wished that he were able, like the other scholars, to send her a pretty valentine. But, unfortunately, he had no money with which to buy one.

He tried to make one with red ink on a sheet of note paper, drawing a circle in which he copied some stanzas from the third reader. Over the circle he drew a pair of storks, staring at each other in what he considered a very affectionate manner. True, doves were represented on all the other valentines, but Olaf knew how to draw storks better, and, beside, he had an especial fondness for these well-remembered birds of his Danish home.

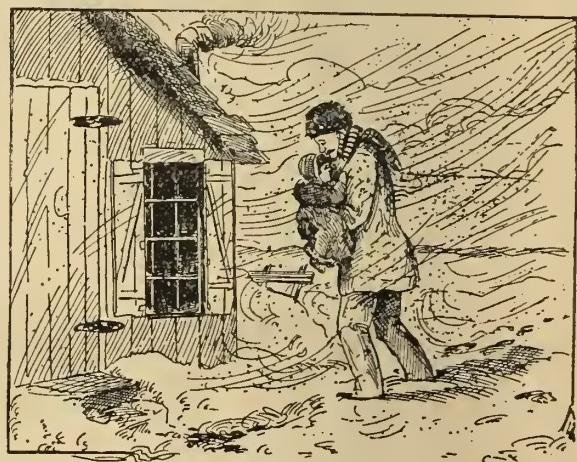
But the scholars laughed long and loudly at this humble production, and Olaf, coloring up to the roots of his yellow hair, tore the valentine into bits. Downcast and disappointed, he applied himself to his studies and to the care of "Little Boots," his teacher's five-year-old brother, who had come to school that day under his care.

Little Boots' real name was Jamie, but nobody thought of calling him that since he had put on his

new felt-lined boots of which he was so proud. He was short and fat, and had you seen him in his thick Dakota wraps, you might have thought him a very plump pincushion, with a little round head on top and two little boots beneath.

There were three things that Little Boots loved best—candy, his pretty sister and Olaf Jansen.

This particular Valentine's Day had been an especially bright one, with a clear blue sky and a



OLAF AND THE CHILD.

mild "chinook" wind blowing. Who would have thought that so sudden a change was at hand? Olaf was the first to apprehend the coming evil. He noticed a low, ominous howl around the chimney, and from his seat near the window he saw a dark bank of clouds rising up from the northwest. He held up his big red hand and said bashfully:

"I t'ink ve haf vat you call von of those blizzard."

The young lady who had taken Miss Toby's place for the day looked up with an anxious face, and even while she looked the sunlight seemed to fade away and the air grew chill, though one side of the big stove glowed like a huge red cheek. The wind around the chimney grew so loud and hoarse as to



## OUR YEARS.

ADELAIDE D. KINGSLEY.

Not from the day when a sunbeam fell  
On a wee young face in a cradle small,  
When a mother's love, that a smile could tell,  
Was the whole of life, of heaven, of all;



Not from the day when a youthful bride,  
You stood at the altar and promised low  
That your life, with the one that was by your side,  
A mingled current should ever flow.



Our lives will be told by the light we shed  
On those who follow where we may lead,  
And our years be measured by what is said  
On the soul's worn page, which the Judge will  
read.

nearly drown her voice when she bade the children to don their wraps and hasten home.

The younger children were packed closely in the sleigh of a farmer, who fortunately chanced to pass by just then. Little Boots was the last one tucked in.

"You jump in too, Olaf," said the young teacher, with her charges nestling around her.

"No," said the lad with a smile. "There is not much room. I walk. It won't be so very long ago already before I gets home all right!"

The black circle of clouds in the north grew larger, crouching like wild beasts preparing to spring upon their prey. The snowflakes came thicker and faster and presently both earth and sky seemed a white, blinding, bewildering mass. But Olaf trudged on serenely. Suddenly a sound that was different from the wind's shriek fell upon his ear. It was a child's voice, crying piteously. It seemed to come nearer, again, almost at his feet! There loomed up out of the snow a small, round bundle—Little Boots!

"I tumbled out of the sleigh and nobody stopped to pick me up!" blubbered the child.

And that was just what had happened. A rough jolt of the sleigh, and Little Boots, who was near the end, was pitched out, and, in the blinding storm and general excitement nobody had missed him till it was too late to go back.

At first Olaf thought he would retrace his steps to the schoolhouse, where it was warm. But, should this blizzard continue for days, what would they do for food? No, he must take the chance of reaching home.

He took up the child in his arms and hurried on. How cold it was! The wind flew by like a race

horse. The snowflakes stung his cheeks. Olaf was strong for his years, but the child was a heavy burden. Again and again he was obliged to turn his back to the wind, which seemed to blow from every quarter. His hands and feet were benumbed by cold. The moisture of his breath turned into ice on his tippet. He was often tempted to lie down and rest. Then he would give his yellow locks a decided shake that sent the snowflakes flying from them, saying, as he did so:

"No; it is not good that I sleep! The little lad would die, and then what would the teacher say—the kind teacher who has been so good to me?"

As he trudged along he prayed for help; for Olaf was a good boy, who knew that it is always safe to trust God. And presently help came.

He heard voices, struggled toward them, and soon came to several men, who, hand in hand with a rope, had sallied forth from a house in hopes of assisting some storm-beaten one. Happily, it was the place where Miss Toby was boarding. She was lying on a lounge, sick in body, but still more sick in mind with worry over her little brother.

Olaf carried Little Boots in. He was as red as a winter's apple from cold, and he whimpered from the stinging pain, but otherwise he was unharmed.

The young Dane deposited his charge in a chair, proceeded to remove his wraps, and, in reply to Miss Toby's grateful exclamations, he said modestly, yet with a twinkle in his blue eyes:

"The other children send you pretty cards and pictures today? Yas! Vell, Little Boots vas all I haf to pring you! You t'ink you like him so vell as 'the other valentines, hey?"

And Miss Toby was quite sure she did.

—*The Sunday School Times.*

## A WISCONSIN LEGEND.

By M. M. M.

IT was a bright day in the latter part of last August, that a party of children set out for the Ridge, as it is called, a short distance from Taycheedah, a village or rather the remains of one, three miles from Fond-du-Lac. We were five in number; I was the oldest girl, fifteen years, so they denominated me "Chaperone Meg." My name is Margaret Harland. Then there was Will Benton—he's sixteen, but being a boy, he doesn't seem so old as I; Herbie, Will's brother, a boy of ten; Lottie White, a prim little Miss with a complexion resembling her name, and lastly Baby Bess, my three year old sister. But I started out to tell you what we saw and not about ourselves.



The morning was delightful and everything was fresh as there had been a heavy and much needed rain the night before, which we feared at first would keep us at home as everything was soaking wet, but the sun was already so hot that the grass was well dried before we reached the Ridge. Leaving the city behind, we were soon winding along the smooth, hard road. We passed many prosperous looking farms with their great red barns and yellow wheat stacks dotting the fields, and every now and then, a clump of woods cast a shade over the sun-lit road which was very refreshing to us.

As we were riding along admiring nature in general, we were stopped by a gate stretching across the road and on it was printed the word "TOLL" in letters so large that we wondered

that we had not noticed them some distance back. Bess was the first to see them and pointed them out with one chubby little finger extended, only she called the word "doll." We had no sooner halted before the low frame structure in connection with the gate, than a little wizened old man popped out of the small green door, "For all the world," Herb said, "like a Jack in the Box, when the cover is unfastened." In this case we were the cover that obliged him to pop out so suddenly into the sunshine, which blessing he, looking like a plant that has been kept in the cellar, did not seem to have had much of. To the left of the door was a long printed notice, stating the amount of toll for everything that might pass that way. Paying three cents for the carriage, we drove on, leaving the old man gazing after us, the



morning breeze playing in his locks of white hair. Will said it was an old military road, which accounted for the novelty of a toll-gate.

"And that was the ghost of old Oshkosh, the Indian chief!" whispered Herbie. Will looked at him scornfully.

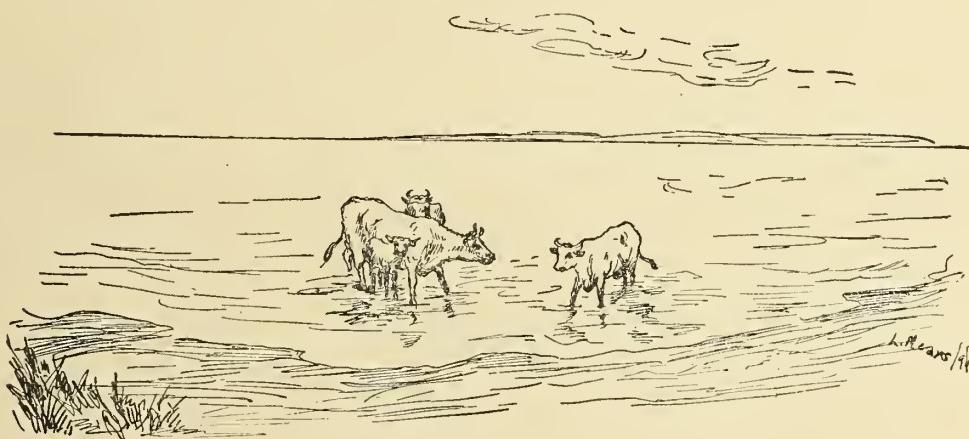
"Youngster, why do you suppose they named Oshkosh after him, if he didn't live there?"

"Well, I suppose he could come here if he wanted to!" sniffed Herbie, "and I just believe if I went back and asked that old man, he'd tell me he remembered seeing Oshkosh mounted on a black war-horse, with feathers in his hair and paint on his cheeks, dashing along this very road, and—what are you all laughing at?" he demanded indignantly.

"Your English is about as bad as Oshkosh's probably was," said Will, and Herbie subsided.

We rode along slowly now, having almost reached our destination. A sudden turn in the road, revealed the most charming little piece of scenery, I have ever seen. It seemed like a painting, only far lovelier. It was the southern shore of Lake Winnebago; the water was very low, leaving a wide stretch of beech, which was formed in waves of sand. Some cattle had wandered far out into the water in which was the reflection of the sky above. There they stood among the marsh grass, chewing their cuds and flecking the flies off their sides with their long tails, as placid a looking set as I ever saw. They all turned their heads around in mild surprise as the carriage grated on the sand.

A few moments more, found us in the village of Taycheedah or what is left of it. We stopped before the only residence it seemed to boast, and the horses drank from the moss-covered trough, which was supplied by a tiny fountain. After refreshing ourselves with some of the water, which was delightfully cool, we took time to look around a little. The only other building was a white frame structure, looking more like a barn than anything else; but we were left in no doubt as to its use, for the first thing that met our eyes in that direction, was the word "STORE," in letters rivaling in size those of the toll-gate.



Will said they were very kind to label everything. Then Herbie added that we would be taken up for "label" if we did not stop laughing at everything, which remark Will said was very bright for a small boy, but that there was still room for improvement in his English. Will thinks he is grown up and tries to be sarcastic.

After the horses had satisfied their thirst, we pushed on a little further to the Ridge and here, beside a small creek, we stopped. It was a very favorable spot for all purposes. We selected a flat rock which would serve very nicely for a table when dinner time came, and after swinging the hammocks, we proceeded to look around. The scenery was very beautiful; the land sloping gradually from the hill-side road by which we had come. The children, that is Herbie, and Bess, and Lottie, ran down this apparently gentle slope but found themselves unable to stop until they had reached the bottom, "the low-lands," as we designated them.

Will and I watched them and had a good laugh when Herb at last succeeded in getting Lottie to make the descent. Away went that proper little maid. Her hat blew off and her hair came unbraided, and when she arrived at the bottom she was very flushed and angry and

commanded Herbie to go and get her hat, which he did very humbly, though the little rascal was laughing so hard that he could hardly keep his face straight.

There was a spring that came bubbling up between some rocks. It had formed a little stony bed for itself and ran this way and that until it became quite a stream. It doubled and twisted itself around first this clump of trees and then it must needs go and peep behind that large rock, then it gurgled back where it started from almost, only by a different way. It was a most frolicsome little brook and acted as though it was trying to play hide and seek with itself, Herbie said.

But bye and bye it became the "Mississippi River" according to Lottie, and rippled along among the large trees which hung over it, while green grass bordered it on either side. Here and there along its banks were the bright, scarlet berries of the Jack in the Pulpit, to brighten this shadowy retreat. The little rivulet looked like a silver ribbon winding along in the gloom of the dark woods.

To give the finishing touch to the picture, we saw, just what one would expect to find in the midst of all this wild, luxuriant beauty, the ruins of an old stone castle, or what appeared as such but in reality, was the old Hauser brewery, long since fallen to decay. This fact detracted somewhat from the romance. One hated to think of such a place, which is bad enough anywhere, in the midst of all this purity and beauty, and we were all glad that it was in ruins, as it greatly enhanced the charm of the picture.

It had been in this state for a long time, each year adding to its picturesqueness. The roof, which had fallen in, lay in fragments on the floor, but the walls reared themselves in gaunt pride, though parts of them had crumbled away, leaving the edges irregular. Virginia creeper, which was everywhere in abundance, completely covered one end and side like a dark mantle, reminding one of Dickens' poem, which Will repeated.

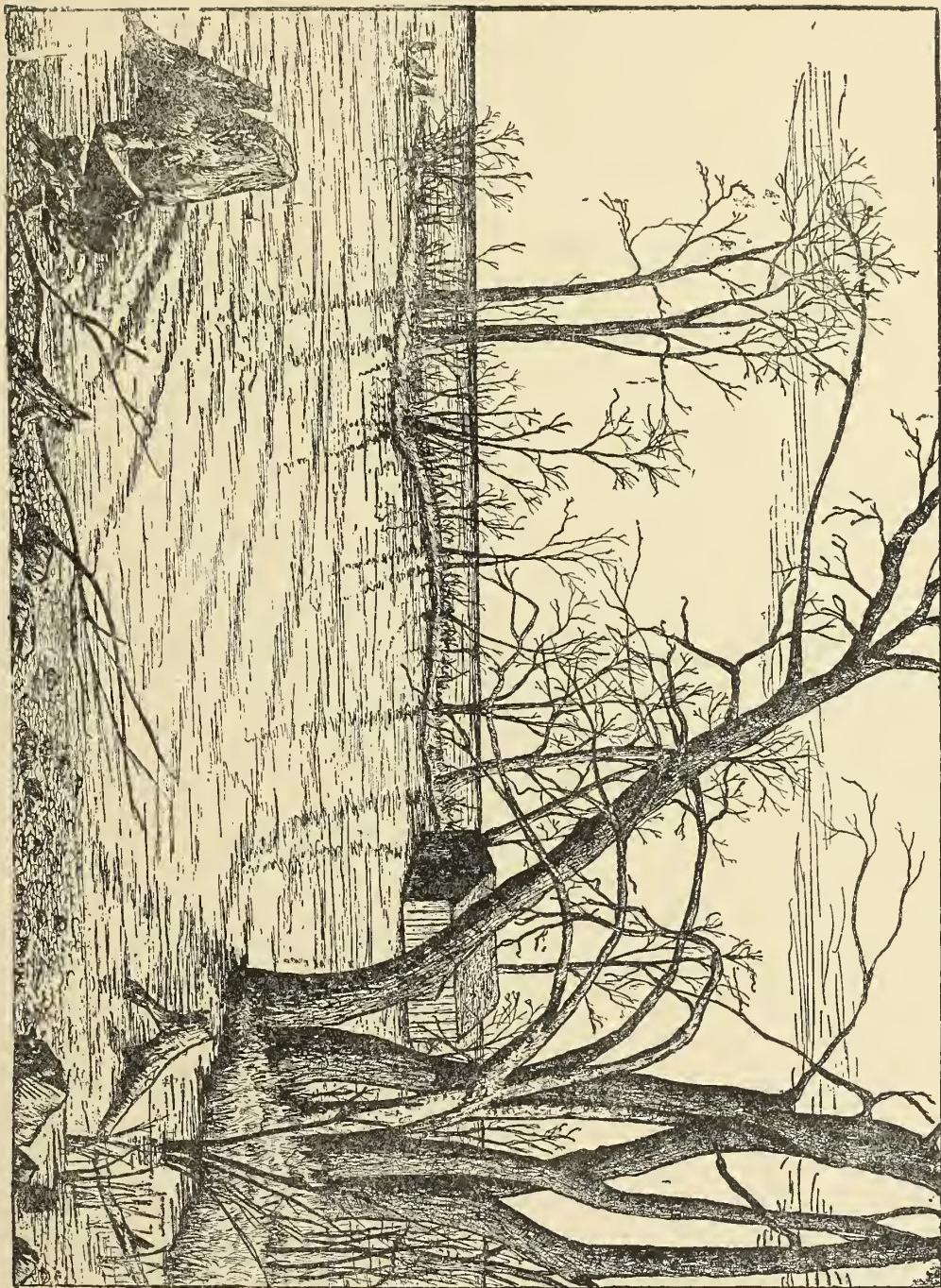
Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green,  
That climbeth o'er ruins old !  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,  
To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
And the mouldering dust that the years have made,  
Is a merry meal for him.

In the highest peak of the wall was a long, narrow window, which with the creeper clinging about it, made one think of the castles of the Old World, described in romances. It was beautiful and I established myself in good view of this piece of crumbling masonry, only regretting that I could not see it by moonlight.

It was so very warm that we put off our investigations until after dinner. This being over we started on our tour of discovery. We found some difficulty in reaching the ruins, being obliged to climb and scramble down the rough incline as best we could. On our toilsome way we passed what looked very much like a quarry, and Will gave it as his opinion that it had once been used for that purpose, and he was to be confirmed in his belief before the day was over. At length we reached the ruins.

The saying that distance lends enchantment did not seem to apply here, for they looked even more enchanting than from above. From that elevation they appeared quite small, but

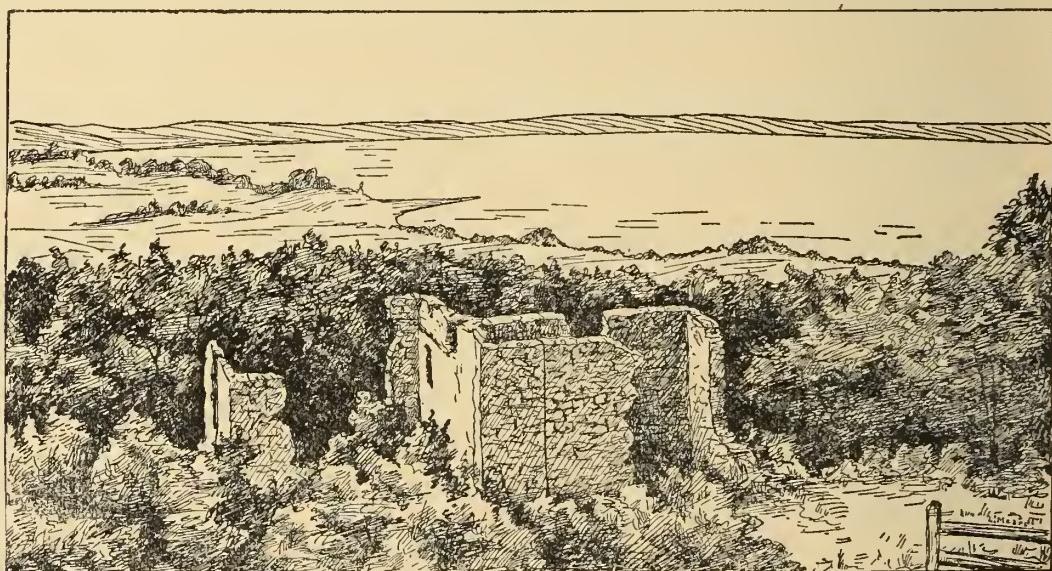
HUNTER'S POINT, LAKE WINNEBAGO.



now they assumed larger proportions. The wild flowers, which grew in profusion, were marvels of color. We were very warm, when we discovered some mossy stone steps and made our way down into the vaults. When we reached the bottom of the flight, a draught of cool, damp air, issued from the chambers. This was delightful.

Entering the first of these, we could only blink at first, but gradually our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and we went still further in. There had been a heavy rain the preceding day and little drops of water hung like diamonds, along the ceiling and walls. Stalactites, like icicles, depended from above. These were formed by the continual washing of the rains through the lime in the masonry. We knocked several pieces down and brought them away as relics. We explored still further into the chambers and what was our horror to see a light just ahead of us and hear a voice repeating,

"I am thy father's spirit; doomed for a certain term to walk the night, and—"



We all started and Bess set up a regular baby howl, she didn't understand what it all meant but she was frightened and tired. I caught her up in my arms and hurried as fast as I could after Lottie and Herb who were making for the entrance, but Will staid to interview the orator. He came forward quickly with his light and following him was a young lady. She was as frightened as we, Will said. I told him that I didn't see how they could help hearing us before Bess cried and he said they were too much engaged for that.

When Lottie, Herbie, Bess and I, came out into the light of day once more, we seated ourselves on the flight of steps to rest. In the archway of the first of these vaults stood several slabs of stone, probably placed there sometime with the intention of repairing the floor, but they had never been used, and there they stood, propped up against one another, looking grey and chill in the gloom and reminding one of a lot of tombstones. This thought suggested itself to Herbie, and he took a piece of a stalactite, which makes a mark like chalk, and traced a skull and cross bones on the foremost of the slabs, which added much to the illusion when you went near enough to distinguish the ghastly diagram.

He was engaged thus, when Will came out with the two strangers. He introduced them as Mr. Wood and Miss Clifford. They had come there to sketch and she showed me a sketch of the ruins she had taken that morning before we came. It was lovely and made me ashamed of mine. But then she was a great deal older than I and besides she was engaged. We sat there for some time gazing up at the crumbling wall, while George, as Miss Clifford called Mr. Wood, related the legend connected with the place.

This weird tale used often to be repeated for the entertainment of the earlier settlers of the state, by the older members of the Menominee and Potawatominie tribe. It is to the effect that in ancient times, the Fox river had a direct channel from Oshkosh to Neenah, with a sudden turn to the north, midway between Oshkosh and Stockbridge.

Located on the southern side of this bend was a magnificent city, such as Wisconsin cannot now boast. The buildings were of large dimensions and constructed of stone, but the people of this city had committed some crime and the Great Spirit was filled with wrath, and he punished them by causing an earthquake, which shook down the buildings, reducing them to fragments; all save one—a ponderous structure of surprising strength, upon which the earthquake had no effect. But the Great Manitou was not yet appeased, but bent upon complete destruction of the unfortunate city, he therefore caused the place on which it stood to sink, the waters of the river completely covering it.

When the earthquake occurred, it caused the formation of a ridge in the valley of the Grand Chute, or what is now the city of Appleton. This had forced the waters to set back and cover the place from this point (Appleton) to the ridge two miles north of Fon-du-Lac, where we were at this moment listening to the strange tale.

But as time passed, the legend goes, the Great Manitou was filled with sorrow for what he had done and determined to restore the submerged city, so he caused the ridge at Grand Chute to settle down on a level with the deposit of mud as far up as Neenah, and is slowly raising the bottom of the lake to its former position, so that in the course of time, the ancient city will rise out of the waters and astonish the unbelieving.

After the destruction of the ancient city, the inhabitants, who had escaped, all the surrounding country being settled, retired to a subterranean grotto in the vicinity of Clifton. Here they built temples and filled them with idols of gold and copper, believing themselves safe from the avenging Spirit. But they were deceived, for the Great Manitou was bent upon the complete destruction of the city and all the inhabitants, so he caused the front top of the rock to fall and cover the mouth of their retreat, thus destroying the remnants of a once powerful nation.

When Mr. Wood finished this strange story, questions were rained upon him as to the evidences of its truth. He could only repeat the story of an old medicine man, whom many of the older settlers of Wisconsin remember. He declared that on clear days the ruins could be distinctly seen.

Another evidence of the existence of the legendary city was the quarry, which we had noticed. The same old medicine man claimed that this quarry was used when the city was built, and Mr. Wood said it was true that there are certain strange geological formations in Taycheedah quarry. He also said it was true that on certain still days, about the middle of the lake, walls and foundations of crumbling masonry from two to six feet in height can be

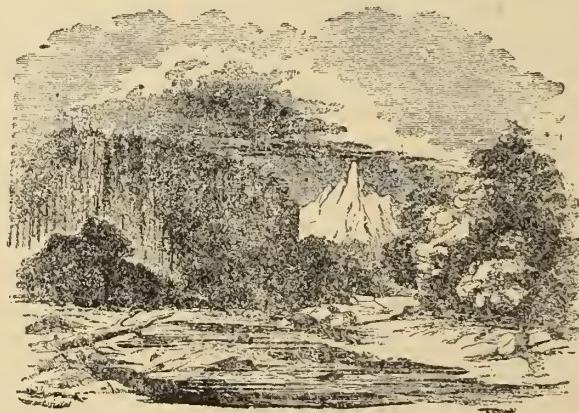
distinctly seen, and that these walls are built of light grey stone, resembling the formation of the Taycheedah quarry. One structure in particular can be distinguished, Mr. Wood said, and this is probably the one mentioned in the legend. It has a square front and faces to the southeast.

The legend, whether true or not, impressed us very much, so closely connected as it was with the quarry which we could see from where we sat, and we could only wonder what crime these people had committed to merit such direful punishment.

"Who knows," said Mr. Wood, "but America may have a veritable Pompæii, covered by the murky waters of Fox river, instead of historic ashes, and that untold treasures may yet be found which the coming generations of Europe will come over to view." We could only speculate and notwithstanding our suggestive surroundings, I, for my part, found it very difficult to think of anything so romantic in connection with Wisconsin.

Will promised then that he would take me out some clear day and we would see if we could see the ill-fated city but he never has, I guess he has forgotten it, but perhaps when he reads this, he will fulfill his promise.

Miss Clifford and Mr. Wood went home when we did, and drove along beside us all the way. They were only visiting in Fond-du-Lac and I have never seen them since, and as for us children, Will, Herb, Lottie, Bess and myself, I haven't given our real names, so don't imagine any of you Oshkosh or Fond-du-Lac boys and girls, that you know us.





CANINE SYMPATHY.

# WHY A JEWISH BOY SHOULD BECOME A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY RABBI SAMUEL HIRSCH.

**W**HY? Because it is right that he should be. Morality and his religion both demand that he be loyal in the highest sense to the flag of his country, a good citizen in the land where his cradle stood, or which of his own free will he chose for his residence. The reasons that would urge a non-Jewish boy to be mindful of the duties of patriotism speak to the Jewish boy. Though many people who are not acquainted with the ideas of the Jews think that the Jews form a nation by themselves, and that therefore the Jew, though born in America, is virtually a foreigner, the fact is that Judaism stands for religion as does the word Christianity.

In religion, therefore, a Jewish boy may perhaps differ from his non-Jewish school companion; in nationality they have identical relations. The Jewish boy who was born in this country is a Jewish American and not an American Jew. This now being so, the same motives as prompt the Christian American to be true to the star-spangled flag of freedom stir the heart and guide the hand of the Jewish American. Patriotism is largely a strong sense of gratitude to the good and noble men who lived before we were born, and who often under difficulties of which we scarce can conceive, battled to found the government, the blessings of which we enjoy, and risked life and limb for its preservation. The American heart cannot but be affected when the memory of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan cheers or chides it. The Jewish boy has no other patron saints than these. The principles for which these great and immortal men fought and bled are those which his religion at all times inculcated as God-given.

There is an old legend told in some of the books which, written in Hebrew, have preserved the views and teachings of many of the foremost teachers of the Jewish religion, some of whom were co-temp-

poraneous with Jesus and may have been among his teachers. The story is that when God gave to Moses the tables of the law, on either side was engraven by God Himself the word "Liberty." The Jew loves liberty and spurns slavery of every kind. In all of his prayers recurs constantly the gratitude to God for having loosened the shackles of Egyptian bondage. The fundamental precept of the Jewish religion is moral freedom. The principles which underlie our constitution are in very truth the same as are according to the Jewish religion the sacred birthrights of every man. Devotion to such a government is for the Jew not merely a civic virtue and obligation, but a religious duty and office. In fact, at all times and under all circumstances by their religion were the Jews bidden be good citizens and observe the laws of the land where they dwelled. When in exile away from their homes and captives in the hands of the enemy, the Jews were exhorted by the prophet Jeremiah to pray for the peace of the cities in which they resided. "The law of the land is as sacred as the law of God," is a maxim of the Jewish faith. And another was: "Civil government on earth represents the heavenly ruler."

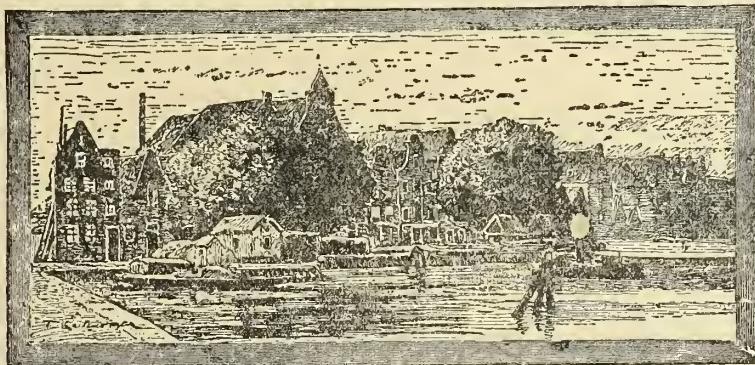
If thus the Jews were admonished and taught to respect governments that often were despotic, and generally treated the Jews as though the Jew was an outcast, scarce a human being, how much more eloquently is the Jewish American commanded by his religion to love the land of his birth or his adoption! Freedom is writ on its flag. A citizen is a citizen regardless of his creed, color and race. Here under the protection of our constitution none has the right to force his fellow to worship his Maker in manner repugnant to his own convictions.

A glorious freedom ours. The Jews, if any, know how to appreciate this boon. For fifteen hundred years and longer they had no country they

could call their own. The rights of common humanity were withheld from them. They had no redress by law for their grievances ; they were not allowed to exercise the obligations and discharge the burdens of citizenship anywhere on the face of this globe. The very year when Columbus discovered America hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were expelled from Spain, though they were born there ; their fathers had lived there before them, and were buried there ; they spoke the language of the land and had been law-abiding and useful sojourners in the land ; and what Isabella of Spain then commanded and tolerated had been done before by many other potentates, and was repeated afterward by yet others still. Yea, to-day in many lands professedly Christian, the Jew is still debarred from active citizenship.

Our country was the first which granted the Jew what, for a long time, he had not had—a country he could call his own ; a flag that he knew belonged to him ; rights that he appreciated most keenly, and duties which he was most thankful to accept and most eager to discharge. This the Jew cannot forget. His religion exhorts him to be loyal ; his gratitude lends new meaning to the appeal of his religious teachers.

The Jewish American will be a loyal citizen because it is right that he should be, because his religion demands that he should be, and because he cannot forget that America was true to her own honor and principles, when she welcomed the weary wanderer, the Jew, to become one of her free children. To the flag which recalls all this belongs the love and loyalty of the Jewish American.

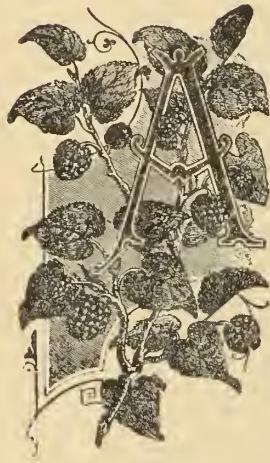




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## An Old New England Home.

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BRIEF account of the history of a New England home, which enjoys the unique distinction of having been inhabited for two centuries and a half, will be of great interest to our young readers.

The ancient Town of Dedham is situated on the Charles River, ten miles southwest from Boston. It is the shire town of Norfolk county

It was settled in 1635 by a swarm from the neighboring hive of Watertown. John Fairbanks (he is designated in early records as John, not Jonathan) was a native of Staffordshire, England, who landed in Boston in 1633. He went shortly afterwards to the new settlement.

There were few carpenters and masons in those days. Sawmills, too, were scarce, and their place was taken by two men with a cross-cut saw. Fear of the Indians impelled the settlers to huddle together instead of scattering on their farms. Fairbanks seems to have been better off than his neighbors, for the house he built was comparatively fine and evidently intended to endure. When after seventy years the rude village was abandoned the Fairbanks house was left standing alone.

In 1793 Dedham became the shire town and

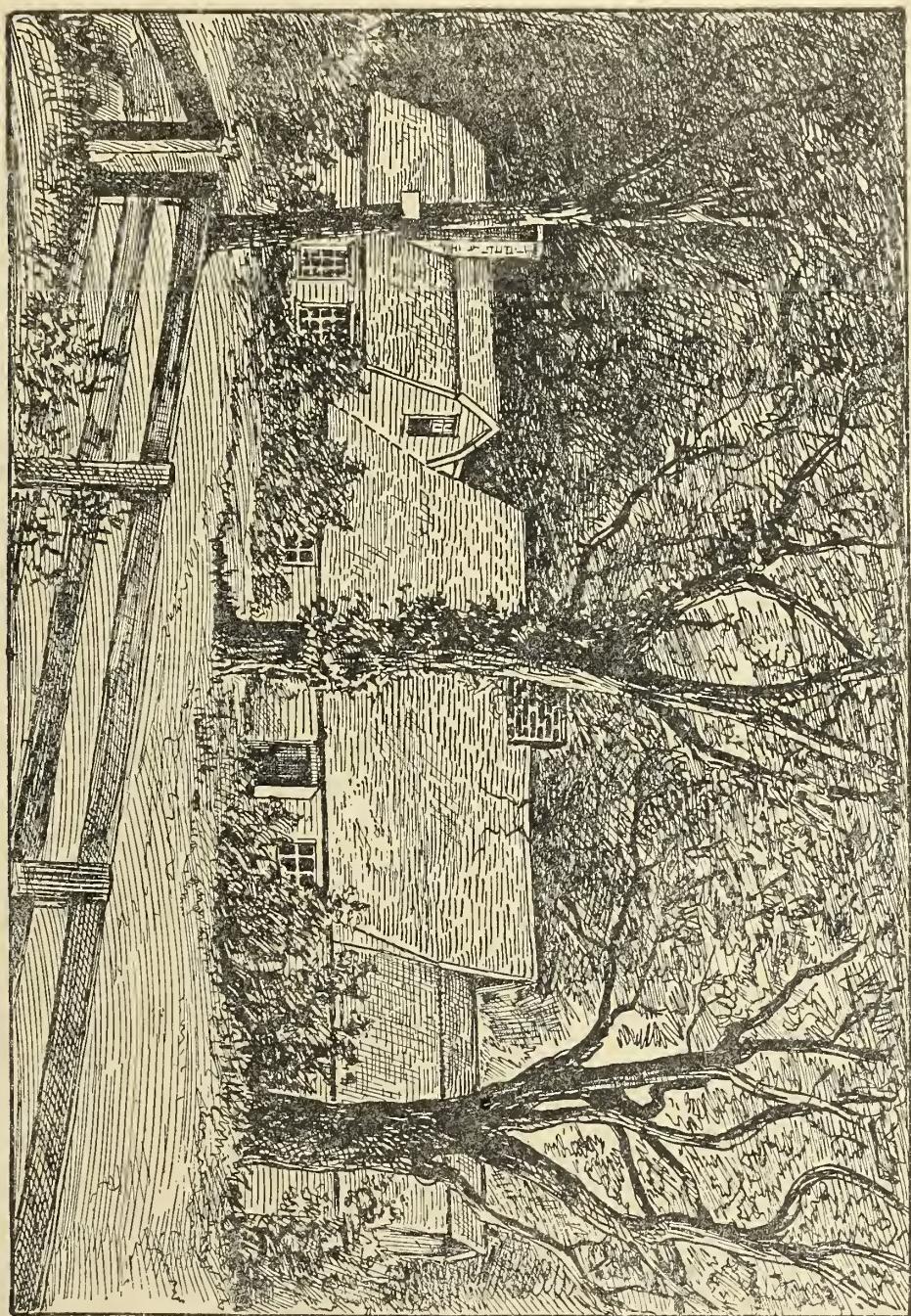
a new and lasting village began to blossom about the sturdy homestead, now 157 years old.

The first place of public worship, in which the principal seat was awarded to the heaviest taxpayer, had been torn down 120 years before and a new one built, with the typical New England galleries—men in one, women in another, and boys and girls in front.

The Fairbanks homestead is near East street, and is rightly retired from the road and shadowed by old trees. The steep roof, designed to afford a sliding escape to the snow, is now gray and mossy. The insult of paint never has been offered to the venerable dwelling, which nature has subdued to the color of the earth and leaves. No plasterer ever has plied his trade on the interior. The partitions are of boards and the sides of the room are wainscoted. In the center of the house is a huge chimney-stack, where there were once fire-places for burning superabundant wood. Near the kitchen, now reduced from its original size, is an oven where a century ago the dwellers placed the pot of beans every Sunday morning, confident that on their return they would find the succulent dish properly browned.

In a chest are carefully preserved blue and white china brought from England by the first Jonathan Fairbanks and newer sets belonging to succeeding generations; the youngest collection of dishes is 70 years old.

In the kitchen is a huge beam running across the ceiling from the fireplace and from it is suspended an ancient firelock with a stock that



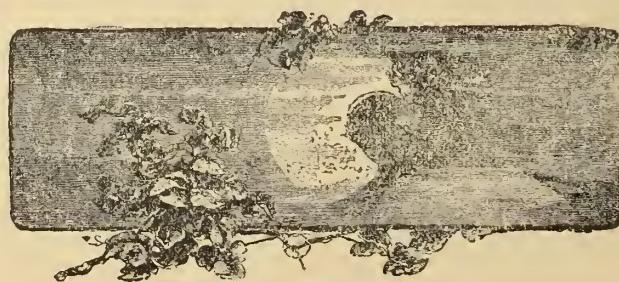
JONATHAN FAIRBANKS' HOUSE, DEDHAM, MASS. Built 1640.

runs almost to the muzzle. It was owned by the original Jonathan Fairbanks. It is no stretch of imagination to suppose that many a brave of King Philip's band received his *qui etus*, answering with a yell its mastiff roar. It is a reasonable presumption that it accompanied the expedition made up of Dedham and Medford men in July, 1676. At that time Pomham of Rhode Island was King Philip's strongest ally. When surrounded by his enemies from the two towns mentioned he died fighting savagely to the end. It would have done him little good to surrender; for, as it was, the gentle Puritans stuck his head on a pole, quartered his body, and sold his son into slavery.

Returning from this disgression, however, one may infer also that the old musket had no more compunction for a redcoat than a redskin when a century later it ranged itself with the

Continents in their ragged regiments. Since then the veteran weapon has rested in honorable ease; for it is hardly probable that the country needed it in 1860, when there were so many brighter and younger guns.

The Fairbanks house is occupied at present—at least it was a few years ago—by Miss Sarah and Miss Nancy Fairbanks. As they were octogenarians in 1879 one or both may now be dead. All generations of the Fairbanks family were noted for longevity. Nothing in Dedham surpasses the homestead in antiquity except an old oak, sixteen feet in circumference and towering over the town. This great tree was hale and flourishing before Dedham was founded, and it is flourishing to-day. It narrowly escaped being cut down to furnish timber when the ship Constitution was building; and could it have been consulted it probably would not have desired a prouder fate.





A NEW ENGLAND BOY HIS OWN DOCTOR.

# A STORY OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR.

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BY RODNEY WELCH.

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THERE were some pleasant, or at least partially redeeming, phases of slavery, as there are of almost every objectionable institution. One was the strong attachment that often existed between some of the whites and blacks living on the same plantation. It was the custom of many wealthy parents to present to a female child on the day of her birth a young slave girl. She became the nurse of the white child while she remained an infant, and was advanced to the position of maid when she became a young lady. At her marriage she went with her to her new home, where she often performed the duties of housekeeper. As she was better acquainted with the mysteries of domestic economy than her mistress her services were invaluable, and were so regarded.

It is likely the attachment between two such persons was stronger than between two females of the same race and social standing. There was nothing to mar their friendship. There was no opportunity for the spirit of competition, rivalry, or jealousy to produce discord. Each was essential to the prosperity of the other, but in an entirely different way. One was the counterpart of the other in almost everything.

A local historian has recorded that "the first white child born in Chicago was a negro." I might state that the first white woman that I met when I went to take charge of a school in Kentucky, away back in the fifties, was a negro slave, though I did not at the time even suspect that such was the case. She was the only person I found in a small hotel in the town where the Minerva Seminary was located. She was a slender, graceful girl of eighteen, and I presumed that she was the daughter of the keeper of the hotel, who was absent from home. She handed me a pen that I might register my name, assigned me

a room, and provided me with a dinner. Not being accustomed to see persons of mixed blood, I did not notice certain African characteristics in her features and manners. Before night the landlord and his wife with their two children, Ned and Alice Thomas, returned. I then learned that the girl Amanda, who had done the honors of the house, was a slave, the property of the hotel-keeper, but the promised bond-maid of his only daughter Alice. Little did I then think that we were all to become actors in a tragedy surpassing anything ever produced on the stage.

In a week school opened and Ned and Alice Thomas became my pupils. The former was fifteen and the latter some two years younger. Both were ambitious and favorites with their teachers and classmates. Ned excelled in history and mathematics, Alice in languages and literature. Her face afforded a study for the psychologist as well as for an artist. The innocence of childhood, the beauty of mature womanhood, the devotion of a saint, the imagination of a poet, the thought of a philosopher were all expressed in her countenance. She was not what is called a pretty girl, which ordinarily means a face and form expressive of beauty.

As the Thomas family was the first one with which I became acquainted, and as the children were favorite pupils, I often called at their house and became familiar with their history. The head of the family had seen better days, had owned a plantation, and had held political positions. But speculation, the love of conviviality, and the credit system—long the bane of the South—had brought about his financial ruin. Years before, he had been obliged to give up tobacco raising and to descend to the occupation of village inn keeper. Of his once numerous human chattels, Amanda alone remained.

Her position in the family was anomalous. She was a slave, and as such could be sold like a horse or attached for a debt. She knew all these things and was well aware of the fact that her master had many creditors. Still there were many things to render her life happy. She was always well clad and had more jewelry than most white women. She had money, too, as nearly every patron of the hotel made her presents. What was more, she possessed the love, respect, and confidence of all the household. Then she had a lover, John Childs, who managed his master's plantation, and who had a chance to buy his freedom by the profits on some land he had worked for himself.

Many slaves in Kentucky, at the time I lived there, had opportunities for making money for themselves, and not a few of the more intelligent and thrifty improved them. John and Amanda were among this number. I bought my wood of John, and Amanda dressed my wife's hair once every week. Both sang well and were skillful in the use of the musical instruments most popular among the blacks. Amanda played the tambourine and John the banjo. One pleasant October night they sang and played "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" below our chamber window. I never heard sweeter music. It will haunt me through time and eternity.

There was a violent commotion in the little town the next morning. The seminary bell rung two hours before it was time to call the school together. I looked out expecting to see a building on fire, but there was none. I went out on the street to ascertain the cause of the unusual excitement. I soon learned that John and Amanda had escaped during the previous night. There was no one to prepare breakfast at the village tavern and no one to look after the blooded stock on the Child's farm. As I walked along, there were suspicious glances thrown on the face of the young Northern schoolmaster, beneath whose window the two runaway slaves had sung and played the night before.

When we are suffering from perturbation, are agitated on account of some news that concerns us alone, or are fearful about the issue of some

event, we always endeavor to appear calm in the presence of others whom we are accustomed to meet. We are punctual and methodical in the discharge of our duties. We devote our best energies to trying to appear composed. We pass no acquaintance on the street without giving the usual salutation. We interest ourselves, but not unduly, in all the affairs that are taking place about us. We cover our emotions with a mask.

I went to the post-office as usual and obtained my mail. At eight o'clock I repaired to the seminary, where I had been accustomed to hear a class of young men, who were preparing to enter college, recite their Latin lesson before school hours. As I had supposed, I found no one in the recitation room. The minds of the boys were evidently on something else than the great epic of Virgil. They were thinking obviously of the flight of John and Amanda to Canada, and not of the flight of Æneas from the shores of Troy into Italy. They were wondering whether they would succeed in carrying their household goods in safety across Lake Erie. I had made up my mind to appear as undisturbed as very unfavorable circumstances would allow. I took my accustomed place behind the desk in the small recitation room, and read or pretended to read the newspaper. No pupil dropped in with a copy of Virgil under his arm. After a time the colored janitor passed the door on the outside and remarked, "'Pears like dar won't be much school today. Most of the boys has done gone to de ribber. Massa Thomas has offered \$1000 for 'Manda. 'Spects how some one will get that reward. Alice, she loved that gal more than a sister. She hopes dat she won't get caught and sold down to New Orleans where all runaways get sent to."

Saying this he left the building and went to join the crowd in the busy portion of the village. As it was evident that none of my class would come, I went into the hall and stood for a moment at the door of the large school room. The ticking of the clock was distinctly heard, and once I thought there was another sound. I opened the door and looked in. The place appeared to be deserted. Still I fancied that I heard a slight noise, like a half suppressed sigh or moan. To get a better

view of all parts of the room I went upon the platform and stood behind the desk. On it I found a bunch of garden flowers tied significantly with a white and black ribbon. Beside it was a note addressed to me. I stepped to the window to read it and was horrified in finding that it contained these words:

*Dear Teacher:* This is to thank you for all your kindness to me and to say farewell. When you read this I shall be dead. Amanda's master—I will call him by no more endearing name, nor see his face again—has gone with wicked men to capture her and to sell her to a Southern slave trader. Comfort poor mother and Ned and try and think that I have not done wrong. I could not leave this world without a word to you.

ALICE THOMAS.

My resolution to preserve the appearance of composure was put to a severe test. I trembled and became faint. Between the ticks of the clock I thought that I heard again that stifled sigh. In the excitement I dropped the note. Stooping to the floor to pick it up I saw beneath a desk—it was Alice's desk—a crouched human form, covered with a shawl. It was plain now from whom the sigh proceeded. Perhaps I might be in time to prevent a suicide, but most likely I had heard the last faint moan of the dying.

I hastened to the spot where the girl was, called her name, and extended my hand. She struck at it, and I was instantly convinced that she was a maniac. She darted into the aisle, sprung upon the top of the desks, and from them leaped upon the window sill, from which she evidently intended to fling herself upon the ground. I caught her round the waist and brought her down to the floor. She spoke not a word, but fought to free herself. Thinking what a spectacle would be presented if any of the pupils should enter the room, I released her on the promise to remain quiet while I reasoned with her. I asked her earnestly and feelingly if she considered that by her rash act she would render her poor brother miserable for life and would break her mother's heart. I thought at first that she was affected by these suggestions and that she would be considerate. But I was wrong. She was simply calculating how she could throw me off my guard and make her escape. As I stepped for a chair in which she could rest she

leaped once more upon the desks and was again upon the window-sill. I was now more firmly convinced than before that the girl was insane.

My duty was now plain and I did not shrink from it. I sprang after her, caught her round the waist, carried her to the platform, threw myself in an arm-chair, and held her firmly in my arms. I then informed her of my determination to keep her in that position till some person should arrive who would render or procure assistance. Seeing that I was in earnest she ceased to struggle, and reluctantly accepted the condition. After what had passed I did not dare release my grasp, but I regretted the necessity of retaining it, as persons were liable to enter the room at any time. So I repeated to her what I had said about her brother and mother and begged of her for the sake of others if not for herself to be calm. I called her attention to the fact that circumstances had forced me to be her guardian and that I must perform my duty.

The consideration of her condition, her complete inability to carry out her purpose, and the belief that her mother and brother were seeking her, more than any words of mine, I believe, caused her to abandon the thought of ending her existence, and to think about what she should do. I was quick to make a suggestion. It was to the effect that she remain in the room and at the proper time take a seat at her desk as though nothing unusual had happened. I informed her that I would ask her "easy questions" in the lessons that she would recite to me, and that I would excuse her from reciting to her other teacher.

The scheme worked better than I had anticipated. Her brother smiled on her when he came in and most of her classmates expressed to her in some way their sympathy and regard. As I feared when the excitement of school was over and she returned to her lonely home that her poignant grief and the purpose to take her life would come back to her, I made a pretense for asking her to my house to examine some books. She had scarcely passed into the library, however, before she completely broke down. "I cannot sleep to-night," she said, "thinking that the slave hunters are following Amanda."

Then she took from her pocket a string of beads and a gold locket that had belonged to Amanda and which she had placed about her neck while she was sleeping the night she went away. She also told me of the flowers she found on her pillow and of the gold coin that was on her brother's table. She then narrated to me a dream she had, of an angel coming down and blessing her and dropping tears on her forehead, and how the dream changed and she became frightened and awoke to discover the things Amanda had given her. On seeing these she knew that she had gone away, but she made no noise, as to do so would be to hasten the sending out of persons to pursue her. She was going on to tell me of the horror she experienced on learning that "Amanda's master" had offered a reward for her capture, but she faltered and choked, the hot tears spurted from her eyes, and she fell prostrate to the floor.

I had saved the poor girl twice that day, and now I found that I must make another attempt. The way to do it, however, was not at first clear to me. Pity had now taken the place of resolution. I considered many things in a very short time. I thought it probable that Alice might share the suspicion, excited in part by the serenade, that I was privy to the plan of escape, and that perhaps I had secretly aided the fugitives. I accordingly acted on that supposition. I approached her, raised her up, and looked resolutely in her face. She sank tremblingly on her knees, and as I regained my chair she laid her face against me.

"Alice," I said, slowly and solemnly, "will you promise to keep a secret if I confide one with you? Will you declare that you will never betray me even if you are more than urged to do so?"

Still on her knees she raised her body and head, stretched her hands upwards, and answered with emotion, "Before God I will."

"Then," I said, looking into her eager eyes, "all will be well with you and me and Amanda. By this time she is in a Quaker town in Ohio where in some quiet family she will remain till the men in pursuit have scoured the country in vain and have returned home. The person who employed them will soon be back regretting that he

ever went away, and you will volunteer to forgive him. Before many days the fugitives will pass into Canada, finding no difficulty in traveling as white persons. Three weeks will not pass without your receiving a letter from Amanda."

A transformation scene at once occurred. The personification of despair became radiant with joy. She took Amanda's gift from her pocket, kissed it, and placed it about her neck. She thanked me over and over again for the wisdom and kindness I had exhibited and the confidence I had reposed in her. Then she went home.

I was the anxious and unhappy person now. I knew no more about the escape and fate of Amanda than Alice did. Both of us were aware of the fact that the two fugitives could read and write, knew how to derive information from maps, and were supplied with money. I simply conjectured that two such persons could find their way to Canada. The girl most interested in the affair, however, firmly believed that I was the confidant of the two slaves who had escaped and that I had directed them in the course they were to pursue. Perhaps she also regarded me as a prophet. She was punctual in her attendance at school, always had her lessons, and appeared happy. Events occurred that doubtlessly confirmed her belief that I knew everything about the escape and that I could foretell what was to come. Her father returned after an absence of two days and placed the blame of his going away on the influence of grog and bad advisers. In the course of a week all the professional slave-hunters—a low set, who frequented bar-rooms and race courses—came back. The excitement died out and affairs in the village assumed their normal condition. Everything thus far had turned out as I stated it would. Still there was one event in my prophecy that had not been fulfilled. No letter had been received from Amanda, and the time within which it was to come had almost passed. Every morning I noticed an anxious look on Alice's face as she entered the school-room. I was anxious, too, after two weeks and four days had elapsed. I woke early on the morning of that day thinking of what I could tell Alice about the slowness of Canadian mails and the delay in bringing them across

the line. I dreaded seeing her anxious face, and was preparing to look serene and hopeful myself when we should meet at school. But there was no cause for anxiety or even for explaining the slowness of the foreign mail service. I heard a rap on the door and hastened to open it. Without stood Alice with an open letter in her hand. The post-mark was Chatham, Canada, the stamp bore the

likeness of Queen Victoria, and the letter was signed "Amanda Childs."

If a stately matron in the "blue grass region" chances to read this sketch and recalls the events it describes I trust that she will forgive me for assuming for a worthy purpose to know more than I did know about an affair that came near having a tragic ending.

### WHY "CONGRESSMAN?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY has been discussing the above question. It says in substance:

The Constitution of the United States says that all legislative power which it grants shall be vested in a Congress, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives. The two together compose the Congress, and a member of either House is a member of Congress, or, if a very clumsy single word be preferred, a Congressman. But a Representative is no more a member of Congress than a Senator, and therefore no more entitled to the appellation. If a Senator should assume to be distinctly and especially a Congressman, he would be ridiculous.

How is it with a representative who should make the same assumption? But if he could not justly claim such a name for himself, nobody could properly bestow it upon him. In New York the popular House is called the Assembly,

and a member is therefore properly called an Assemblyman. But the popular House of Congress is called the House of Representatives, not Congress, and consequently a Representative is most improperly called by distinction a Congressman. There is nothing gained in definiteness of description, or even in time of pronunciation, by calling a Representative a Congressman.

It is just as easy to say "My Representative" as "My Congressman." The use of the word Congressman for Representative has become so general that it is likely to continue. The plea would be that as Senator is always called Senator, no confusion arises from calling a Representative a Congressman. But the objection lies in the unnecessary incorrectness. Nothing is gained in definiteness, in picturesqueness, in convenience, or in any other way. It is like saying fust for first, or git for get—simply incorrect.

### WASHINGTON'S STATUE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

HENRY GEORGE tells this little story: The colossal statue of Washington (at the capitol) preparing for battle has, either by the painting or chiseling of pupils to the eyes, became badly afflicted with strabismus, and there is besides a deep hole in its throat. I asked a colored boy with a basket on his arm, who seemed engaged in silent art criticism, the reason of this. He said

he supposed the man was cross-eyed when he was alive. I asked him who the man was. He said he did not know his name, but (reading the inscription on the side of the pedestal fronting him, "First in war") he added, "he was the first man in the war." "And that hole in his throat?" I continued. "That," said the boy, "is the place where he got shot."

# THE STORY OF GEO. H. STUART.

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BY REV. J. O. FOSTER, A. M.

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GEORGE H. STUART, the Originator of the Christian Commission, has well been named "The Great Christian Chieftain."

He threw a live soul, a business man's power, and a Christian's zeal into the spiritual and relief work. Nothing was too sacred for the good cause. A hotel dining-room filled with guests, would be called to silence while he read a telegram, and took up a subscription of thousands of dollars for the suffering soldiers not only of the North but of the South. Ordained by the Good Samaritan of the Skies, he entered pulpits, thrilled gathered throngs, and demanded help in the name of his Master. A poor woman in England desired to send something to the soldiers and forwarded a five-pound note worth then over \$25, to President Lincoln. He turned it over to Stuart, saying its design was doubtless for the Christian Commission. It was held up before great audiences, sold, given back, and re-sold again and again until the poor widow's gift netted more than a hundred thousand dollars.

A piece of Jewelry "with a history" would sell for \$500. Wealthy ladies threw into the collection, bracelets, diamond rings and other jewelry, for the choicest treasures were not withheld. The first year of the Christian Commission Mr. Stuart and his Assistants raised \$356,000, but during the last four months \$2,260,000 came in as free will offerings.

Broken in health, being a great sufferer from life-long asthma, Mr. Stuart was often carried to the field, where the wounded were lying, where he

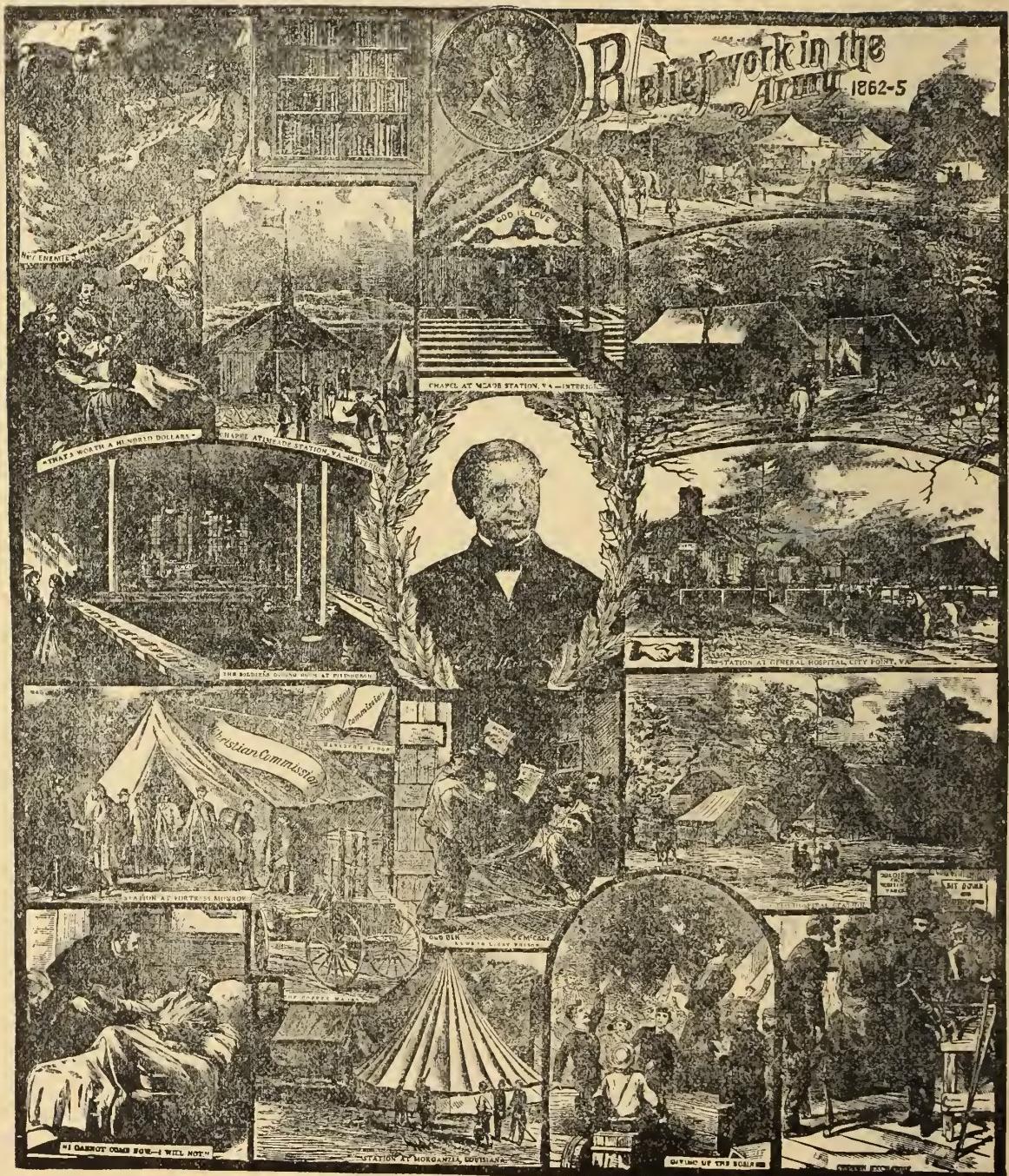
gave personal directions in relief work, or led the gospel meetings. He has been so frequently before the public as a Trustee, Chairman, Director or officer of some kind that he has really been loaded with honors for more than half a century.

The esteem of the Nation for him has been marked by Presidents calling upon him for counsel, and by pressing invitation to take a seat in the Cabinet. All the Churches claim him as a brother beloved, and no assembly has been under his direction but has felt itself honored by his presence.

Born April 2, 1816, God spared him to a good old age, to see the fruits of his benevolent work.

In speaking of the Merchant's National Bank in Philadelphia, the Record of that city said of its President, Mr. Stuart. "He is a gentleman whose name has become a household word throughout our land and across the seas. Who that passed through the soulstirring time of the late War can forget the service that Mr. Stuart rendered his Country, as President of the United States Christian Commission, devoting his time that might have been occupied in amassing a fortune, to the needs of the sick and wounded soldiers in our Armies? President Stuart's personal career as a merchant is a conspicuous feature in the history of Philadelphia, and his name is inseparably associated with the highest ideal of commercial enterprise and business integrity."

Full of honors and full of years he recently passed from his great work on earth to his high and enduring reward in heaven.



# A PATRIOTIC TALK

## TO THE MOSELEY SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

JUNE, 1890.

BY COL. JOHN CONANT LONG.



HEN the committee on addresses, through the secretary of the G. A. R. Post, number 5, did me the honor to select me to deliver a short address to this, (the Moseley) School, I felt like declining, because I know from sad experience that the average school boy, or girl, of this age is the most severe and uncompromising of critics. "A man must speak by the card." Woe to him if he make a mistake in word or gesture. Almost anyone of ordinary intelligence can talk to grown people, but it is only now and then that we find a person wise enough to make himself interesting to these bright American school boys and girls.

I suppose one reason why they have selected some of us old grey-headed soldiers to talk to you on this Decoration Day, is because we are in one sense subject lessons on patriotism, or what we might call living and moving relics of God's great forbearance and mercy. For my own part, I never could quite understand why it was that my life was spared through so many of those terrible hail storms of bullets, cannon balls and shells, when so many better and braver men were killed. I sometimes think that the great General Reaper, whose badge of office is a scythe, must have gotten hold of the wrong descriptive list and made a mistake in my favor.

We old soldiers are all very much gratified to find that strong efforts are being made to teach the young people in the schools all over the country ideas of patriotism, and love and respect for our

government and our flag. Every boy and girl should be taught what a great amount of pain, blood and treasure the preservation of this glorious Union of States has cost, and that we have a grand government and nation, founded upon the most noble principles of equal rights and justice to all.

Though our Government is founded upon the most pacific principles of justice and equal rights to all, it is a fact, perhaps not generally considered, that during the first century of our national existence, we have been engaged in wars of more or less importance with domestic or foreign foes one quarter of the time, or twenty-five years of the one hundred.

Now this is a very sad and humiliating fact and there is only one consolation when we think of it, and that is, in nearly every case our cause was just, and it was impossible to settle the difficulties in any other way. There was enough of the old barbarism lingering in us, descendants of the ancient Celts, or enough of the Gallic and Roman impetuosity, stubbornness, and perhaps a little of the heathen brutality, left to make it impossible to settle matters in any other way.

The coming General,—the greatest of all generals, and who will become the most celebrated and popular in time,—will be named General Arbitration. When all nations shall meet together and enact International Laws, compelling every government to send one or more representatives, who shall assemble when necessary and settle all matters in controversy, between all civilized nations, then we can feel that we have taken a long step in advance of barbarism, and have become more civilized.

When you see two boys fighting on the street, you know that one or both of them have been

## A PATRIOTIC TALK.

doing or saying something very bad, and so it is if you see two nations fighting, you may know that one or both of them have been doing something very wicked.

Speaking of arbitration puts me in mind of a story. A short time after the war an ex-confederate colonel said to me that he had been in favor of arbitration ever since he was wounded at the battle of Stone River. While he lay upon the ground suffering the most intense pain, he tried to call for help but was so weak and faint that he could not raise his voice above a whisper, and when he was about to give up in despair the army surgeon came along, ran a probe into his thigh, and felt around among the nerves and muscles for the bullet.

Every time the doctor ran that probe in, or turned it around, he was obliged to close his lips and teeth together to suppress a cry of anguish, while great drops of agony stood out like beads upon his brow. He said he made up his mind then and there that he did not wish to fight any more, henceforth he was in favor of settling these great national disputes in some quiet and peaceful manner. He was willing that the lion and the lamb should lie down together,—and that puts me in mind of another story.

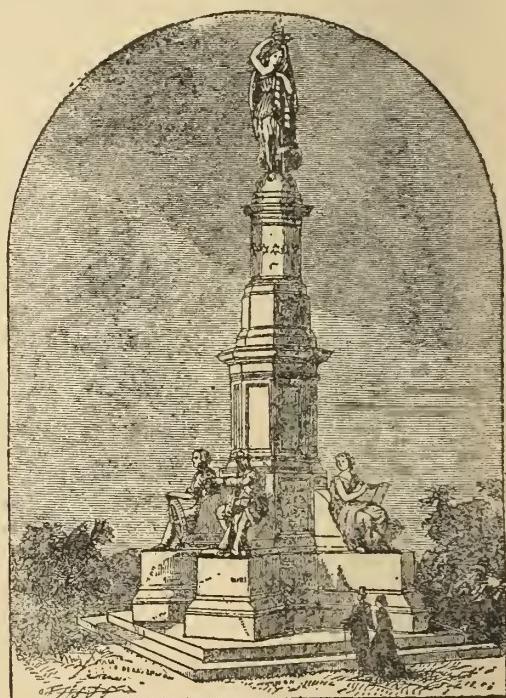
The great German statesman, (Bismarck I think it was) on a certain occasion was addressing a large number of German soldiers, and in the course of his remarks said in substance, that white-winged peace was hovering over the German Empire, and soon the lion and the lamb would lie down together. At this time the German army was being actively recruited, and was just about to move onto a weak and helpless neighboring province to take possession of part of its territory.

It was probably the knowledge of the fact that the white-winged dove of peace was in the hovering business exclusively for the benefit of the great German Empire at that time, which drew forth from a grim old soldier present the following remark, "Yah, dot is so, dot lion and dot lamb vill lie down togedder, but don' you forget it, dot lamb vill be *inside* of dot lion."

We want international laws enacted which will

control these tyrannical and selfish kings and ambitious rulers, and make it impossible for them to "put themselves outside" of the weak and helpless lambs.

Before I conclude this short address, I wish to impress upon your minds what I consider its most important idea, or its grandest thought. In order to do so I shall ask your indulgence for a few minutes, while I make a necessary preliminary explanation of my connection with the army. During the third year of the war I was acting as



MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

assistant adjutant general of a second separate Division of the Army of the Cumberland. We were stationed at a small town called Reseca, in Georgia. There had been a terrible battle fought at this place between Sherman and Logan, and Johnson. The bridge over the river and most of the houses were destroyed, and there was scarcely a piece of ground ten feet square that did not cover a soldier's grave. Nearly all of the inhabitants in the neighborhood had suffered from the unavoidable devastation of both armies. They

had lost their crops, cattle, and mules, and many of them were in a starving condition.

The officers of the government at Washington became aware of these facts, and immediately issued an order directing me, through the commanding officer of the division, to issue rations of food, and if necessary, blankets, clothing, drugs, and even medical attendance, to the women, children, and aged persons who were left at home by the able-bodied fathers, husbands and brothers who were then in the Confederate army.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw, when they flocked to my headquarters from all directions, poor, hungry, ragged, sick and crippled men, women and children, in such great numbers that I was obliged to detail extra men to wait upon them. For several months I issued rations of food, and other needed supplies to over seven hundred families. At that time I was naturally filled with a bitter personal animosity against those whom I thought were trying to destroy this glorious Union, and I felt hurt at being compelled to obey this order.

But to-day I stand before you, twenty-seven years after this noble, powerful, and magnanimous government issued that order, and humbly acknowledge that I was wrong. I have grown much older, and I hope wiser. I can now look back upon the retrospective picture and see it in its right light and behold it in its great beauty.

It is a remarkable fact that we never understand and realize fully the most prominent events in national history until from twenty-five to thirty years after their occurrence. If you wish to sound the depths of the sea, you do not cast your line and plummet when the ship is tossed about on the crest of the mighty billows, or when she is rolling and tossing in the trough of the sea, but you wait until the great Master, Time, has said to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still."

As I look back over those stirring events, from 1861 to 1865, it is not the grand volunteer army, which at the call of the President left the plow, the work shop and the counting house, their homes and hearth stones, in such vast numbers that it took over a year to manufacture arms and ammunition enough to supply them;—it is not the

picture in my memory of the marshaled hosts gay with banners;—it is not the recollection of the inspiring music of the soul stirring drum, the ear piercing fife and the shrill bugle, the booming of



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—NASHVILLE, TENN.

cannon or fierce rattle of musketry—it is not that beautiful sight when the brow of Lookout Mountain above the rainbow and the clouds, and in the sunlight, was crowned with that glorious wreath

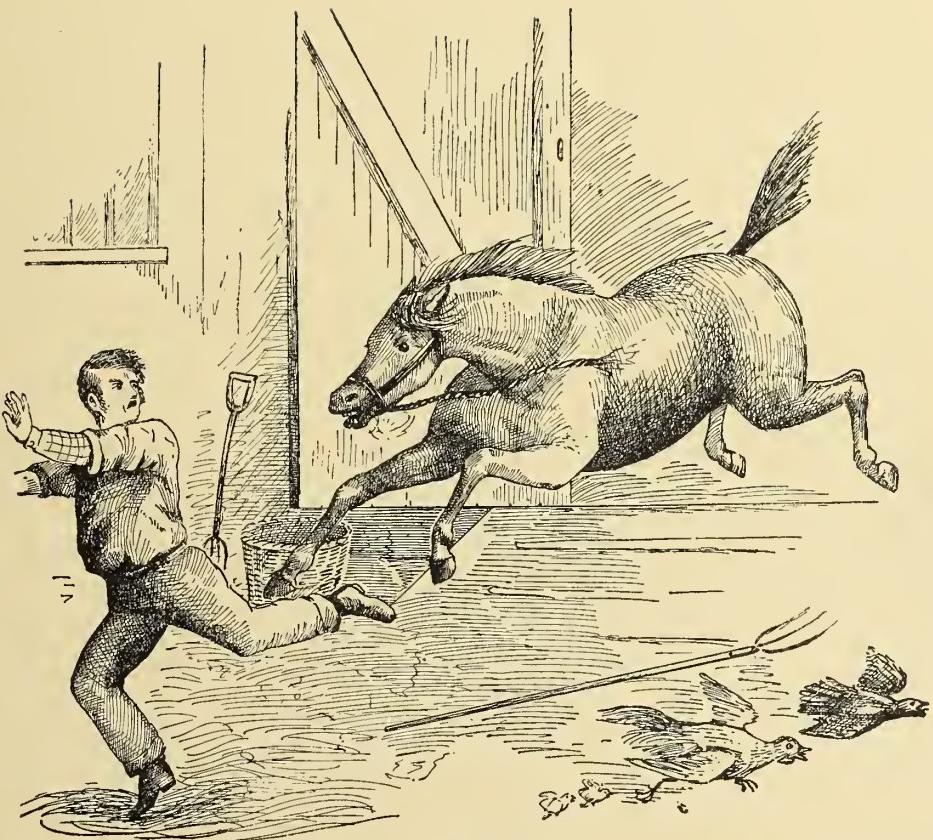
*A PATRIOTIC TALK.*

of stars and stripes, and blue and steel;—it is not when I remember that great expedition of Sherman, and his invincible host when they cut loose from their moorings at Atlanta and marched through the center of the confederacy, and landed at Savannah, and knocked at the back door of the armed South, or when the army of the Potomac after waiting, like the children of Israel for a leader, at last found one in Grant, and came up out of the Wilderness in time to see the dawn of conquered peace at the gates of Richmond;—it is none of these recollections which fill me with patriotism, admiration and love for my Country,

as I stand before you to-day, but the recollection of that act of magnanimity on the part of the Nation, when it gave food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and cared for the sick in the desolated homes about Reseca,—such an act indicates a greater power and strength, it makes the nation a joint heir with the King of Kings and his countless hosts. Such an act shows that the Government is founded upon that grand principle taught by Christ, and which is embodied in his words, “Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.” It typifies a broader humanity and a higher and nobler civilization.



TELLING THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.



CRUISER IN FULL PURSUIT.



## THE STORY OF CRUISER.

BY A. L. O. A.



CRUISER was a racing colt belonging to an English nobleman, and known all over England as one of the most vicious and dangerous horses, probably the most terrible and unmanageable beast in the United Kingdom.

He was a splendidly built animal of remarkable power and great swiftness. But his temper was so violent that it seemed to rise into a species of insanity. He had killed one or two grooms and mangled others, so that the best keepers of horses were in mortal dread of him. No amount of money would tempt many of them to have anything to do with him. If he got the opportunity he would dash after his groom at a terrific pace with flaming eyes and bared teeth and erect tail, furiously snorting, determined to shake the very life out of the terrified runner. All sorts of methods were tried to keep him in check. A special stall was built for him and numberless precautions taken to prevent those who cared for him from being injured by him.

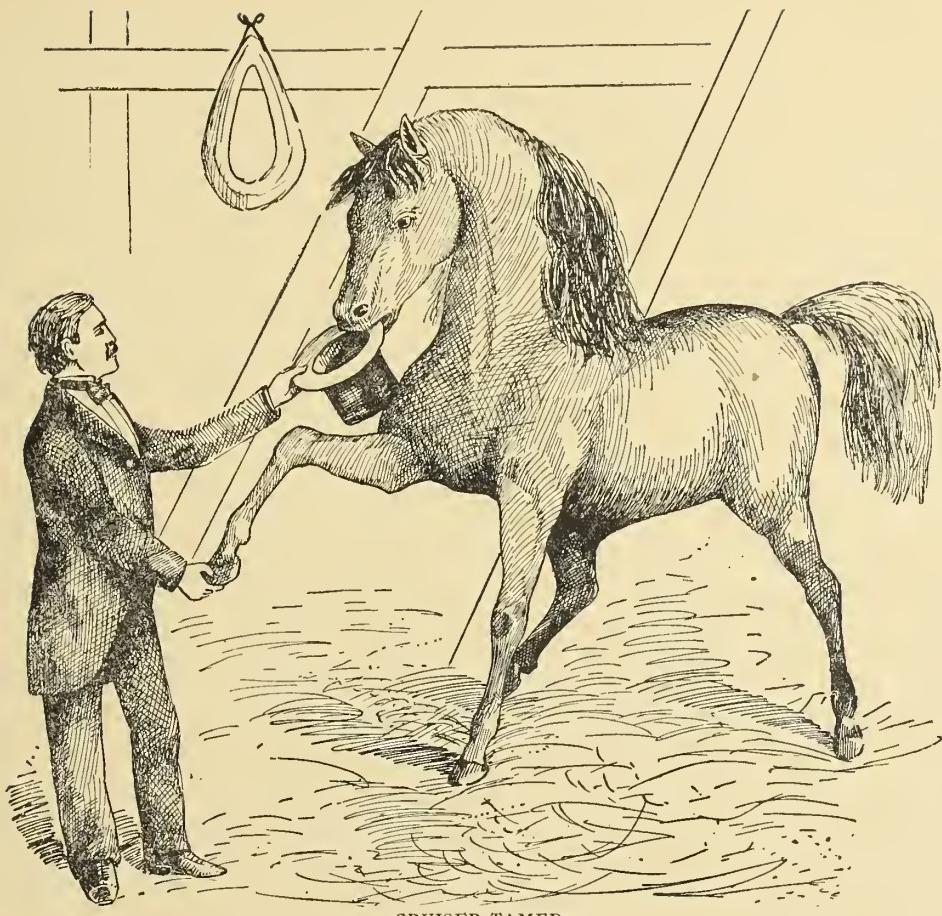
An iron muzzle was made for him, and with the greatest difficulty was put on him. He was declared to be an animal that no man could tame. But an American baby was born in Franklin

county, Ohio, in the year 1828, who was destined to become the complete tamer of this greatly dreaded brute. John S. Rarey was this boy's name.

At a very early age he evinced a love for horses and seemed to have a kind of magical influence over them, when toddling about among them. As he grew up, horses that were balky, that were nervous and vicious, which other people did not seem to know how to manage, he would speedily bring under control. Horses that would not budge though severely whipped and pulled and pushed and kicked, would move on after young Rarey had touched them, and stroked them and gone to their heads and caressed them and talked to them.

He carefully worked out by closest observation, a system of training which was peculiarly his own. Finding it to be successful he went to Texas in 1856, and gave the most gratifying exhibitions of his skill on the stubborn, refractory beasts which were given him for trial.

He then came back to his native State of Ohio, and demonstrated in numberless public exhibitions, his marvelous power over the most untractable cases.



CRUISER TAMED.

His fame began to extend across the ocean, and in 1860 he went to Europe to try his powers there. In every trial of his ability to control the animals subjected to his experiments, he never failed.

But everybody who knew Cruiser, believed that there was no man living who could bring him to terms. They said this wonderful American horse tamer would meet his match for once.

Multitudes of them declared that Mr. Rarey would not dare tackle him. When it was announced that Cruiser was to be brought to the test, the greatest interest and excitement were aroused. Across the Channel equal interest was awakened. The hour for the supreme display of Mr. Rarey's mastership had come. The nobility of England poured out to witness the result.

Rarey enters the stable of the ferocious Cruiser alone. The chafing horse has been muzzled and ironed and now greets the new comer with a wicked lunge. Will Mr. Rarey conquer? Will he come out alive? Breathless the crowd awaits the issue of the struggle between the two—the man and the brute. Minutes seem hours. But at length Mr. Rarey does come out, and following him gentle as a kitten, submissive as a boy who is thoroughly sorry for his naughtiness, and affectionate as a faithful dog towards his master, comes Cruiser.

Out of Mr. Rarey's hat he takes a lump or two of sugar which has been put there for special delight. The whole world then rung with acclaim at what has been done. Mr. Rarey brought Cruiser to the United States and showed him as the greatest trophy he had hitherto won.

# THE STORY OF MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.

BY A. L. O. A.



T has long been a subject of controversy whether the honor of exploring the Mississippi belongs to Marquette, Joliet, or La Salle. We will let Parkman, John G. Shea, Winsor and others, discuss the question and tell simply the story of Marquette and Joliet, who conjointly, were explorers of the mighty stream.

James Marquette was one of the most zealous of that class of men, the early Jesuit missionaries of North America. In 1668, he engaged in the duties of his holy calling at St. Mary's, the outlet of Lake Superior. Faithfully and well he ministered to the Indians among whom he labored. He was undaunted by the difficulties and dangers of a savage life, traversing the depths of the forests, wading through streams, swimming rivers, plodding through deep snows or walking over them in snow shoes.

Often he was without fire and sufficient food, living frequently on pounded Indian corn and on unwholesome moss gathered from the rocks. Again and again his life was in danger from unfriendly Indians, but still he said the wilderness had its charms for him and he would not give up the life he led for all the pleasures and attractions of cultivated society. Mountains, valleys, forests, rivers, lakes, and the red man were preferred beyond measure to any city which Europe contained.

While residing at St. Mary's, he made the resolution to explore the great river of whose wonderful magnificence many stories by roving Indians, had been told him. Monsieur Talon, the Intendant of New France, encouraged the project Marquette entertained. The Governor was very anxious to know whether the Mississippi poured into the Pacific Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, and he felt sure that Marquette could solve the problem.

At the very time Marquette was forming his plans, Louis Joliet, who was born in Quebec and had studied in the Jesuit college there for the priesthood, but had taken minor orders only, was intent upon carrying out the same idea of exploration. Talon was well acquainted with Joliet also, and knew his excellent qualities as an explorer. It was therefore with great joy that he saw the two men set out on their daring adventure, accompanied with five other Frenchmen.

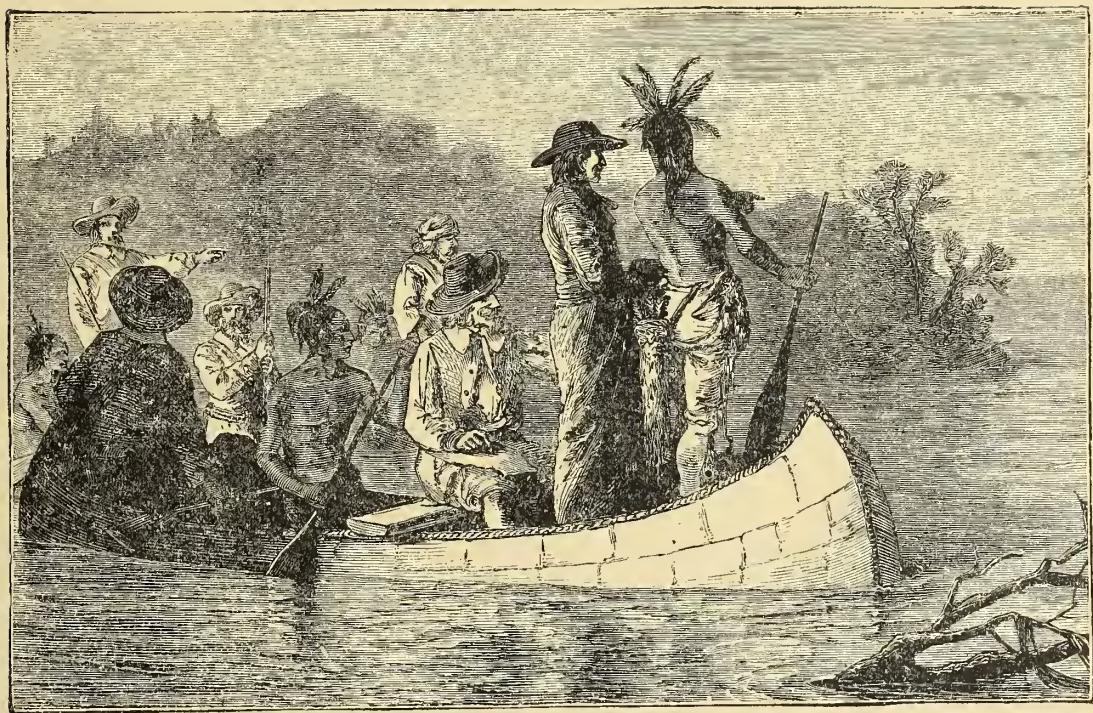
On December 8, 1672, the party reached Mackinaw, where they received valuable information from the Indians, which enabled them to draw a rude map of their proposed route.

By the aid of this map the explorers in two canoes reached an Indian village on the Fox river, at Green Bay. On the 10th of June, 1673, accompanied by two Indian guides, they transported their canoes on their shoulders across the portage of Fox river and launched them on the Wisconsin.

Passing down that noble stream they reached on the 7th of July, 1673, the great "Father of Waters," as Marquette said, "with a joy which could not be expressed."

They floated down past the mouth of the turbid Missouri, then by the stately Ohio, to the mouth of the Arkansas river. Here they stopped and were escorted by the Indians to the village of Arkansia. Being now fully satisfied that the Mississippi river entered the Gulf of Mexico west of Florida and east of California, having and preached to the Indians, Marquette and Joliet ascended the stream. They returned to Green Bay by the route of the Illinois river.

Marquette remained to preach to the Miamies near Chicago, occupying a log hut built for him in his weariness and sickness, by two Frenchmen, the first human dwelling-place on the site of what is now the city of Chicago.



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI.

## LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

“Trinity bells with their hollow lungs,  
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,  
Over the roofs of the city pour  
Their Easter music with joyous roar,  
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,  
As he swings along in his path of gold.

“Dearest papa,” says my boy to me,  
As he merrily climbs on his mother’s knee,  
“Why are these eggs that you see me hold  
Colored so finely with blue and gold?  
And what is the wonderful bird that lays  
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?”

“You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,  
Crowned with keen thorns, and crucified;  
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward—  
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,  
And piously tombed it within the rock,  
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

“Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,  
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;  
And deep in the green trees’ shadowy breast  
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,  
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite  
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

“Now, when the bird from the dim recess  
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,  
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,  
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,  
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,  
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

“All night long till the moon was up,  
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,—  
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill  
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;  
So full of fears, so loud and long,  
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

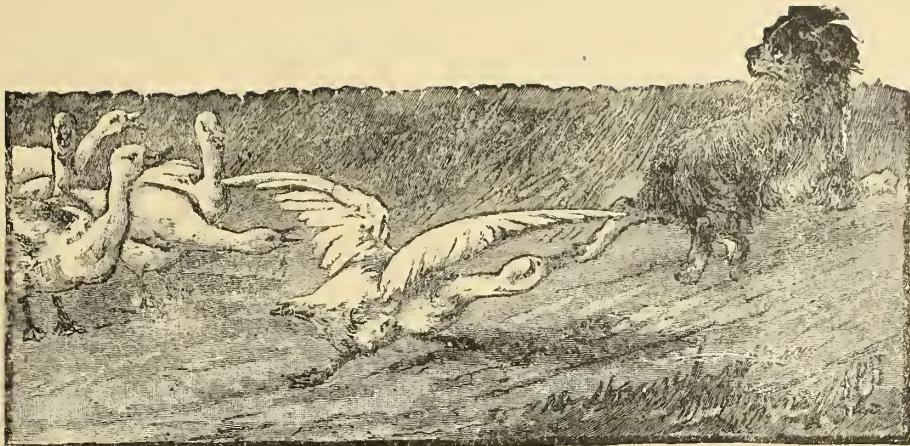
“But soon there came through the weeping night  
A glimmering angel clothed in white;  
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,  
Where the Lord of the earth and the heavens lay;  
And Christ arose in the cavern’s gloom,  
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

“Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree  
Beheld this celestial mystery;  
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,  
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.  
Notes chimed on notes, till higher,  
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

“When the glittering white-robed angel heard  
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,  
And heard the following chant of mirth  
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,  
He said, ‘Sweet bird, be forever blest,—  
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!’”

“And ever, my child, since that blessed night,  
When death bowed down the Lord of light,  
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,  
And burn with red and gold and blue;  
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,  
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day.”

*Fitz-James O’Brien*



## CHARMING STORIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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### THE GIFT OF THE MUSES.

(From Plato's *Phædrus*.)

UNDER the shade of a lofty plane tree at whose foot grew the agnus castus, just in the perfection of its flowering, Socrates and Phædrus lay reclining at noonday. A fountain of clear, cold water was flowing over the grassy slope among images and statues which showed it to be sacred to the nymphs; and a choir of grasshoppers added their music to the summer-like harmony of the hour.

“The grasshoppers,” said Socrates, “are singing over our heads, as is their wont in the heat of the day. They are talking with one another, and appear to be looking down on us. If they should see us, like most men, not conversing at mid-day, but falling asleep and lulled by them, through indolence of mind, they would justly laugh us to scorn, thinking that some slave or other had come to them in this retreat, in order, like sheep, to take a mid-day sleep by the side of the fountain. But if they see us conversing, and sailing by them as if they were sirens with, no power of enchanting,

the gift which they have from the Muses to confer upon men, they may perchance bestow upon us.”

“What is this gift from the gods?” said Phædrus. “I happen not to have heard of it, it seems.”

“It is not proper,” replied Socrates, “that a lover of the Muses should not have heard of things of this kind. Know, then, that it is said that these grasshoppers were men before the Muses were born; but that when the Muses came and song appeared, some of the men of that time were so overcome by pleasure that through singing they forgot to eat and drink until they died unawares. From their bones the race of grasshoppers afterward sprang, having received this gift from the Muses, that they should need no nourishment from the time of their birth, but should continue singing without food and without drink till they died, and that after death they should go the Muses and inform each one of them by whom she was honored here. Therefore by informing Terpsichore of those who honor her in the dance they make the

dancers dearer to that goddess; and Erato they inform of her votaries in love; and so all the rest in a similar manner, according to the kind of honor belonging to each.

"But the eldest, Calliope, and next to her, Urania, they tell of those who pass their lives in philosophy and honor their music; and to these most of

all, the Muses, being conversant with heaven, and discourse both divine and human, pour forth heavenly harmonies.

"Therefore, Phædrus, let us not sleep, lest we lose the gift of the Muses."

"We should, indeed, converse," said Phædrus, "and not sleep."

### THE NAMING OF ATHENS.

**N**EAR the banks of the stream Kephisos, a city had been built in a rocky and thin-soiled land. The people of this city were free and brave, and though the place was small and humble, yet Jupiter by his wisdom foresaw that one day it would become the noblest of all cities throughout the wide earth. Then there came a strife between Neptune, the lord of the sea, and Athena, the goddess of wisdom, the child of Jupiter, to see by whose name this city should be called. So Jupiter appointed a day when he should judge between them in presence of the great gods, who dwell on high Olympus.

When the day was come, the gods sat, each on his golden throne, on the banks of the stream Kephisos. High above them all was the throne of Jupiter, the great father of gods and men. And by his side sat Juno,

"The stag-eyed Queen of Heaven."

This day even the sons of men might gaze upon them, for Jupiter had laid aside his lightnings and all the gods had come down in peace to listen to his judgment between Neptune and Athena. There sat Phœbus Apollo, with his golden harp in his hand. His face glistened for the brightness of his beauty, but there was no anger in his gleaming eyes, and his unerring spear lay idle by his side, the spear with which he smites all who deal falsely and speak lies. There beside him sat Diana, his sister, whose days were spent in chasing the beasts of the earth, and in sporting with the water nymphs on the river banks. There by the side of Jupiter

sat Mercury, ever bright and youthful, the messenger of the gods, with staff in hand, ready to do the will of the great father. There sat Vulcan, the lord of fire, and Vesta, who guards the earth. There too was Mars, who delights in war, and Bacchus, who loves the banquet and the wine cup, and Venus, who rose from the white sea foam to fill the earth with laughter and with sorrow.

Before them all stood the great rivals waiting for the judgment of Jupiter. High in her left hand Athena held the invincible spear, and on her shield, hidden from mortal sight, was the face whereon no man may look and live. Close beside her, proud in the greatness of his power, Neptune waited the issue of the contest. In his right hand gleamed the trident, with which he shakes the earth and cleaves the waters of the sea.

Then from his golden seat rose Mercury, and his clear voice sounded over all the great council. "Listen," he said, "to the will of Jupiter, who judges now between Neptune and Athena. The city shall bear the name of that god who shall bring forth, out of the earth, the best gift for the sons of men. If Neptune do this, the city shall be called Poseidonia [after the Greek name of Neptune, Poseidon], but if Athena bring the higher gift, it shall be called Athens."

Then Neptune rose up in the greatness of his majesty, and with his trident he smote the earth whereon he stood. Straightway the hill was shaken to its depths and the earth was cleft asunder, and forth from the chasm leaped a horse,

such as shall never be seen again for strength and beauty. His body shone white all over as the driven snow, his mane streamed proudly in the wind, as he stamped on the ground, and scoured over hill and valley. "Behold my gift," said Neptune, "and call the city after my name. Who shall give aught better than the horse to the sons of men?"

But Athena looked steadfastly at the gods with her keen gray eyes, and she stooped slowly down to the earth and planted in it a little seed which she held in her hand. She spoke no word, but still gazed calmly on that great council. Presently they saw springing from the earth a little germ, which grew up and threw out its boughs and leaves. Higher and higher it rose with all the thick green foliage, and put forth fruit on its clustering branches. "My gift is better," she said, "than that of the mighty Neptune. The horse that he has given shall bring war and strife and anguish to the children of men. My olive tree is the sign of peace, of health and strength, of happiness and freedom. Shall not then this city be called by my name?"

Then with one accord rose the voices of the gods in the air, as they cried out: "The gift of

Athena is the best which may be given to the sons of mortals. It is a token that the city shall be greater in peace than in war, and nobler through its freedom than through its power. Let the city be called Athens."

Then Jupiter, the mighty son of Saturn, bowed his head in sign of judgment that the city should be called by the name of Athena. From his head the immortal locks streamed down, and the earth trembled beneath his feet as he rose from his golden throne to return to the halls of Olympus. But still Athena stood gazing on the land which was now her own; and she stretched forth her spear toward the city and said: "I have won the victory, and here shall be my home. Here shall my children grow up in happiness and freedom, hither shall the sons of men come to learn of law and order. Here shall they see what great things can be done by mortal hands when aided by the gods who dwell on Olympus. And when the torch of freedom has gone out at Athens, its light shall be handed on to other lands, and men shall still learn that my gift is the best; and they shall say that reverence for law and freedom of thought and deed have come to them from the city which bears the name of Athens."

## SOCRATES.

(Adapted from Fenelon.)

**S**OCRATES, the wisest and most virtuous of the old philosophers, lived about four hundred and seventy years before Christ, and was a citizen of Athens. He first studied physical science under noted teachers, but finding that vain speculations concerning natural objects served no useful purpose, and had no influence in making a man better, he devoted himself to the study of morals, and as Cicero observes, he may be said to be the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks.

"It is my opinion," says Cicero, "and an opinion in which all are agreed, that Socrates was the first who, calling off the attention of philosophy from the investigation of secrets which nature has

concealed (but to which preceding philosophers had devoted themselves), engaged her in those things which concern the duties of common life. His object was to ascertain the nature of virtue and vice, and to point out the characteristics of good and evil, asserting that the investigation of the celestial phenomena was a subject far above the reach of our powers, and that, even were it within the compass of our faculties, it could have no influence on our mind."

That part of philosophy, then, whose province is the cultivation of morals, and which embraces every study and condition of life, he made his exclusive study. The philosophy of Socrates was

more acceptable, since its founder taught by example as well as precept, fulfilling with conscientious care all the duties of a good citizen, both in war and in peace. He was the only one of the philosophers who subjected himself to the hardships of war. In one of the two campaigns wherein he served, he saved the life of Xenophon, who had fallen from his horse, and who would have been slain by the enemy, had not Socrates taken him on his shoulders and carried him to such a distance as should suffice until his horse, which had run away, was brought back to him. In his other campaign he was the last to retreat, although the rest of his countrymen had done so, and he showed so stern an aspect that his pursuers had not the courage to attack him.

After these two expeditions he never left Athens, where he labored for the reformation of his fellow men, and he followed most rigidly the rules of virtue and justice. He was very careful of his personal appearance, being always neat and dressed in a becoming manner, observing a medium between the coarse and the elegant. Though poor, he received no remuneration for his instructions. Socrates' method of teaching consisted in

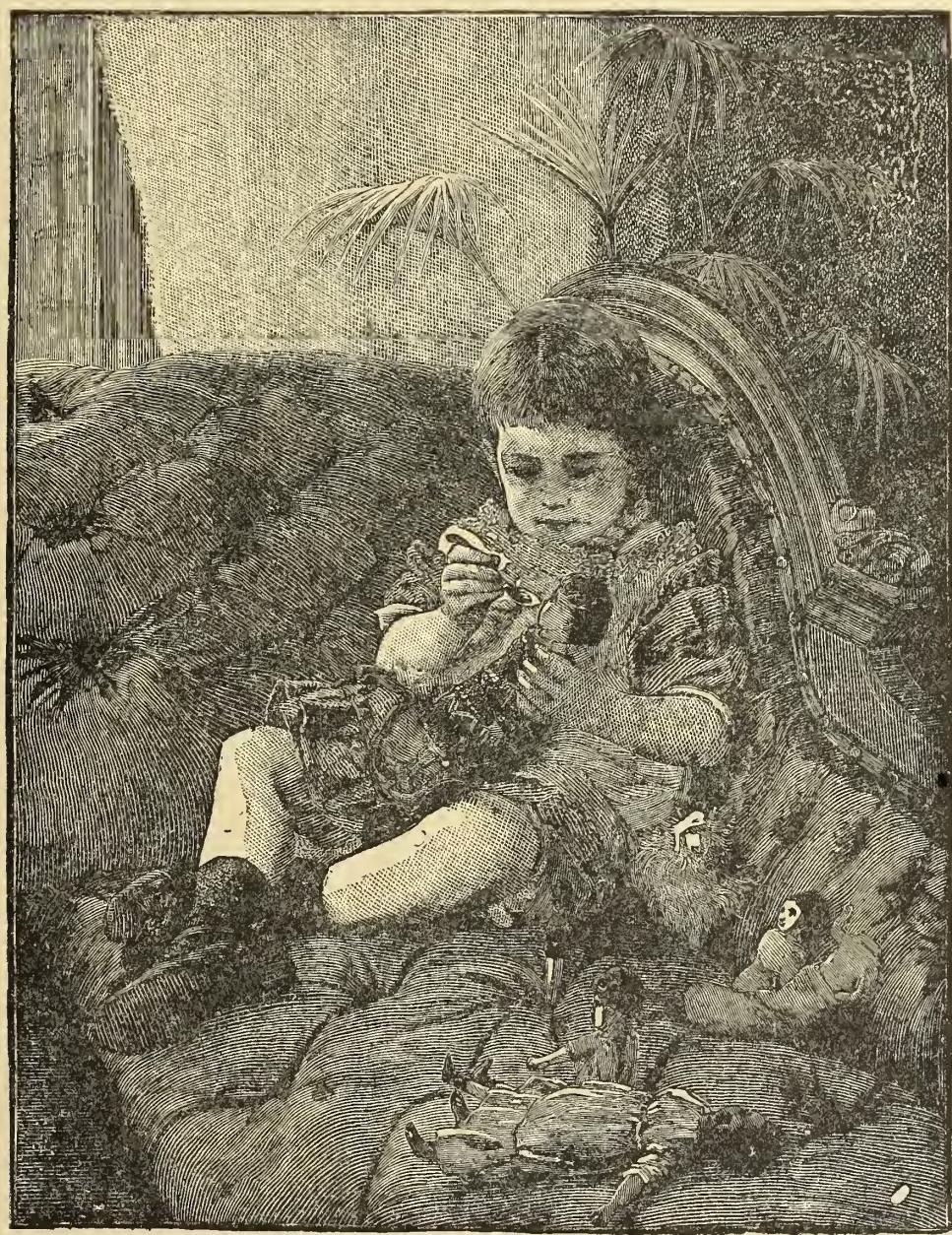
conversing with those who chanced to be where he was, no matter where or at what time. One of the principal charges brought against him was that he did not believe in the gods which were esteemed at Athens. Nothing can be more simple and at the same time more pious than the prayer which he was accustomed to offer to the gods, beseeching them to confer on him only such things as they deemed most to his real good, and he offered up sacrifices of the little he had, fully persuaded that no offering was so agreeable to them as the veneration of the good. Very poor, he was so contented in his poverty that he refused the presents which his scholars urged him to accept, much to the displeasure of his wife. It is difficult to conceive how a person who exhorted all men to honor the gods, and who taught the young to avoid and abandon vice, should be condemned to death for impiety against the gods at Athens and as a corrupter of its youth. This infamously unjust proceeding took place under the seditious government of the thirty tyrants. After his condemnation to death, Socrates was sent to prison, where, after some days, he drank the fatal hemlock.

## LITTLE MISCHIEF.

### I.

There was once a dark cave in the side of a mountain where the winds blew gently all through the long hours of the day and the night. In this cave, it is said, a little babe was born early one morning. He lay very quiet in his cradle for two or three hours, and slept peacefully. Then he awoke and looked around, thinking it very tiresome to keep so still. Pretty soon he rubbed his eyes with

his fat little hands, and began to push away the soft, downy quilt which covered him; and then he thought he would whistle a little, so that he would not be so lonesome. As no one came to play with him, he sat up and looked around and made up his mind that he would get up and do some mischief. "I am so little," he said, "that it is no matter if I do wrong." So he crawled through the



DOCTORING THE BABY.

key hole—for the cave had a large, heavy door at its mouth—and he looked all around until he found a tortoise. “I pray you be kind to me,” said the tortoise, but the baby did not listen to him. He killed the poor tortoise and took its beautiful shell for a plaything. After he had played with it for a while he stretched some cords across it and blew on the cords, when he found that they trembled, and in trembling, produced sweet music. This pleased the baby very much, and taking the little musical instrument which he had made, he began to look about for more mischief to do. Away off on the distant hills he saw some cattle feeding, and he ran toward them, his feet hardly touching the ground as he ran, and he made ready to drive them off where their owner could not find them.

Fearing that their master might tell by their tracks in the sand, just where they had gone, the Little Mischief drove them around by crooked paths, so as to make it seem as if the cattle were going home. To hide his own footsteps he bound large leaves over his feet. As the babe passed along, snapping off the heads of the pretty flowers and breaking everything that came in his way, he saw an old man at work taking care of grape vines in a large vineyard. The Little Mischief whispered into his ear that he hoped he would not remember having seen a baby come that way, and he whistled and winked at the old man, to try to make friends with him. All night the Little Mischief flew along, driving the cattle before him, and in the morning he found himself near a beautiful stream of water. There he gathered many logs into a pile, and he rubbed two pieces of wood together until they burst into a flame, and a great fire was kindled. This was the first fire the Little Mischief had ever seen, and it is said no one else had ever seen a flame on earth before that. The babe then took two of the herd and slew them, and roasted the meat for a grand banquet. But he could not eat any of the dinner after it was prepared, although he was very hungry; so he put out the fire and trampled down the ashes, that no one should know who did the mischief.

Then he ran with all his might to the cave where he was born, to hide away from the owner of the cattle. He crawled in through the key hole so

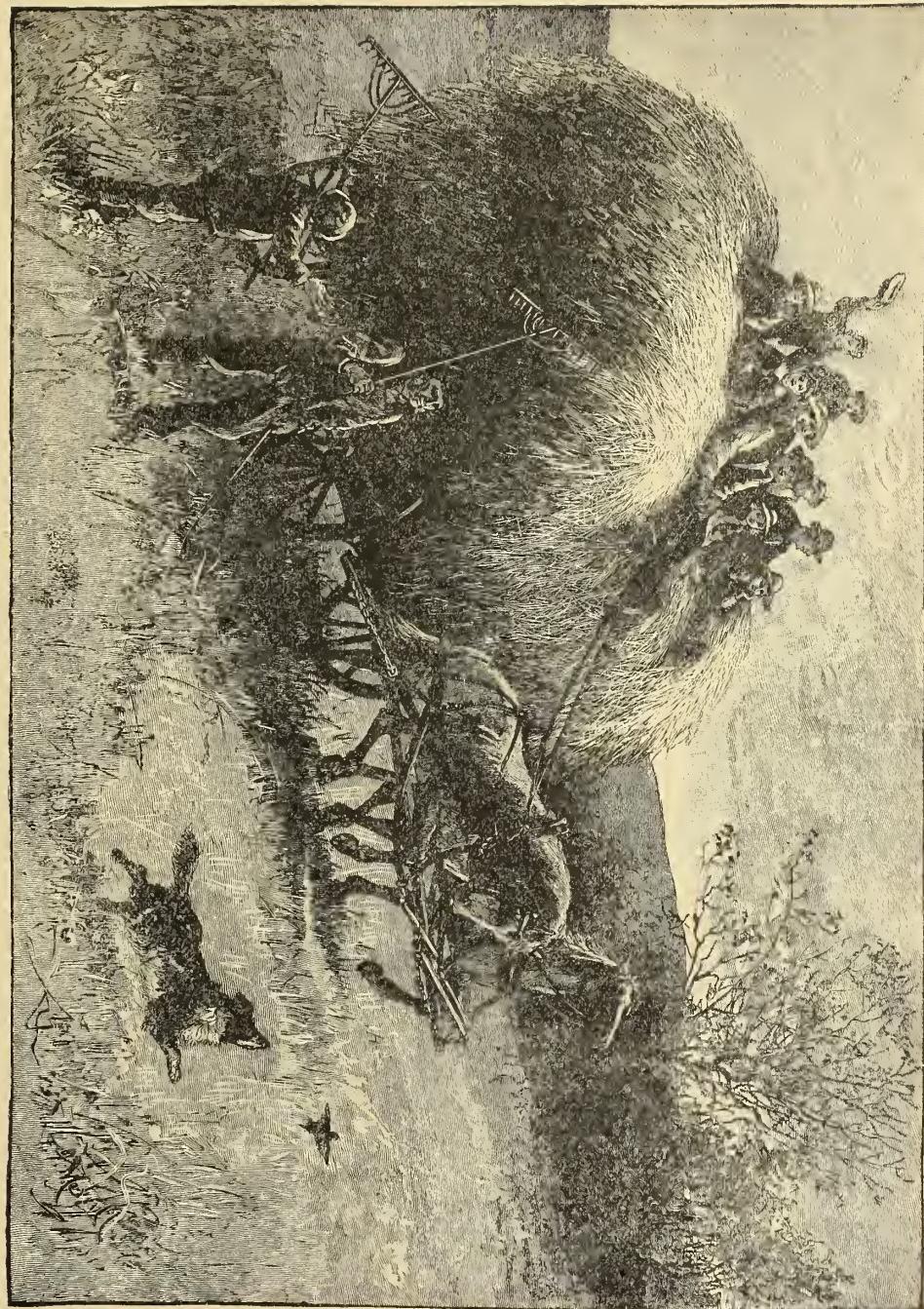
softly that no one could hear him, and climbed into his cradle and lay like any other baby playing among the cradle clothes with one hand, while in the other he held the little tortoise shell harp hidden beneath them.

When the owner of the cattle saw that his herds were gone, he was greatly annoyed, and started out to find who had stolen them. Meeting the old man at work in the vineyard, he asked him if he knew who had taken them. But the man was afraid of the baby, and did not dare to tell, so he pretended that he could not remember anything about it, except that he had seen some cattle moving along, and a baby near them. When the herdsman heard this he wrapped himself in a purple cloud and went on until he came to the cattle tracks which he found led to the cave. He went into the cave and found the babe asleep, but he waked him up by roughly shaking him, and told him to give back the cattle. The babe winked slyly and gave a long, soft whistle, as if he were mightily amused; and he said, “A baby of a day old cannot steal cattle. They are not old enough even to know what cows are.”

But the owner of the cattle would not take this excuse, so he caught the Little Mischief up in his arms and shook him. This made him cry so loudly that the herdsman let him fall on to the floor; then the herdsman told the Little Mischief to lead the way and show him where his cows were.

The baby began to be very badly scared, and he pulled the cradle clothes over his ears and told the owner of the cattle that he thought him very cruel to treat a small child so. “I know nothing of cows,” he said, “except their name, and your father Jupiter must decide between us.” When Jupiter had heard the complaint of his son, and listened to the babe, who stood winking his eyes and holding the clothes to his shoulders, protesting that he could not tell a lie, and that he could not do anything but play like other babes in a cradle, Jupiter laughed and told his son to be good friends with the child; and he bowed his awful head—a sign no one dared to disobey—to let the Little Mischief know that he must drive home the cattle. So the babe hurried off to the banks of the stream where he had penned up the cattle, and brought them back to their owner. The herdsman followed

GOING HOME FROM THE HAY-FIELD.



him until he saw the spot where the fire had been kindled, and there he saw the bones of those cattle which had been slain. Wondering how a baby could flay whole cows, he seized him once more and bound him with strong bands, but the child easily tore them from his body. Then the Little Mischief thought about the tortoise shell harp he had made, and he put it to his lips and blew upon it and made such sweet sounds that the son of Jupiter forgot his anger and begged the child to teach him how to make such beautiful music. Now the babe envied the herdsman because he knew of all the hidden things, and could see to the very bottom of the great ocean. And he said, "Oh Apollo, if thou wilt promise to give me a part of thy great wisdom, I will give thee my harp, which shall sing to thee sweetly of all things, and drive away all care and sorrow. Take it, for thou knowest how to use it, but if any one touches it who does not know how to draw forth its music, to him it will send forth dreadful moanings and nonsense."

So Apollo took the harp and gave to the child all the wisdom in his power. And in his hands he

placed a glittering rod and gave him charge over all his flocks and herds.

## II.

I do not doubt that the Little Mischief of this story has been recognized by many of our young readers as the breeze which whispers through dark caves, sweeps around dark corners, plunges into glens, and driving clouds, kindling flames and growing into a hurricane, mocks at the havoc it makes. Those of us who, in our nature studies, watch the smoke of the chimney to see which way the wind is blowing, tell stories of it quite different from the one we have just read. And yet we can learn much from the old story—if not of the wind, at least of the thought of the people who made the story, long ago in the childhood of the world; and it is as important to learn to study the directions of human thought as the directions of the wind. And I am sure that although it does very well for a baby breeze to be a Little Mischief, it is a far more serious matter when young folks, either at home or at school, take advantage of being *little* in order to do what they know is troublesome.

### WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"

"The north wind, Freddy—and all the snow;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,  
When the north begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"

"The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow,  
And peaches redden, for you to eat,  
When the south begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"

"The east wind, Arty; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane,  
When the east begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"

"The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours,  
When the west begins to blow."

### THE STORY OF ULYSSES AND ÆOLUS.

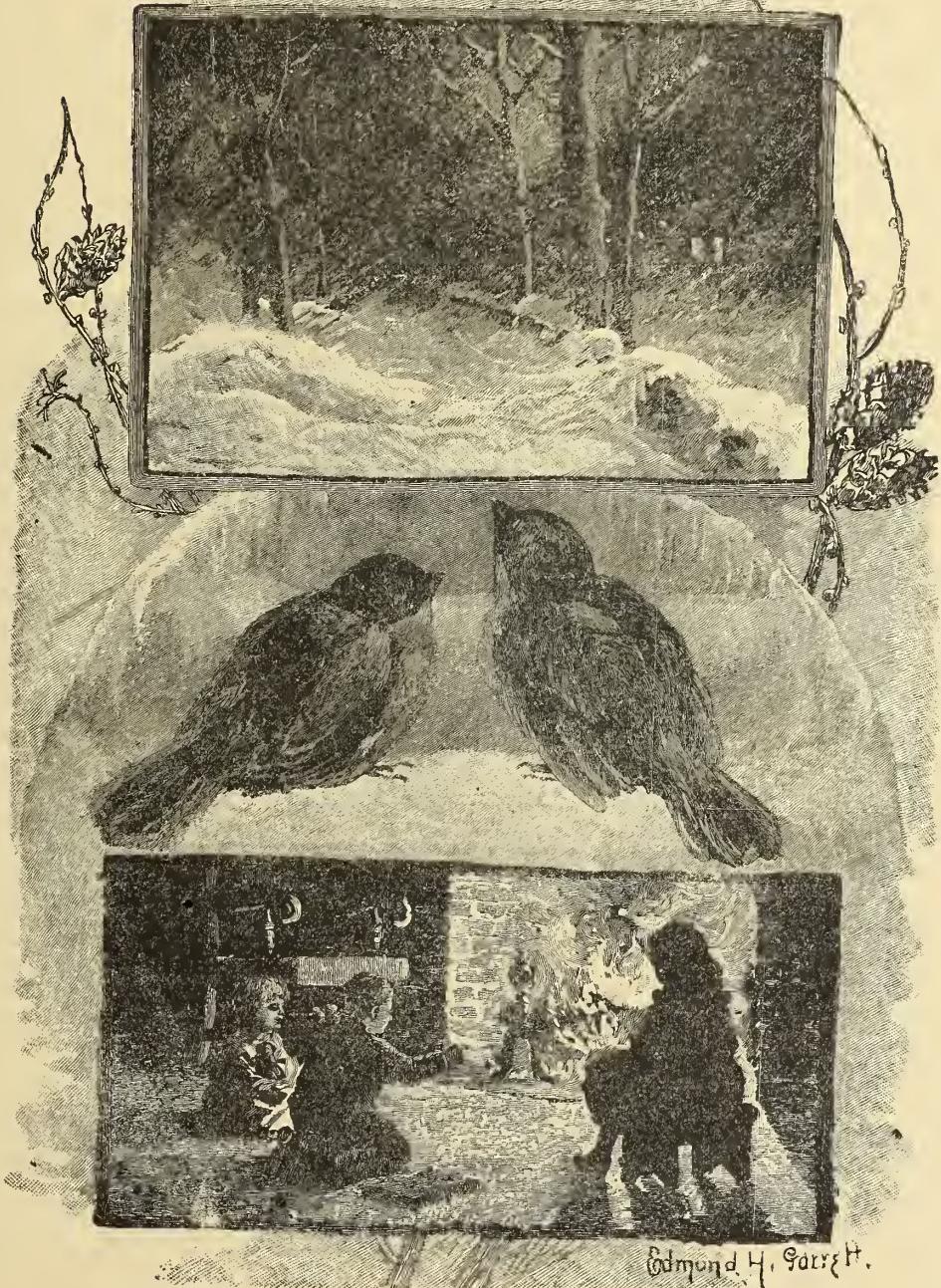
(From the *Odyssey* of Homer.)

#### BOOK X.

**I**N their wanderings about the unknown seas Ulysses and his companions reached the isle where Æolus, dear to the gods, made his abode. It was a floating island inclosed by a wall of

brass, and there were smooth rocks all around its edges. Æolus had twelve children in his spacious palace, six daughters and six sons, and from day to day they banqueted on an endless variety of

OUT IN THE STORM.



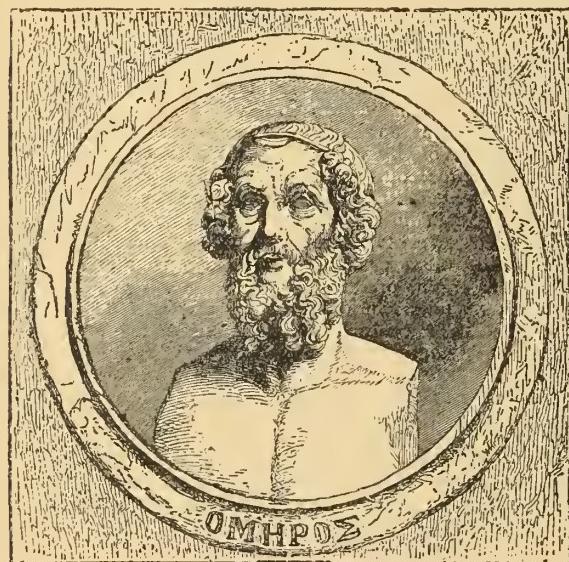
Edmund H. Garrett.

OUT IN THE STORM.

meats. In his halls all day one could hear the sound of sweet pipes whose music floated on the perfumed air.

In this fair home Ulysses received a friendly welcome, and for a whole month he visited with the king, who inquired of all his companions in the war with Troy, and of the fate of each since.

So Ulysses told Æolus of everything which had happened, and then prayed him to send him home; and Æolus kindly helped him to go forth on his journey. Into a large, strong bladder he put all the stormy winds, for he was king of the winds, and he gave this bladder to Ulysses, with power to



calm them or to make them furious at his will. This Æolus bound fast with a bright silver chain to the main mast of Ulysses' ship, so that no rude breath of air might blow them out of their way. He had left out the west wind only, that it might waft them on toward home. For nine days and nine nights they held their way over the waters, and were approaching their native land. The fields were in sight, and they could see men kindling their fires on the shores. Meantime a heavy sleep overcame Ulysses, for he had been guiding

the rudder of the ship with constant toil, not daring to trust it to the hand of any of the crew, so great was his desire to reach home by the shortest route. As Ulysses slept the sailors talked among themselves and said that they believed Ulysses had brought in that great bag which was fastened with the silver chain rich gifts of gold and silver from Æolus. And they spoke with great jealousy of the prizes Ulysses had received wherever they had landed, while they themselves went empty-handed.

Speaking thus to each other, they grew more jealous and angry, and obeyed the voice of Evil Counsel. They untied the sack, and straight the winds rushed forth and seized and swept the ship, while the crew lamented bitterly, for they were rapidly driven out into the stormy waters. Ulysses awoke, and finding the bag he had guarded so carefully, open and the angry winds driving them further and further from home, he thought whether or not he would better drop into the deep water and perish; but being of a noble mind, he took heart again, and covering himself with his mantle, lay down in the ship while the furious whirlwind bore them back to the island of Æolus with all the groaning crew. After they had landed on the island they prepared a meal, and then Ulysses hastened to the hall of Æolus, where the king sat banqueting with his wife and children.

"Why art thou here? What god is thine enemy to pursue thee, O Ulysses?" said Æolus. "Surely we sent thee forth well prepared to reach thy native land."

Ulysses replied sorrowfully: "The fault was with my companions and my own unlucky sleep. Yet I pray you repair the mischief, since you have the power."

But Æolus said, "Get thee hence! Leave the island instantly! It may not be that I help one who is hated by the blessed gods! Away!"

Then Ulysses and his men left the palace and the island, to meet with new hardships on the stormy sea as the fruit of their own folly.

## THE STORY OF CRÖESUS.

(Adapted from Herodotus by May Vreeland.)

**C**RÖESUS, king of Lydia, was a great warrior. Having conquered all the Greek cities of Asia Minor, he longed for other lands to subdue.

It was then, when enthroned at Sardis, his capital, in the height of his glory, there came to visit him all the wise men of the Greeks. Greatest of all these was Solon, the law maker of the Athenians. Croesus entertained him magnificently in his palace. After he thought Solon had been sufficiently impressed with his wealth and greatness, he called him to him, and said: "I have heard much of your wisdom and experience; answer me this question. Whom thinkest thou to be the happiest of all the men thou hast seen?" He thought Solon could answer but one way, and was much surprised when the answer came, "Tellus, the Athenian." Then Croesus said to him a second time: "Whom dost thou think next in happiness to Tellus?" thinking surely the second place would be given to himself. But the reply came, "I think Cleobis and Biton, two youths of the city of Argos, next in happiness to Tellus." Then Croesus was very angry, and said: "Dost thou count my happiness as nothing, that thou placest common men so much above me?" Solon answered: "I cannot judge of the happiness of mortal life until I have seen the end. I would not call thee happy until I knew thou hadst ended thy days in peace." Croesus was much displeased with the words of Solon, and dismissed him from his court.

It happened soon after the departure of Solon that trouble commenced to thicken around Croesus, the rich and great. His oldest son, in whom he took great pride, was killed while hunting in the land of the Mysians. Croesus mourned two years for his son, and then turned his thoughts again to war.

He heard of the increasing power of the Persians, and longed to mete the strength of his Lydian archers against them. So he sent to the oracles, far and near, to inquire whether or not he should make war upon these people. Croesus interpreted their replies in a favorable light, and commenced to prepare for war. He marched toward the dominions of Cyrus, the Persian king. Cyrus,

hearing of his approach, hastened to meet him. The two armies joined in battle. The fighting was fierce, but neither side was victorious. After the battle was suspended Croesus crept back to Sardis and disbanded his army, not imagining Cyrus would follow him. But Cyrus knew of his intentions, and thought it would be well to take Sardis by surprise. So he marched against it. Croesus, much perplexed, gathered a few of his scattered Lydians together, and led them forth to battle. After many had been slain on both sides, the Lydians were driven back into Sardis, and there besieged by the Persians.

The siege lasted several days. Many fruitless attempts were made to scale the wall surrounding the city. At last a certain Persian spied a place on the wall where there were no sentinels. He watched the place, and was rewarded by seeing a man drop from the wall to secure a helmet that had rolled from the top, and again return. The next day the whole Persian army climbed up the same way, and took the city of Sardis. Croesus was captured and brought before Cyrus. Cyrus ordered a great pile of wood to be built, and Croesus, bound in chains, to be placed thereon. Then he had the structure set in flames. As Croesus sat upon the pile, awaiting death, the thought came to him that the words of Solon were indeed true. No living man could be deemed happy. Then he cried aloud, "Solon! Solon! Solon!" Cyrus heard, and asked whom Croesus called to. For a time he was silent, but on being urged, told them the story of the visit of Solon, the Athenian, and how he never valued the present prosperity of any man until he should know the ending of his life. Cyrus was interested in the tale, and thinking of the uncertainty of life, relented and ordered the fire to be quenched. The Persians used all their strength, but could not put out the flames. Then Croesus cried to Apollo for aid, when suddenly a great storm gathered, and the rain descended and the fire was quenched.

Then Croesus came down, and Cyrus knew he was beloved of the gods. Cyrus took Croesus back to Persia with him, where he lived honored and respected by the Persian court.

## THE STORY OF CYRUS.

FROM HERODOTUS.

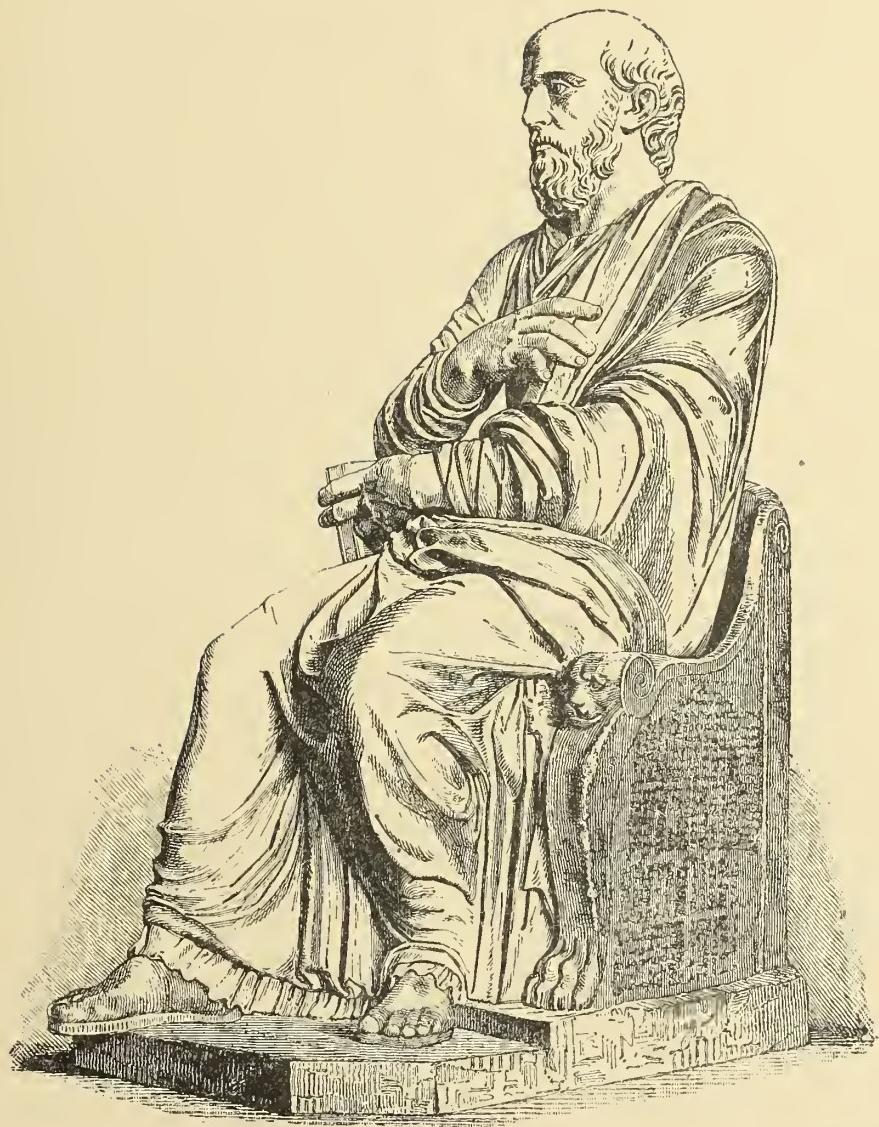
BY MAY H. VREELAND.

Astyages, king of the Medes, had a daughter, Mandane, whom he gave in marriage to the Persian, Cambyses. After they were married, Astyages had a dream, and in that dream it was revealed to him, that his daughter's son would be king in his stead. So when Cyrus was born, Astyages called one of his kinsmen, Harpagus, to him and told him to take the child and kill it. Harpagus took it home, but he did not slay it himself. He gave it to a herdsman of the king and told him to expose it to wild beasts upon the mountains. The herdsman took Cyrus home, but the wife took pity on the child and begged that she might be allowed to rear it as her own. At length the herdsman relented and Cyrus grew up with the shepherds among the mountains. When he was ten years old, his royal birth was discovered. He was playing with some boys of his own age, and was chosen as their king. He ordered one boy, the son of a Mede of renown, to do a certain thing. The boy refused and young Cyrus whipped him severely. The youth went in anger to his father, who, in his turn, went to the king. Astyages ordered Cyrus to be brought before him, and had not questioned him long, before he recognized in the youth, his grandson. Having wrung the entire story from the herdsman, in great wrath, Astyages summoned Harpagus to him. Harpagus told his story, how he had given Cyrus to the herdsman to kill, but the wrath of the king soon melted away, for his conscience had often smitten him for his cruelty.

Then he ordered a feast of thanksgiving, and asked Harpagus to send his son as a companion for Cyrus. As soon as the son of Harpagus arrived at the palace Astyages had him slain and roasted, and when Harpagus sat down to the feast the dish was placed before him, and he ate heartily. After he had finished his repast, the king ordered the head of the murdered boy to be shown Harpagus that he might know of what he had eaten. Har-

pagus seeing it, showed no feeling, but said, "All that the king doeth is well." After Astyages had thus punished Harpagus, he called him to him to consult as to the best means of disposing of Cyrus. It was at last decided to send him to his father and mother in Persia. So Cyrus was sent, and his parents received him with great joy. He grew to manhood, was virtuous and courageous, and beloved by all who knew him.

Then Harpagus, plotting vengeance upon Astyages for the murder of his son, kept up communications with Cyrus, intending to rebel against the Median king and make Cyrus king in his stead. At last everything was ready, and Harpagus notified Cyrus to that effect. Cyrus, in the mean time, had placed himself at the head of the Persian army and gained their favor by preparing a great feast in their honor. Having thus won them over to him, he urged them to revolt, and they willingly consented to his plans. When Astyages heard of the doings of Cyrus, he gathered the Medes together and placed Harpagus at the head. The two armies met, and the Medes fled repeatedly before the Persians, and at last Astyages was taken captive. He lived until his death in bondage to the Persians. Cyrus next overthrew the Lydians, who had invaded his dominions, and then turned his attention to the capture of Babylon, the great stronghold of the Assyrians. Cyrus laid siege to the city for two years without avail. The city was divided in two parts by the Euphrates river, and at last he devised the plan of turning the course of the river and marching into the city along its bed. His army made immense trenches, and turned the river into them, and then marched, without obstacle, into the city, and captured the surprised Assyrians. Cyrus, after this conquest, grew very conceited in his wealth and power, and longed to try again his strength in battle. So he made war upon a nation dwelling to the east of Persia. The Persians were defeated and Cyrus himself slain. Thus ended the life of one of Persia's greatest warriors and kings.



HERODOTUS READING HIS HISTORY.

# STORIES OF EGYPT.

STORIES OF EGYPT.

FROM HERODOTUS.

ADAPTED BY MILLIE RYAN.

I.

MANY years ago, in Egypt, the wonderful land of the Nile, there lived a marvelously great and powerful king, whose name was Sesostris. Indeed, this man was the first broadly renowned warrior the world had ever known. He built ships and trained sailors until his fleet was the admiration and fear of all nations. Always in Egypt, as in other countries of the ancient world, there was a large number of well disciplined soldiers, for the men of one whole class of people were warriors and their sons were trained to the same life as soon as they became old enough. When Sesostris had fully organized his army, he set sail with great splendor and rejoicing, and conquered all the land bordering on the Red Sea. In every country that he subdued, he set up a pillar in honor of his victory, on which was inscribed his own name with worthy mention of all those enemies who had fought bravely, and with words of reproach for the cowardly. In this manner he traveled throughout all Asia and even crossed over into Europe and overcame many countries of Greece, until his fame and glory were known in every country of the then civilized world.

During his absence, he had given Egypt into the charge of his brother Daphnæ as king. After his many victories, he decided once more to return to his native land, from which he had been absent many years. Accordingly he left the greater part

of his army on the shores of the Red Sea, and journeyed homeward with a varied multitude of captives from all the countries he had conquered.

When he arrived, his brother, who was jealous of his glory and fearful for his own power in Egypt, invited Sesostris, his wife, and six sons to a very magnificent banquet prepared in their honor. While the great king was enjoying the feast and conversing with his family, the treacherous Daphnæ set fire to the outer court of the banqueting hall with intent to murder his unsuspecting brother. As soon as Sesostris discovered that the house was burning, he counseled with his wife concerning means of escape. She advised him to slay two of his sons and use their bodies as a bridge across the flames. This he did and so succeeded in saving the life of his wife and four remaining sons.

Upon gaining his liberty, being much accustomed to death and misfortune, he duly punished his brother, and immediately began to devise plans for bettering the condition of his kingdom. He called out his captives to aid the Egyptian workmen in building canals from the river to the outlying cities at the base of the hills on either side of the long narrow valley.

He also divided the land among the inhabitants, who were required to pay a yearly tax. If at any time the swollen river carried away the land of any person, he reported it to the king and was relieved of tax. From this practice resulted the first mode of measuring land. Innumerable other useful works are credited to this renowned and illustrious warrior king.





## CHARMING STORIES. ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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### THE LITTLE SPINNER.

FROM OVID.

ADAPTED BY MARY E. BURT.

THERE is a large and handsome cobweb in one corner of our school room. It is very black and dirty and woven after the fashion of the most beautiful lace. Although the children are expected to observe everything in the living world about them, they have not yet taken notice of the little American spinner, in whose behalf no tariff system exists, and for whom protection is indeed a myth. Perhaps if I tell them of a like spinner,

whose lovely web caused the children and the grown people to wonder in "The childhood of mankind," and the poet, Ovid, to write beautiful verses thousands of years later, even at the time when Christ came into the world, our own children may scrape acquaintance with our little friend up in the corner and ask her in what school she has studied geometry, that she knows so well how to plan her geometrical patterns.

"To commend," says an ancient goddess, "is but a trifling matter; let us *deserve* commendation, and let us not permit our dignity as gods to be

s slighted without due punishment." And the better to enforce this lesson, she told her listeners the following story :

Arachne was a maiden, renowned not for the place of her birth nor for the wealth of nobility of her family, but only for her skill in weaving.

Her father used to dye the wool for her in the most beautiful shades of purple. Her mother was dead, a woman of low rank and of poor conditions, as was her husband. But Arachne, although born of a humble family, had acquired a memorable name throughout many cities on account of her skill. Often did the nymphs desert their vineyards that they might see her weave and spin. Often did the river nymphs of Pactolus, a river whose bed was of golden sand, forsake their streams. Not only did it give them pleasure to look at the garments she made, but they delighted to watch her while at work, so much grace was there in her motions. It was interesting to see her roll the rough wool into its first balls, or unravel her work with her fingers, or draw out the soft fleeces into long fine threads resembling mist, or move the smooth round spindle with her nimble thumb, or embroider the cloth with her needle. In all of these acts you might perceive that she had been taught by the goddess of wisdom, herself the greatest of spinners.

But Arachne was proud, and used to deny that Athene had been her teacher, and she said, "Let the goddess spin with me, that I may show that I am a better spinner than she. I will take any punishment if I am conquered."

Then Athene took on the form of an aged woman. She put false gray hair on her forehead, and supported her trembling steps with a staff. In this disguise she went to the maiden and began to speak. "Old age," she said, "should not be despised. Experience comes from lengthened years. Do not refuse to take my advice. Let it suffice thee if thou art considered the greatest worker in wool among mortals. But do not contend with the gods; yield to Athene, and ask her forgiveness for thy rude speeches. She will grant pardon to thee if I entreat her."

But Arachne looked upon the aged woman with scowling eyes, and she left her work, so angry was

she. Hardly could she keep her hand from striking the goddess, whom she did not recognize in that disguise. "Thou art bereft of thy understanding," said the girl; "thou art worn out with old age; thou hast lived too long; go talk to thine own daughter in this way, if thou hast a daughter—or to thy daughter-in-law. Let them listen to thy remarks. My opinion is still the same. Why does not the goddess come? Why does she decline this contest of skill with me?"

Then the goddess said, "Lo! she is come!" and she cast off her disguise and shone forth in her splendor. All the nymphs and matrons bowed before Athene, but the maiden stood undaunted. She blushed and then grew pale, but persisted in her foolish desire for a victory, and so rushed upon her own destruction. No longer did the goddess refuse to enter into the contest. There was no delay. They both took their stands in different places, and stretched out the two webs on their looms with fine warp. They tied the web around the beams and separated the warp with a reed. The woof they inserted with sharp shuttles, their fingers hurrying them along. The more they worked the more eager they grew, and they fastened their loose robes tightly around their waists that the motion of their skillful arms should not be delayed. Beautiful beyond description were the colors the two weavers used; the dark purple, with all of its fine shades, so beautifully mingled that the rainbow, with its mighty arch in the long tract of the sky which it is wont to tint, could afford no more exquisite blending. Golden threads were mixed in also, and pictures of the olden times were woven into the webs. The goddess embroidered the rock of Mars in Athens, on which sat twelve celestial gods, Jupiter in the midst. Each god was pictured in a true likeness. The form of Jupiter was that of a mighty king. The god of the sea was standing there striking the rugged rocks with his long trident, while a wild horse seemed to be springing out of the midst of the opening rock, by which pledge of his love he lay claim to the city. In the web she wove also a picture of herself, with a shield and long pointed lance, and her breast protected by the *Ægis*. Her spear was striking the earth from which a pale

olive tree was growing, and the gods were admiring it. Victory is the end of her work, and that her rival should learn the punishment for making the mad attempt to outshine her, Athene wove a picture into each corner of her web, depicting the fate of some unhappy mortal who had dared to contend with the gods. But Arachne, with less skill wove into her web pictures representing all the wrong actions of the gods, pictures intended as rebukes, and around the edge she wove a border of ivy leaves.

Athene could not blame the work of Arachne, and even envy could not censure it, but when the yellow-haired maiden looked upon the work of the goddess, she tore her own web to shreds, and with her shuttle struck the goddess many times. The unhappy girl could not endure her

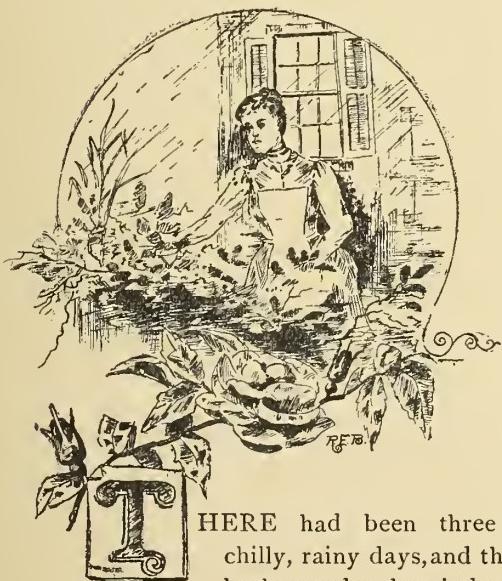
defeat, and so she tied her neck with a halter and hung herself to die. But Athene took compassion on her and lifted her up as she hung, that she might not die, and said to her: "Live on, wicked one, but still hang; and let all thy children live hanging, and all their posterity to come." Then Athene sprinkled her with the juices of an herb which grows in Hades, and her hair fell off—also her nose and ears. Her slender fingers were changed to legs growing from her sides, and from her body she constantly gave forth a thread. Changed into a spider, she worked at her web as formerly. And there she sits at this minute upon the walls of our American school room weaving into her web the portrait of our little housekeeper who does not brush down the walls.

## HUM, THE SON OF BUZ.

FROM "QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE," BY PERMISSION OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN &amp; CO.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ADAPTED BY MARY E. BURT.



HERE had been three cold, chilly, rainy days, and the rose bushes under the window hung dripping under their load of moisture, each spray shedding a constant shower on the spray below it.

On one of these lower sprays, under the perpetual drip, what should we see but a poor little humming bird, drawn up into the tiniest shivering ball, and clinging with a desperate grasp to his uncomfortable perch. A humming bird we knew him to be at once, though his feathers were so matted and glued down by the rain that he looked not much bigger than a honey bee, and as different as possible from the smart, pert little character that we had so often seen flirting with the flowers. He was evidently a humming bird in adversity, and whether he ever would hum again looked to us exceedingly doubtful. Immediately, however, we sent out to have him taken in. When the friendly hand seized him he gave a little, faint, watery squeak, evidently thinking that his last hour had come, and that grim Death was about to carry him off to the land of dead birds. What a time we had reviving him, holding the little wet thing in the warm hollow of our hands, and feeling him shiver and palpitate! His eyes were fast closed; his tiny claws which

looked as slender as cobwebs, were knotted close to his body, and it was long before we could feel the least motion in them.

Finally, to our great joy, we felt a brisk little kick, and then a flutter of wings, and then a peck of the beak, which showed that there was some bird left in him yet, and that he meant at any rate to find out where he was. Unclosing our hands a small space, out popped the little head with a pair of round brilliant eyes. Then we bethought ourselves of feeding him, and forthwith prepared him a stiff glass of sugar and water, a drop of which we held to his bill. After turning his head attentively, like a bird who knew what he was about and didn't mean to be chaffed, he briskly put out a long, flexible tongue, slightly forked at the end, and licked off the comfortable beverage with great relish.

Immediately he was pronounced out of danger by the small humane society which had undertaken the charge of his restoration, and we began to cast about for getting him a settled establishment in our apartment. I gave up my work box to him for a sleeping room, and it was medically ordered that he should take a nap. So we filled the box with cotton, and he was formally put to bed with a folded cambric handkerchief round his neck, to keep him from beating his wings. Like a bird of discretion he seemed to understand what was being done to him, and resigned himself sensibly to go to sleep.

The box was covered with a sheet of paper perforated with holes for purposes of ventilation; for even humming birds have a little pair of lungs and need their own little portion of air to fill them, so that they may make bright scarlet little drops of blood to keep life's fire burning in their tiny bodies.

In the course of the second day he began to take short flights about the room, though he seemed to prefer to return to us, perching on our fingers or heads or shoulders, and sometimes choosing to sit in this way for half an hour at a time.

"These great giants," he seemed to say to himself, "are not bad people after all; they have a comfortable way with them; how nicely they dried and warmed me! Truly a bird might do worse than to live with them."

So he made up his mind to form a fourth in the

little company of three that usually sat and read, worked and sketched, in that apartment, and we christened him "Hum, the son of Buz." He became an individuality, a character whose little doings formed a part of every letter, and some extracts from these will show what some of his little ways were:

"Hum has learned to sit upon my finger, and eat his sugar and water out of a teaspoon with most Christian-like decorum. He has but one weakness—he will occasionally jump into the spoon and sit in his sugar and water, and then appear to wonder where it goes to. His confidence in us seems unbounded; he lets us stroke his head and smooth his



*J. B. Stone*

feathers without a flutter; and he is never better pleased than sitting, as he has been doing all this while, on my hand, turning up his bill and watching my face with great edification."

When the weather cleared away, and the sun came out bright, Hum became entirely well, and seemed resolved to take the measure of his new life with us. Our windows were closed in the lower part of the sash by frames with mosquito gauze, so that the sun and air found free admission, and yet our little rover could not pass out. On the first sunny day he took an exact survey of

our apartment from ceiling to floor, humming about, examining every portion with his bill, all the crevices, moldings, each little indentation in the bed posts, each window pane, each chair and stand; and, as it was a very simply furnished seaside apartment, his scrutiny was soon finished. We wondered at first what this was all about; but, on

watching him more closely, we found that he was actively engaged in getting his living, by darting out his long tongue, hither and thither, and drawing in all the tiny flies and insects in the apartment.

In short, we found that, though the nectar of flowers was his dessert, yet he had his roast beef and mutton chop to look after.

### WHAT MY SHADOW TOLD ME.

A STUDY IN GEOGRAPHY.

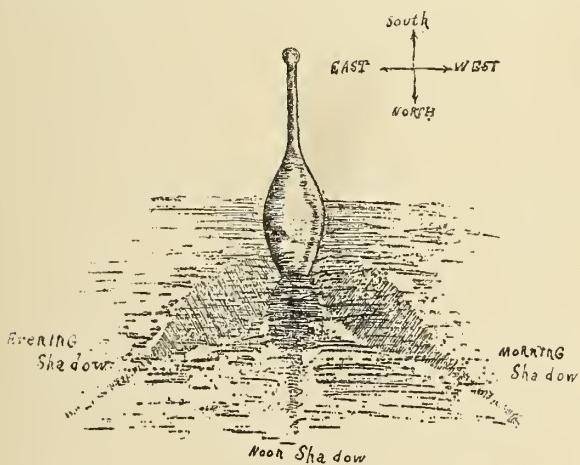
ADAPTED BY HELEN ERICSON.

EVERY day when the sun shines, my shadow follows me every place I go.

One day my teacher told me to write something about my shadow.

I could not find it in books, so I had to ask my shadow itself.

I sat down in the shade of a tree, but my shadow was gone. I knew it had been with me all the way



there, so I went to hunt for it; I found it as soon as I passed beyond the shade of the tree.

I asked her why she did not come into the shade. She said, "Take that stick lying on the ground, and set it up and see if it casts a shadow."

I did so, and saw a shadow twice as long as the stick. Then she said, "Stand about three feet east of the stick; and see what becomes of the shadow."

I did so, but did not see the shadow of the stick, but my own.

And my shadow told me that she was under the tree, but I did not see her for the same reason I did not see the shadow of the stick.

I walked on a ways and saw my shadow leaning against a house. She said, "If houses and trees were not in the way, you could not see my head, for I would cut across your horizon. As we heard the school bell we ran.

I was standing upright on my feet, but my shadow was rolling over and over on her side, her head and feet in the same direction all the time, her head northwest, and feet southeast.

Every corner I turned she kept the same direction.

When I came into the school house my shadow left me. At noon when I came out I saw my shadow. I did not have to meet her, for she stood on my feet all the way home. I asked her what she had been drinking, that she had grown so short (for I thought she was like Alice in Wonderland, who, when she drank something in Mr. Bunnie's house, grew small).

Miss Shadow answered, "I've been drinking sunshine."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, the sun is nearer your zenith, and if you had a lamp right over your head you'd have no shadow at all, like 'The Man at the Equator.'

When I was walking in the evening she was rolling the same as in the morning, but her head was in a different direction, northeast, and her feet southwest.



## CHARMING STORIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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### THE LOTUS-EATERS.

A STORY FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

ADAPTED BY M. E. BURT.

AS Ulysses and his companions were sailing about on the great unknown sea, the cloud-compeller, Jove, sent against them the northwind in a hurricane. The strong tempest split and tore the sails so that the sailors drew them into the ship, in fear of utter wreck, and then turned the boats toward the nearest land. They lay there two days

and nights, worn out with grief and hunger. On the third morning they raised the masts again and spread the sails, for the day was clear and bright, and started once more in the direction of their native land. They came to a point of land where an evil wind forever blows, and this wind drove them out of their way for nine long days. On the tenth day they reached the land where the Lotus-eaters dwell. These men had no food but flowers, the lotus blossoms, which look like water lilies. Ulysses and his crew went ashore and took their

evening meal near their ships. When they had eaten and drunk, Ulysses sent two chosen men forth as explorers, to learn what people lived in that land. It did not take them long to arrive among the Lotus-eaters, who received them kindly and gave them lotus flowers to eat. The food was very sweet, so sweet that any one who tasted of the plant never wished to see his native land again and forgot all about his friends. So the messengers of Ulysses desired to live among the Lotus-eaters and never return to the ships as soon as they had tasted of the blossoms. Then Ulysses led them by force weeping to the fleet, and he bound them under the benches, and he ordered the rest of his comrades to embark in great haste, lest they too should taste of the lotus and think no more of home. Straightway they all went on board and took their places at the oars to find their way, if possible, over the white-capped waves to their beloved homes.

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#### A DISASTROUS RIDE.

Some little drops of water,  
Whose home was in the sea  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.  
  
A cloud they had for carriage,  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country  
They rode along at ease.  
  
But oh! there were so many,  
At last the carriage broke,  
And to the ground came tumbling  
These frightened little folk;  
  
And through the moss and grasses  
They were compelled to roam,  
Until a brooklet found them  
And carried them all home.

—*Independent.*

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#### THE STORY OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID.

ADAPTED BY M. E. BURT.

On the shelving banks of a lake grew many pretty flowers. Beautiful Dryope, with her smiling baby in her arms, loved to carry garlands of sweet roses to the nymphs who lived in the lake. Once

while wandering there she found a watery lotus blossom that vied in the delicacy of its purple with the Tyrian dye, hoping for future berries. Dryope broke the flower from the stem to give to her babe as a plaything in hopes to please him. Her sister, Iole, who was with her, looked at the blossom and was dismayed to see drops of blood where the stem was broken off. The plant was trembling too, as if shaken with horror.

It was a plant which had once been a lovely maiden by the name of Lotis, but being pursued by an unwelcome lover she had changed into a flowery plant. When Dryope saw the lotus bleeding and trembling she begged the flower to forgive her and then she tried to run away, but she could not. She found that her feet had roots like a plant, and that the roots had grown down into the ground and held her fast. She strove to tear up the roots with her hands that she might depart, but something like the bark of a tree began to grow around her. She put her hands up to her head and found that her hair had turned to leaves. She pressed her babe to her heart, but her arms began to turn into branches like the boughs of a tree.

Poor Dryope now knew that she too must become a tree. She gave her baby to her sister and asked her to let the child come and play under her branches when he grew to be a boy. "Let him often play beneath my tree," she said, "and there let him drink milk, and when he is old enough to speak let him salute his mother and say in sadness, 'Beneath this trunk is my mother concealed.' Let him dread the ponds and the lilies, and let him not pluck flowers from the trees. Farewell, dear husband, and thou, sister, and thou, my father, protect my branches from the wounds of the sharp pruning knife and from the bite of the cattle, and since I may not bend down toward you come near for my kisses and lift up my little son. I suffer punishment without crime. I lived in innocence; if I am speaking falsely may I lose the green leaves which I bear and be cut down with axes; may I be burnt in the fire. More I cannot say, for the soft bark is creeping over my white neck, and I am being covered to the top of my head. Remove your hands from closing my eyes, for without your help will the bark close over them and cover them in death."



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### THE CYCLOPS.

FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

ADAPTED BY MARY E. BURT.

AFTER leaving the land of the Lotus-eaters, Ulysses and his companions sailed on with sorrowful hearts and came to the land of the Cyclops. They were a wild people who had no laws and did not plow the fields nor plant them, but trusted to the gods to give them food. Without work, they received from Jove, barley and wheat, and large clusters of grapes from which they made

wine, all of these bounties being fed by the summer rain. The Cyclops do not have laws, and they do not meet in council, but they live in caves on mountain tops, and each one rules his wife and children as he likes. None care for what the others do. There is a little woody island lying at the entrance of the land of the Cyclops, and many wild goats are found there. Hunters never disturb them, and the thick woods hide them, so they become very numerous. No sheep ever eat the grass of that island, and the fields are never plowed;

the goats are the only inhabitants of the isle. The Cyclops have no boats and no builders of ships, and they do not care to make the land great in trade with other nations. The soil is so rich it might bear all kinds of fruits if they were planted. There are beautiful meadows all along the coast, and there is a safe harbor where boats can be safely left without an anchor. A bright stream flows from a spring under a hollow rock into the farthest end of the harbor, and poplar trees grow all around it. There Ulysses and his companions landed in the dark night, guided to the place by some god, for the moon did not shine, and none of the crew saw the land until they were upon the shore. As soon as the boats touched land, the men sprang from them and made couches for themselves by the water side and lay down to sleep until morning. At dawn they arose and walked around the isle, admiring its great beauty, while the nymphs, daughters of Jove, roused the mountain goats that they might give a breakfast to the men. Then Ulysses and his own crew took their long spears and their bows and started forth in their boat to find what kind of men inhabited the mountains, leaving on the island the crews of the other boats. When Ulysses and his men came upon the coast of the mainland, they saw a cave with a high roof, over whose entrance hung laurel shrubs, and many cattle, sheep and goats lay around at rest; and there was an inclosure of rough stone in the form of a court, and tall pines and large oaks about the entrance of the cave. A mighty giant lived here alone, tending his flocks. He never talked with his neighbors, but all alone planned wicked deeds. He was a frightful monster; he looked like a huge mountain top, shaggy, with overhanging forests, towering above other mountains. Leaving part of his men to guard the ship, Ulysses took with him his twelve bravest to discover what sort of a person lived in the cave, They carried a wineskin with them which contained wine so fragrant that it would please a god, and so pleasant to the taste that no one could let it alone who had once tasted of it. And they took a hamper of food along for fear of meeting men with great strength and no sense of the courtesies due to strangers. They were soon at the cave, but

they did not find the owner at home. They went into it, wondering at all they saw. There were baskets all around heaped with cheeses, and pens of lambs and kids, separated into the three folds, the older in one pen, the younger in another and the youngest in a third, and there were pails full of whey, buckets of milk. The companions of Ulysses begged him to take some of the cheeses and drive the lambs and kids down to the sea and set sail to leave that land, but it was his wish to see the owner of the flocks and find out what sort of a man he was. So they lit a fire in the cave and ate of the cheeses, and waited for the owner of the flocks to come home. After some time he came, bearing a load of wood to make a fire at supper time. He flung his burden down with such a crash that the men ran in terror to one corner of the cave. The giant drove all such goats and sheep as would give him milk into the cave, leaving the others in the court outside, and then he lifted up an enormous rock and placed at the entrance of the cave for a door. Having done this, he sat down and milked the ewes and goats, and gave to each its young. Next, he caused half of the milk to curdle, and he put the curd into woven baskets, but he kept the rest of the milk to be his evening drink. When he had ended this work, he lit a fire, and seeing the strangers, he began to ask them questions to find out who they were. His voice was deep and frightful, like the rumbling of a volcano, and the trembling heroes replied with sinking hearts, "We are Greeks who are returning home from Troy. The winds have driven us many ways, and we beg on our knees that you will receive us as guests, or else give us the gifts which are due to strangers, lest the gods avenge us."

When Ulysses had ceased speaking Cyclops told him that he was a fool to fear the gods. "The Cyclops," he said, "care nothing for the blessed gods. We are better than they. Do not think I would spare you or any of your companions for fear of Jove. But tell me where you have left your boat."

Ulysses, seeing that the giant was cunning and crafty, answered him. "Neptune, who shakes the world, has destroyed my boat, hurling it against

rocks. From the open sea the storm swept the wreck to this island, and so I have, with my companions, escaped death." Then the giant sprang at the strangers and seized two of them and, like a wild lion, devoured them for his supper.

## LITTLE WHITE LILY.

GEORGE McDONALD.

## I.

Little white Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone.  
Little white Lily  
Sunshine has fed;  
Little white Lily  
Is lifting her head.

## II.

Little white Lily  
Said, "It is good;  
Little white Lily's  
Clothing and food."  
Little white Lily  
Drest like a bride!  
Shining with whiteness  
And crowned beside!

## III.

Little white Lily  
Droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
For the wet rain.  
Little white Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling  
And filling it up.

## IV.

Little white Lily  
Said, "Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have fresh rain.  
Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool;  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full."

## V.

Little white Lily  
Smells very sweet;  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
Thanks to the sunshine  
Thanks to the rain!  
Little white Lily  
Is happy again.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE IN LEGEND  
AND IN HISTORY.

CHARITY DYE.

LEGENDS connecting the Red, White and Blue with the idea of freedom and right, were told over three hundred years before Columbus added the New World to the Old.

St. John De Martia was born in France in 1154, and educated in Paris. When he was about to be made a priest, there appeared before him a vision of an angel clad in pure white, with a red and blue cross upon his breast; his hands were crossed, and each one rested upon the head of an escaped slave kneeling on either side of him. St. John took this

vision as a sign that his own life work was to be the rescuing of Christian slaves from the Turks. He established an order for that purpose, and went to Rome to see the Pope, who had also seen an angel with his crossed hands upon slaves. This made it seem plainer than ever that St. John was to do this work.

He went throughout France and collected money, no one refusing to aid him. He took the money to Tunis and ransomed one hundred and twenty slaves. When they were ready to weigh anchor, they found that their sails had been torn by the Turks. St. John then took his white mantle with the red and blue cross upon it, and used it for a



A SUMMER SCENE.

sail. As soon as it was hoisted, the colors, true to the freedom which they symbolized, caught the breeze and swiftly bore the crew of ransome Christians to Ostia.

Whittier has put this old legend into a beautiful poem called, "St. John De Martia," or "The Legend of the Red, White and Blue."

These colors were chosen in 1777 by thirteen struggling colonies, in America, for the flag of a new nation of, by, and "for the people." This nation has ever since that time been adding history to legend, until to-day our flag is so full of meaning that every true American citizen looks upon it as a symbol of all that he holds dear. Under its folds his home is protected, his children educated, his religion let alone; his vote (if he so wills it) is his own, and freedom in all things is fostered. It stands for the blood of our fathers in their wars for national independence and against slavery at home. It has given rise to some of the highest bursts of eloquence, and it beckons every lover of it on to help the nation reach a higher life than it has yet reached, to put more of the old meaning into the colors and to try to make the dreams of what we hope for our country come true.

Especially is it a time to think on these things when the Independence day of 1891 will add new stars to those already clustered in its heaven of blue.

There are three historic scenes, each one enacted within the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and each one picturing an epoch in our flag's history.

The first is that of Sergeant Jasper. In 1776, when the flag staff was shot by the British, away from Fort Moultrie, the flag fell to the bottom of a ditch outside the works. Jasper fearlessly leaped over the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort, picked up the flag,\* fastened it on a sponge staff, and in the midst of the iron hail pouring upon the fortress and in sight of the whole British fleet, fixed the flag firmly upon the bastion and leaped within the fort amid cheers from his comrades.

The second picture is of later date, 1861, and in two parts; in the first, January, 1861, we see

\*The flag rescued by Jasper was a crescent flag with the word "Liberty" inscribed upon it.

"The Star of the West," a supply ship, about to sail into Charleston harbor with national colors flying. American citizens fire upon their own flag, and the ship is compelled to put back. In April, 1861, we see shot and shell flying toward Fort Sumter, and in this same harbor where Jasper made his brave defense, the American flag is hauled down in disgrace; war has begun—the most cruel of all others, civil war.

In the third picture, April 14, 1865. We see the great of the nation assembled in this same harbor to re-raise over Fort Sumter the American flag so ingloriously hauled down four years before. We can hear Henry Ward Beecher say in the close of his address: "When our flag came down for four years it lay brooding in darkness. In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold to-day, it fulfills its vows. When it went down, four million people had no flag. To-day it rises, and four million people cry out, 'Behold *our* flag?'" \* \* \* One nation, under one government, without slavery, has been ordained, and it shall stand."

#### THE STORY OF DARIUS.

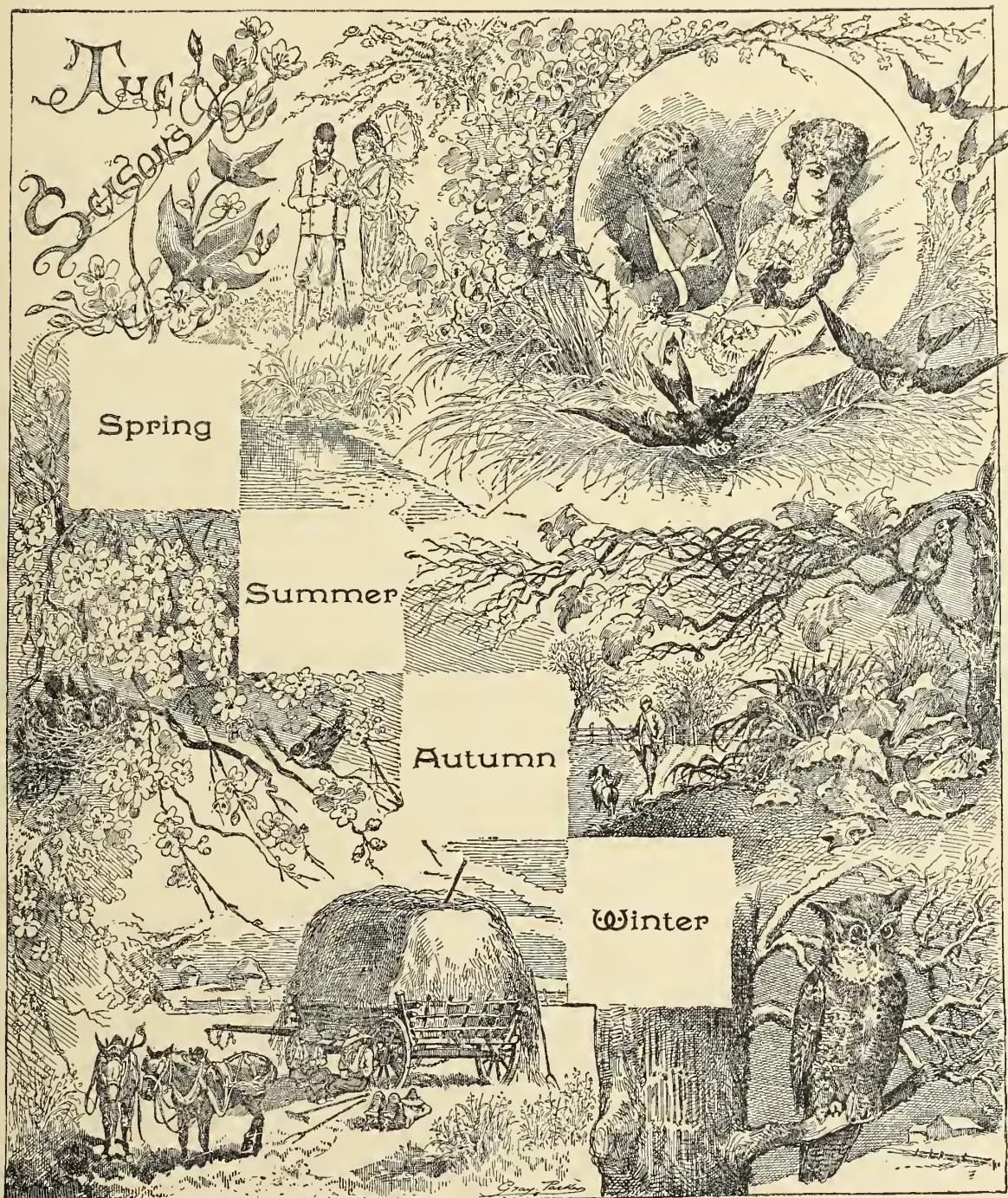
FROM HERODOTUS.

ADAPTED BY MAY H. VREELAND.

When Darius became king of Persia his kingdom extended over nearly all Asia, and also included the land of Egypt. Wealth poured in from every side, for great was the yearly tribute paid to Persia and her king from the conquered lands.

Darius grew very conceited in his wealth and power, and having conquered the Babylonians who had revolted against him, he believed that no country could withstand his Asiatic host. It was soon after this that the Ionian cities under Persian rule revolted. The Athenians sent an expedition to aid them and accidentally burned Sardis, one of the capitals of Persia's vast empire. When the news reached Darius he was greatly enraged and vowed vengeance upon these unknown people. He charged an attendant to say to him before every meal, "Master, remember the Athenians."

After Darius had subdued most of the Ionic cities, he turned his attention to Greece. He sent Mardonius with the Persian fleet to sail down upon Athens. While the fleet was advancing along



the coast of Thrace, a terrific tempest dashed three hundred of the ships against its rock-bound coast. The few remaining, disheartened, returned to Asia.

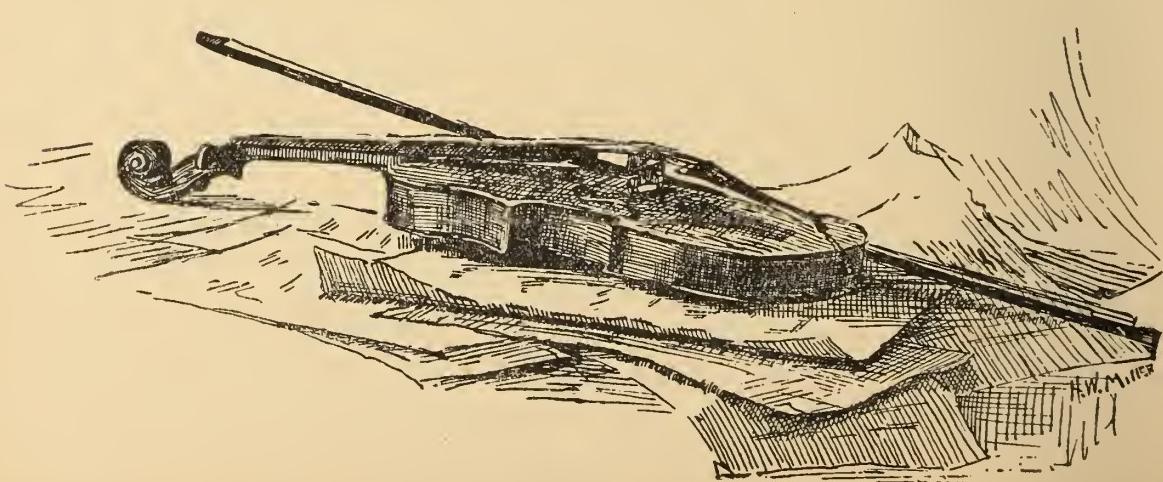
Darius was not to be turned from his purpose, however. He prepared a still greater expedition and placed Datis, one of his generals, in command. The Persian fleet advanced from the north and met with but little resistance from the terrified people.

Meanwhile Athens had been doing her best to gather together an army to resist the advancing foe. She applied to Sparta for aid, but the Spartans refused to come until the moon should be full, for they were a superstitious people. Ten generals were elected among the Athenians who were each to command a day in turn. For a time great dissension reigned among them as to when the battle should occur. Finally control of all was yielded to Miltiades, the greatest among them, but he refused to act until his turn came. When the day came on which he had command, he prepared for immediate battle.

The Persians had already landed on the plain of Marathon, twenty-five miles north of Athens. They were drawn up on the sandy beach, and the Athenians arranged themselves on the plain in front of them. The center of the Athenian army was very weak, but the wings were quite strong, yet with all, they barely numbered ten thousand. When Miltiades gave the orders the Athenians advanced, running, to meet the much feared Persians,

there being at the start a mile between them. For many hours the battle raged. The center of the Athenian army was defeated and driven back upon the plain, but the two wings had repulsed the enemy and coming to the rescue, fought with such fury that the Persians were swept before them. They fled in disorder and confusion to their ships, leaving the plain and sandy beach strewn with the bodies of their dead and dying. As the Persians were sailing away they saw a glistening shield up-raised near Athens. Knowing it to be a signal that Athens would yield herself to them, they made all haste to reach the city before the army could return from Marathon; but the conquering heroes were too quick for them, and on nearing Athens the Persians found the victorious Greeks encamped on the shore before them. They dared not again encounter them in battle, and sailed away with all haste to Asia. A mere handful of Greeks had conquered a host of Persians. The thought of their homes and their liberty had given them courage and strength to resist the Oriental despotism threatening to overwhelm them.

When Darius heard of the defeat of his vast army he was more incensed than ever against the Athenians, and vowed he would conquer them. For three years Asia was shaken with preparations for another invasion of Greece, but before they were completed Darius died, leaving his immense kingdom to his son Xerxes.





"Know, not for knowing's sake, but to become a star to men forever."—*Browning*.

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#### THE STORY OF THE CYCLOPS.

ADAPTED FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY BY MARY E. BURT.

ULYSSES and his companions wept to see the cruelty of the giant as he devoured their two helpless comrades, and they raised their hands in prayer to Jupiter for aid. The Cyclops having filled himself by eating these two human beings and drinking milk, laid himself down to sleep amid his flocks. Then the thought arose in

Ulysses' heart to go to him and slay the giant with his sword. But a second thought kept him back from the deed. The Cyclops had placed such a huge rock at the entrance of the cave that Ulysses and his men by uniting all their force could not roll it back. Seeing that a miserable death must surely overtake them if they slew the giant, the men grieved all night and looked eagerly for morning. When at length the dawn came, the Cyclops lit a fire and milked his white

flock, one by one, and brought the young creatures each to its mother. Having done this, he seized two more of the sailors and ate them for his breakfast, and then he moved the great rock that closed the cave, and drove his flock out of the rocky home, turning back to place a great stone against the entrance. With a mighty noise the Cyclops went off, driving his flocks to the pastures, while Ulysses and his men were left to brood over their wrongs and plan revenge. Of all their many schemes this seemed the wisest. There lay an immense club of green olive wood near the sheep stalls, which the Cyclops had cut from its stock that he might carry it when it was seasoned. It was as large as a great ship mast. Ulysses cut off about six feet of its length and bade his men smooth its sides, while he sharpened the smaller end and hardened the point by holding it close to the fire. Having thus prepared the weapon, he hid it in the litter lying about the cave. Then Ulysses told his companions to cast lots, in order to decide which of them all should dare to help him thrust the pointed stick into the giant's one terrible eye while he slept. The lot fell on four of them besides Ulysses, the fifth. At dark the Cyclops returned to the cave with his fat sheep and goats, and raised the great rock again, and put it back against the opening. Then he sat down and milked the cattle, after which he let them caress their young ones. When he had finished his tasks, the giant seized two more of the strangers and ate them for his supper. Ulysses now drew near to the Cyclops and offered him a wooden cup of dark, red wine, saying: "O Cyclops, after thy strange supper, take this cup of wine, that thou mayst know what we drank on our ship. I brought it as an offering to thee, hoping that thou wouldest in pity send us home. But I find instead that thou art cruel beyond limit; who of all the human race will dare to approach thee hereafter if thou art so wicked?"

He took the cup and drank the wine while Ulysses was speaking, and asked for more, saying: "Give me another and a generous drink, and tell me thy name, that I may give thee such a gift as becomes a host. This fertile land yields wine, and its large grapes are nursed by the rains

sent from Jove, but this wine is the drink of the gods." So Ulysses gave him three more cups of the wine, which the Cyclops foolishly drank, and soon his brain began to whirl with drunkenness. Then Ulysses blandly spoke to him: "Thou hast asked me, O, Cyclops, by what name men call me. I will tell thee; but do thou in return give me some generous gift, as thou hast promised. My father and mother gave me the name of No Man, and that is what my friends call me." When Ulysses had said this the Cyclops made this savage answer: "No Man shall be the last of his band whom I shall eat. I will devour all the rest first. That is my gift to thee."

The giant sank back on the ground fast asleep and dead drunk. From his mouth he spewed forth his supper, as a volcano throws lava over its sides, and there was a noisy rumbling in his drunken throat. Ulysses put the olive wood stick into the fire, and when it began to blaze his comrades took it and thrust it into the giant's one great eye. The eyeball crackled with the fire, and there was a great hissing sound, as if hot steel had been plunged into water, and the Cyclops woke up with a fearful howl and madly flung the stake from him. Then he cried to the other Cyclops who lived in other caves on the mountain side. They heard his voice and came running, and stood outside of the cave and asked what had happened to him. "What is it, Polyphemus," they said; "what is it that hurts thee? Why dost thou wake us from our delightful sleep? Hath any one driven off thy flocks or tried to take thy life?"

The huge giant answered from his den, "O, my friends, it is No Man who is killing me. No Man kills me by treachery; no one can do it by force." Then his friends said, "If no man is hurting thee, and thou art all alone, remember that none of us can escape the pains of diseases! They are sent by Jove. Make thy prayer to Neptune, the king of waters."

Then they left the giant, and Ulysses laughed in his heart to think that he had deceived the Cyclops by his shrewdness. Meantime the giant moved away the great stone from the entrance of his cave, groaning all the time in pain, and

groping about with his hands in his blindness. Then he sat down by the mouth of the cave to catch any one of the men who might try to get out with the flock; but they were not so stupid as to be caught in that way. Ulysses planned how he might best save his comrades and himself from death. At last he made up his mind to this stratagem. The sheep were large and fat and covered with thick heavy fleeces. He silently bound these together in threes, with the twigs which the Cyclops had used for a bed. To the middlesheep of each three, Ulysses bound one of his men, and seizing the biggest and finest ram for himself, he clung to the fleece under his shaggy belly, and stretched himself out at full length, holding on firmly with great courage. In that condition they waited for the morning.

As soon as it became light the sheep started forth to pasture, passing in front of the Cyclops, who carefully handled each one, but did not perceive that the men were clinging beneath their woolly breasts. As the last and largest ram went out with Ulysses clinging, Polyphemus felt of his back and wondered that his favorite sheep was the last to leave the cave, since he was usually the leader of the flock. "Dost thou linger because thou grievest for thy master," he cried, "who has had his eye put out by a deceitful wretch and his vile crew, who first made me drunk with wine? O, if thou couldst think, and hadst the power of speech to tell me where this No Man hides, if he still lives, I would dash his brains out and my heart would be lighter even amid the woes which he has brought on me." So spoke the giant, and the large ram passed on among the rest. When Ulysses and his men

were at a safe distance from the cave, he let go the fleece of the sheep to which he had been clinging, and unbound his comrades.

Then they drove the flock joyfully down to the ships, where their friends received them with joy for their escape and tears for those who had perished.

### THE ROBIN'S EGG.

Let the children arrange a number of leafy boughs in a cluster at some convenient place in the play-room. On one of the boughs place a deserted robin's nest in such a position as to be partly hidden from the view of the school. The piece may be recited by a boy, a little girl coming forward at his call, gazing wonderingly into the nest, and at last stepping lightly as if afraid to disturb the baby bird. Both children should be in outdoor dress.

What was ever so dainty a hue?  
Who can tell, is it green or blue?  
Look, little girl,  
At this beautiful pearl  
Hid in the nest of the robin!

Nay, little girl! Nay, nay, don't touch!  
Wait for a week—a week's not much—

Then come here and see  
What there will be  
Hid in the nest of the robin.

What shall you see? A wonderful sight;  
Then little girl, step light, step light,  
That no sound may be heard  
By the baby bird  
Hid in the nest of the robin.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.

By ROBERT BURNS.

**T**HREE went three kings into the East,  
Three kings, both great and high;  
And they have sworn a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plow and plowed him down,  
Put clods upon his head;

And they have sworn a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall;

John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;

His head well armed with pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,  
And he grew wan and pale;

His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,  
He faded into age;

And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;

Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgeled him full sore;

They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They then filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim;

And heaved in poor John Barleycorn  
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor  
To work him further woe;

And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro,

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood,  
And drunk it round and round;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their mirth did more abound.

John Barleycorn is a hero bold,  
Of greatest enterprise;  
But if you drink his poisonous blood,  
Your noblest courage dies.

## THE STORY OF XERXES.

By MAY H. VREELAND.

When Xerxes came to the throne, it was with the intention of carrying out his father's plans of conquering Greece. Darius had collected a large enough army for the purpose, but Xerxes wanted to make a still more imposing display; so for four years more Asia was shaken with warlike preparations. Troops were gathered together from every portion of Persia's vast empire. An immense bridge was built across the Hellespont, but hardly was it completed before it was destroyed. Xerxes, in childlike rage, ordered the chief engineers to be killed, and the Hellespont itself to be scourged and have a set of fetters cast into it.

At the end of 481 B. C. all the preparations were completed for the invasion of Greece. Xerxes set out from the Lydian capital in great pomp and splendor. At the Hellespont he sat upon a marble throne and looked upon his troops. Never before did monarch survey so vast an assemblage. The troops crossed the Bosphorus on a bridge of boats, and the passage consumed seven days and seven nights. After his army were safely across, Xerxes resolved to number them, and the way he devised to do this was very novel. Ten thousand were counted and packed closely together, a line drawn around them and then a wall erected surrounding the place they had occupied. The troops were marched in in

succession until the whole army was numbered. There were found to be over one million foot soldiers, and with the navy the force amounted to over two million men.

After the numbering of the army, Xerxes continued his march southward, upon Greece. Every city through which he passed had to furnish a day's meal for the immense throng.

All this while Greece was not ignorant of the progress of the mighty host. A congress of the Grecian states had been summoned for the purpose of uniting them; but union seemed impossible, for many states had already given allegiance to the Persian monarch. Athens and Sparta were almost alone in their faithfulness. The congress had been attempting to decide on the easiest place of resisting the Persians, and at last decided to defend the pass of Thermopylæ. It was a very narrow pass between the Oeta mountains on one side and the Malian gulf on the other, and the Greeks thought that with a very few men they would be able to resist Xerxes' immense host.

As Xerxes neared Thermopylæ, the Greeks were in the midst of celebrating their Olympic games, and deemed them too sacred to abandon, even to resist an invading foe. So a very small force, consisting of seven hundred Spartans and a few thousand from the other states, under the command of the Spartan king, Leonidas, was sent to defend the pass. Leonidas took his stand within the pass and waited the approach of the Persians. Xerxes could not at first believe that the Greeks would be so foolish as to resist him, and delayed his attack for several days. At last he gave some chosen Medes the order to advance. They fought valiantly, but were repulsed by the desperate Greeks. Xerxes then ordered his ten thousand "immortals" to advance; they also were driven back. Xerxes, beholding the defeat from a lofty throne, was stung with rage and mortification. He was beginning to despair of making his way through the pass, when a traitorous Greek betrayed the secret of a path across the mountains that descended in the rear of the forces of Leonidas. Xerxes immediately sent a strong force to cut off Leonidas'

rear. The Spartan commander was not ignorant of their approach, and as soon as they came in sight, advanced boldly to meet them. Leonidas was soon killed, but the Spartans fought on bravely until surrounded on every side. Every one of their little band was killed. Xerxes was now free to descend upon Athens.

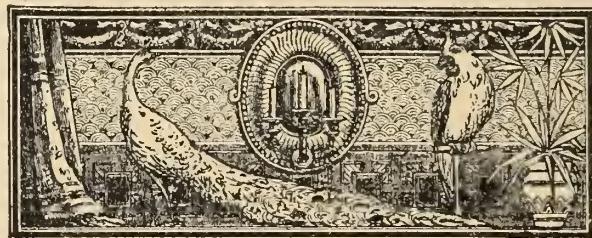
During the battle of Thermopylæ, the Greek fleet was assembled off the northern coast of the island Eubœa, under the command of Themistocles, who was, at that time, the greatest statesman of Athens. He saw the only hope of Athens was in her fleet, yet so vast were the numbers of the Persians that he could not induce the terrified Greeks to risk an engagement. It was just then that fortune seemed to favor the Greeks. While the Persian fleet was moving toward them, it was overtaken by a terrific storm, and many of the ships were dashed to pieces on the rock-bound coast of Magnesia. Encouraged by this disaster, the Greeks risked several engagements, but at last were obliged to retreat to the island of Salamis, opposite Athens. This city was now in a threatening and perilous position. The Peloponnesian states refused the aid they had once promised, and nothing hindered Xerxes from marching straight to Athens and devastating the city. In this crisis Themistocles applied to the Delphic oracle for advice. The answer came that the only safety of the Athenians lay in their wooden walls. Themistocles interpreted the wooden walls as meaning their fleet. Thereupon most of the Athenians deserted their city and took refuge in the ships; a few, however, remained and fortified the Acropolis. All this time Xerxes was approaching nearer and nearer to Athens. On reaching the famous city, he was for a time resisted by the handful of men occupying the Acropolis. But they were soon overcome, and the city lay pillaged and burned in the track of the Persians.

Meantime the Persian fleet had advanced very near to Athens, and was preparing for an attack. In this crisis great dissension reigned among the commanders of the Greek fleet. Nearly all were in favor of retreating, and abandoning northern Greece to her fate. Themistocles, alone, wished

to remain, and fight in the narrow strait separating the island of Salamis from Attica. He argued that the Persians would not be able to fight in such small quarters, while the small fleet of the Greeks would be of great advantage. At last, finding every argument of no avail with the other commanders, he took recourse to strategem. The Greek fleet was then stationed in the narrow strait of Salamis, Themistocles saw if both ends were closed by the enemy, the Greeks would be compelled to fight. So, one night he sent a message to Xerxes, telling him of the dissension among the Greeks, and advising him to cut off the retreat of the fleet, as it lay stationed between Salamis and the shores of Attica. Xerxes, acting upon this advice, immediately closed up the strait of Salamis. When day dawned it revealed the Greeks completely hemmed in by the Persians. The astonished Greeks lost no time in advancing to meet the foe. Inspired by words from Themistocles, at the sound of the trumpet they advanced courageously to the attack. The fighting for a time, was desperate

on both sides, but the very numbers on which the Persians based their success proved their chief means of failure. Packed closely together in the narrow strait, they could not move without injuring one another, and were completely at the mercy of the active Greek fleet. After many of the Persian ships had been sunk, and the sea was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying, the Persian fleet in terror turned and fled, and never stopped until the shore of Asia stretched before them.

Xerxes, from an immense throne on the main land, had surveyed the battle, and his wrath knew no bounds when he witnessed the defeat of the Persian fleet. But he was likewise soon infected with the terror prevailing among the Persians, and lost no time in making good his retreat across the Hellespont. This was Persia's last attempt to conquer Greece. Great was the pride of the Greeks to think they had defeated so vast an armament, and they never tired of hearing proclaimed the valor of their countrymen in the glorious victory of Salamis.





## CHARMING STORIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

### THE STORY OF THE CYCLOPS.

ADAPTED FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY BY MARY E. BURT.

When Ulysses and his men arrived at the ships they were received joyfully by their friends who had been lying in harbor, but many tears were shed over the loss of those who had perished at the hands of the unmerciful Cyclops. Ulysses bade them not to weep and commanded them by signs to lift the sheep on board and set sail out onto the salt sea. They went on board, where each sailor took his place on the benches and they rowed boldly out into the

deep water. When they had gone as far as one could hear a shout, Ulysses called tauntingly to the Cyclops and told him that the men whom he had so cruelly killed had friends who knew how to be brave in war and that his own guilty deeds had returned upon his own head; and that Jove and the other gods had punished him by having his eye put out. As Ulysses spoke, the anger in the heart of the great giant burned more fiercely. He tore off the top of a mountain in his fury and, threw it in the direction of Ulysses' voice with such force that it almost touched the helm. The rock threw the water high and the returning waves swept their boat back toward the

shore, Ulysses seized a long pole and pushed the boat back into the deep water and the men worked with vigor at their oars so as to escape. They did not dare to speak aloud and Ulysses gave his orders to them by nodding his head. They were soon far out at sea again, as far as they were before when Ulysses shouted a second time to the Cyclops, although his men begged him to keep still, lest the giant should fling another rock at their heads and so wreck the ship.

But this did not move the heart of Ulysses and he shouted to the Cyclops, "O, Cyclops, if any man asks thee the cause of thy blindness, tell him that it was Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who put out thine eye."

As he spoke the giant cried out "woe is me! the ancient oracles concerning me have come to pass! Here there once lived a great prophet who grew old among the Cyclops. He foretold my fate, that I should lose my sight by the hand of Ulysses. And so I looked for a man of mighty strength and giant size. But instead of that an insignificant little fellow has put out my eye having first made me drunk with wine. Yet come here Ulysses, I pray you and let me give you the gifts which are due to strangers. And I will pray to Neptune, the mighty ocean god to take thee safely home. His son I am and he says he is my father. He can heal me if he will. He is the only one of all the gods who can give me back my sight."

When he had finished speaking Ulysses replied: "I would rather take thy life and send thee to the infernal regions where it would be beyond the power of Neptune to restore thine eye."

Then the Cyclops raised his great hands and spread them out toward the starry sky and prayed to the Ocean god. "Hear me, father Neptune, if I am thy son, and grant me this prayer that Ulysses may never reach his native land! Or if it be thy will that he reach home and friends again, let it be late and may his return be sorrowful and may his comrades all be lost and may he return home in a borrowed ship and find new troubles waiting there for him. He prayed and Neptune listened to his prayer. Then the Cyclops seized another stone, much larger than the last and swung it around and threw it

with great strength. It fell close to the ship but this time it drove the boat farther away and toward the shore where they wanted to go. When they reached the island where the rest of the boats were, they found the friends they had left there, sitting by the shore and waiting anxiously for their return. Ulysses and his men drew their boat up onto the smooth sand and stepped upon the beach taking the sheep with them from the boat. They gave an equal share to each and then the soldiers gave Ulysses the great ram which had saved his life. Ulysses took him out upon the beach and offered him up as a sacrifice to Jove. But the god did not notice his sacrifice; he was planning how to wreck Ulysses and his gallant ships. They sat and feasted all that day upon the meats and wine but when the sun went down they lay on the shore and slept. In the morning Ulysses called his men with encouraging words to climb the decks and cut the ropes that kept him fastened to the shore. With speed they all went on board and took their oars in hand once more and set sail for home, glad that they had escaped the dangers which had befallen them, but sorrowing for their lost companions.

#### BIRD TRADES.

The swallow is a mason,  
And underneath the eaves  
He builds a nest and plasters it  
With mud and hay and leaves.  
  
Of all the weavers that I know,  
The oriole is the best;  
High on the branches of the tree  
She hangs her cozy nest.  
  
The woodpecker is hard at work—  
A carpenter is he—  
And you may hear him hammering  
His nest high up a tree.  
  
Some little birds are miners;  
Some build upon the ground;  
And busy little tailors, too,  
Among the birds are found.

#### THE WATER-LILY.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere  
Its root had humble birth,  
And the slender stem that upward grew  
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,  
With nought of grace or worth.  
  
The gelid fish that floated near  
Saw only the vulgar stem.  
The clumsy turtle paddling by,  
The water-snake with his lidless eye,—  
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey-bee,  
The sun and sky and air,  
They marked its heart with virgin gold  
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,  
And its odor rich and rare.  
  
So the fragrant soul in its purity,  
To sordid life tied down,  
May bloom to heaven, and no man know,  
Seeing the coarse vile stem below,  
How God hath seen the crown!

—James Jeffry Roche.



POLYPHEMUS.

# SPARKLING JEWELS.

A NOBLE INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.

THOMAS Lord Cromwell, the famous minister of Henry VIII., was at one time very poor. He was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and in early life was a soldier. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low station, he fell sick, and was unable to follow the army.

He stopped in Pavia where, walking one day in a very pensive mood, he was observed by an Italian merchant who suspected from his appearance, his real penury and wretchedness. The merchant made some inquiry of his birth and fortune, and upon conversing with Cromwell, was so well pleased with the account he gave of himself, that he supplied him with money and credit to carry him to England.

Cromwell afterwards made the most rapid progress in state preferments ever known. Honors were multiplied thick upon him, and he came to have the dispensing of his sovereign's bounty. He was created Earl of Essex and Lord Chancellor of England.

Meanwhile it was different with the rich Italian merchant. He lost the greater part of his wealth, and while in that condition went to England to collect a few debts due him by his correspondents. These men finding him really necessitous, continually put him off, meaning to take advantage of his want and avoid payment. This not a little embarrassed the foreigner, who was now in a situation forlorn enough. Not long afterwards, Cromwell, riding to court with a great array of knights and attendants, chanced to meet the merchant walking, with a dejected countenance, which at once reminded him of his own former situation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to request the merchant to visit him at his house. When he had arrived there his Lordship inquired if he knew him.

"No," answered the merchant much surprised.

At this, Cromwell related the circumstance of his once relieving a certain Englishman who was in want, and asked if he remembered it.

"I have always made it a custom to do what good I could in the world, and once had the means to perform such," replied the Italian with



## A POT OF MONEY.

"I wanted to bring you some gold," he said,  
With a flush of his warm little cheek, rose red,  
And a shake of his tresses sunny.  
"Before the rainbow had faded away,  
I climbed to the top of the hill today,  
To dig for the pot of money."

I parted the grass that grew on the knoll,  
And dug and dug such a deep, dark hole,  
But I wish my hands were stronger.  
I'm sure that the rainbow touched the ground  
Just there, and perhaps I might have found  
The gold, if I'd waited longer.

"But I grew so tired and hot pretty soon,  
That when all the bells were ringing for noon,  
I gave up trying to find it."  
I don't much think after all—do you?  
The story they told me can be quite true;  
But please, oh please, not to mind it!

"For look what I gathered and brought you instead,  
With a dimple in each round cheek," he said  
"I think they are just as splendid,—  
A posy as big as my hand would hold  
Of butter-cups, shining and yellow as gold,  
That grew where the rainbow ended."

He poured the gay blossom out over my knee,  
And lifted a pair of red lips to me,  
With a kiss that was sweeter than honey.  
And never was treasure so fair in my sight,  
Nor would I give one of his butter-cups bright,  
For a pot running over with money.

a sigh, "but I have no recollection of the circumstance you have narrated."

Cromwell then inquired the reason of the merchant's visit to England, and upon learning the story, his Lordship interested himself so as to speedily procure the payment of all his debts. Not content with doing that, Cromwell informed the merchant that he himself was the person who had been helped by him, and for every ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned

the value of a hundred, telling him that this was payment of his debt.

He then made him a magnificent present, and asked him whether he chose to settle in England or return to his own country. The foreigner chose the latter, and returned to spend the remainder of his days in comfort and quiet, after having experienced in Lord Essex as high an instance of generosity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known.—*American Young Folks.*

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

**W**HILE the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects before us.

Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now

known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!—DANIEL WEBSTER.

### THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

The nautilus and the ammonite  
Were launched in friendly strife;  
Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,  
On the wide, wild sea of life.

For each would swim on the ocean's brim,  
And when wearied its sail could furl;  
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep,  
In its palace all of pearl!

And theirs was bliss more fair than this,  
Which we taste in our older time;  
For they were rife in a tropic life,  
A brighter and better clime.

They swam 'mid the isles whose summer smiles  
Were dimmed by no alloy;  
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,  
And life—one only joy!

They sailed all day, through creek and bay,  
And traversed the ocean deep;  
And at night they sank on a coral bank,  
In its fairy bowers to sleep!

And the monsters vast, of ages past,  
They beheld in their ocean caves;

They saw them ride in their power and pride,  
And sink in their deep sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,  
They sailed in mirth and glee;  
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,  
Twin sisters of the sea!

And they came at last, to a sea long past,  
But as they reached its shore,  
The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,  
And the ammonite lived no more!

So the nautilus now, in its shelly prow,  
As over the deep it strays,  
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,  
Its companion of other days.

And alike do we, on life's stormy sea,  
As we roam from shore to shore,  
Thus, tempest-tost, seek the lov'd, the lost—  
But find them on earth no more!

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,  
As we look to a distant strand,  
Where heart meets heart, and no more they part  
Who meet in that better land.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

## DOWN TO SLEEP.

November woods are bare and still;  
 November days are clear and bright;  
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill;  
 The morning's snow is gone by night;  
 Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,  
 As through the woods I reverent creep,  
 Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds  
 Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,  
 The forest sifts and shapes and spreads:  
 I never knew before how much  
 Of human sound there is in such  
 Low tones as through the forest sweep,  
 When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids  
 Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight,  
 Sometimes the viewless mother bids  
 Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;  
 I hear their chorus of "good night";  
 And half I smile, and half I weep,  
 Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;  
 November days are bright and good;  
 Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,  
 Life's night rests feet which long have stood  
 Some warm, soft bed in field or wood,  
 The mother will not fail to keep,  
 Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—H. H.

## THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
 Heap high the golden corn!  
 No richer gift has autumn poured  
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
 The apple from the pine,  
 The orange from its glossy green,  
 The cluster from its vine;

We better love the hearty gift  
 Our rugged vales bestow,  
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
 Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
 Our ploughs their furrows made,  
 While on the hills the sun and showers  
 Of changeful April played.

We drop the seed o'er hill and plain,  
 Beneath the sun of May,  
 And frighten from our sprouting grain  
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
 Its leaves grew green and fair,  
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
 Its soft and yellow hair.

But let the good old crop adorn  
 The hills our fathers trod;  
 Still let us, for his golden corn,  
 Send up our praise to God!

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
 Its harvest time has come,  
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
 And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
 Apollo showered of old,  
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
 And knead its meal of gold.

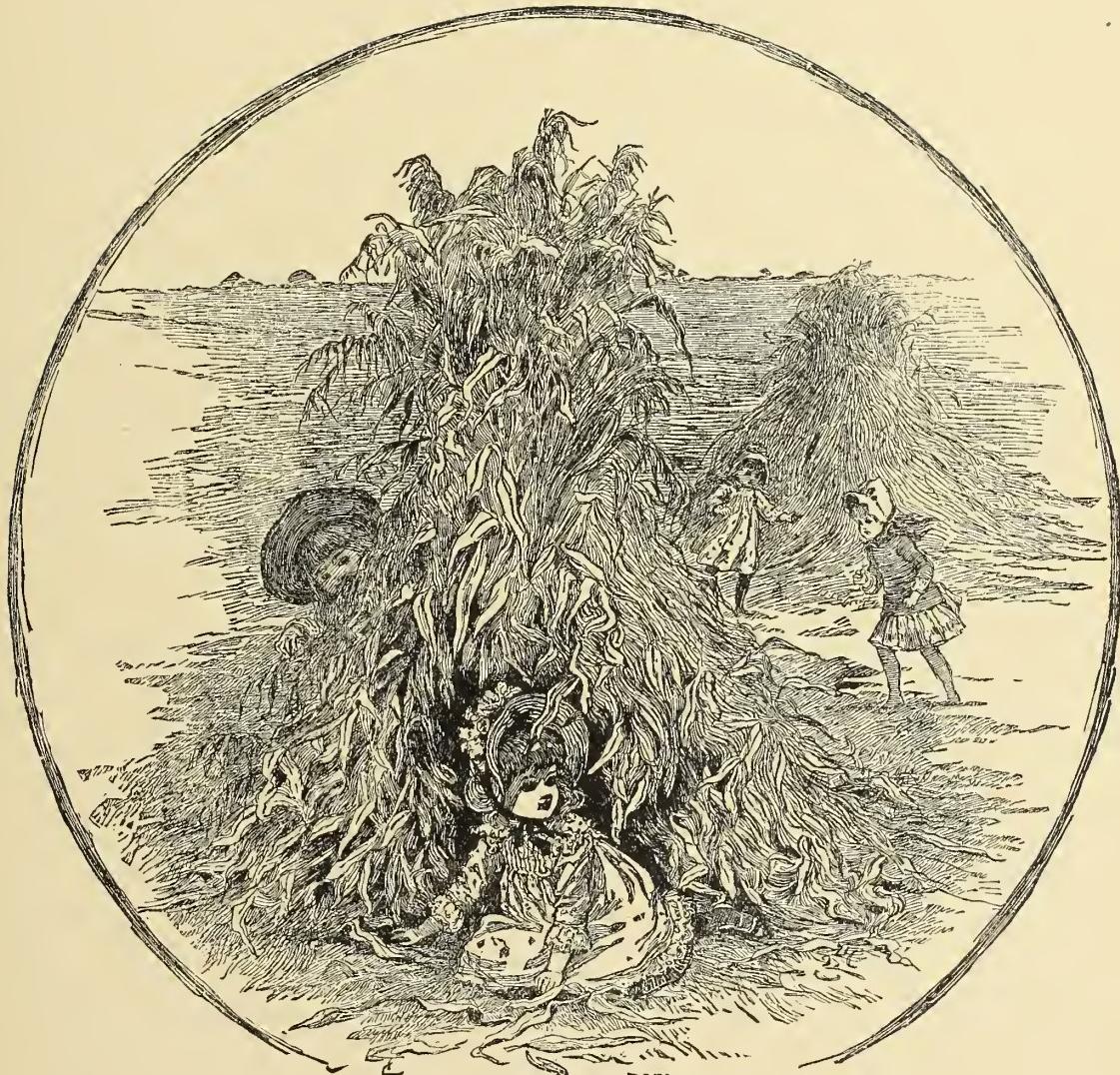
Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
 Around their costly board;  
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
 Sends up its smoky curls,  
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
 And bless our farmer girls.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
 Whose folly laughs to scorn  
 The blessing of our hardy grain,  
 Our wealth of golden corn!

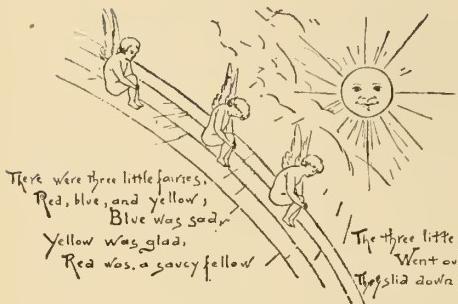
Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
 Let mildew blight the rye,  
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
 The wheat-field to the fly:

—WHITTIER.



BABY CREEPING OUT OF CORN SHOCK.

# SPARKLING JEWELS.



The three little fairies  
Went out to play;  
They slid down a rainbow  
Together,  
The sun looked down  
And said "Well A Day  
We shall surely have  
Pleasant weather."

THE COMING RAINBOW.



My name is April, sir; and I  
often laugh, as often cry;  
And I can not tell what makes me:

Only as the fit overtakes me  
I must dimple, smile and frown  
Laughing though the tears roll down



But 'tis nature, sir, not art;  
And I'm happy at my heart

APRIL.

## HOW THE RAINBOW CAME.

OLD Pontus, the wild and raging Sea, had a Son whose name was Wonder. It was the habit of Wonder to roam over the lustrous ocean, and gaze with dreamy longings at the brightly shining waters. As he strayed about over the waves, one day he met a maiden of exceeding beauty, whose name was Radiance, and he took her for his bride. To them was born a most marvellous child, beautiful beyond description, and they called her Iris, though their neighbors called her Rainbow. When old father Lens looked down from his throne on Mount Olympus and saw how beautiful she was, he said to his wife, "We must have Iris for our messenger; she shall carry our messages to men, they will receive her gladly because of her great beauty, and will think more kindly of the gods." So Lens built a gorgeous bridge from Heaven down to earth, a bridge of clear colors, and it was in the form of a great bow. And he said to Iris, "Since we must have you for our messenger, we have made a

bridge whereon you can come to the Olympian heights. Behold how beautiful it is." Then Iris left the earth and went over the shining bridge to the home of the gods, and there she dwelt among the deities, and she never left the heavenly abode except when she took the commands of the gods down to mortals. She travelled with the speed of the winds from one end of the earth to the other, and when anyone saw her coming over the rainbow bridge, he rejoiced, for she was looked upon as a friend and counsellor. She carried in her hand a magic wand, the staff of Mercury, and she could penetrate to the bottom of the sea. All the farmers loved her and said of her, "It is Iris who lifts the water from the lakes and rivers into the clouds, that it may fall again upon the earth in gentle showers which fertilize the land and give us grain." And when her bow appeared in the clouds, the farmers welcomed it as a sign of rain and paid honors to the goddess.

Iris was painted as a beautiful maiden with wings of varied hues, in robes of bright colors.

# MUSICAL INCIDENTS AND HISTORY

EDITED BY PROFESSOR O. BLACKMAN.

## AN INCIDENT.

### (THE POWER OF THOUGHT.)

**I**N one of the newly annexed school districts of Chicago, I visited the public school, in the month of September. At this visit I heard the children sing some of their old songs, taught them some new ones and assigned some work to be done in my absence.

A third grade class had, among other things, to sing certain exercises which were to aid them in learning to read music.

In October I visited this school again, and so this third grade room.

One part of my work today was to see what use these exercises had performed.

To test this I opened the book to an exercise in every way similar to those the class had been studying. Before singing it I inquired as to whether all understood it.

Asking those to rise who did, quite a number kept their seats, among them a boy of ten years who had not opened his book, but was carelessly looking about the room. He had the appearance of a rather dull and care-for-nothing sort of boy.

I approached him and found he did not know the notes, and so was not trying to read.

I made a staff upon the board near him and showed him where the scale began and asked him to find a similar note in the book. He did find several.

The progress of the scale was traced and he was asked to find similar notes. He and all the others caught the idea. In the remaining part of the lesson he was one of the most interested pupils.

Contemplating the change that had come over the class, I chanced to look at the boy above spoken of. The change was marvelous; he was no longer lounging in his seat, but sat erect, his book was in his hand, open, and those eyes! they fairly shone. He had been led to think and he was a changed boy.

Miss B— is an excellent teacher, judging from everything in her room, and she had done some excellent work during my absence. She had caught the idea, thanked me for my assistance, and I left. Ideas clearly in the mind educate. Education charges the whole being, even

the physical body; clear thinking seems almost to wash the eyes.

## WHY DO WE SING?

Luther says: "There is no doubt that the seed of many virtues is in such hearts as are devoted to music; those who are not touched by music I hold to be like stocks and stones."

—*Musical Moments.*

## THE LOST CHORD.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It floode'd the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit,  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife,  
And it seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

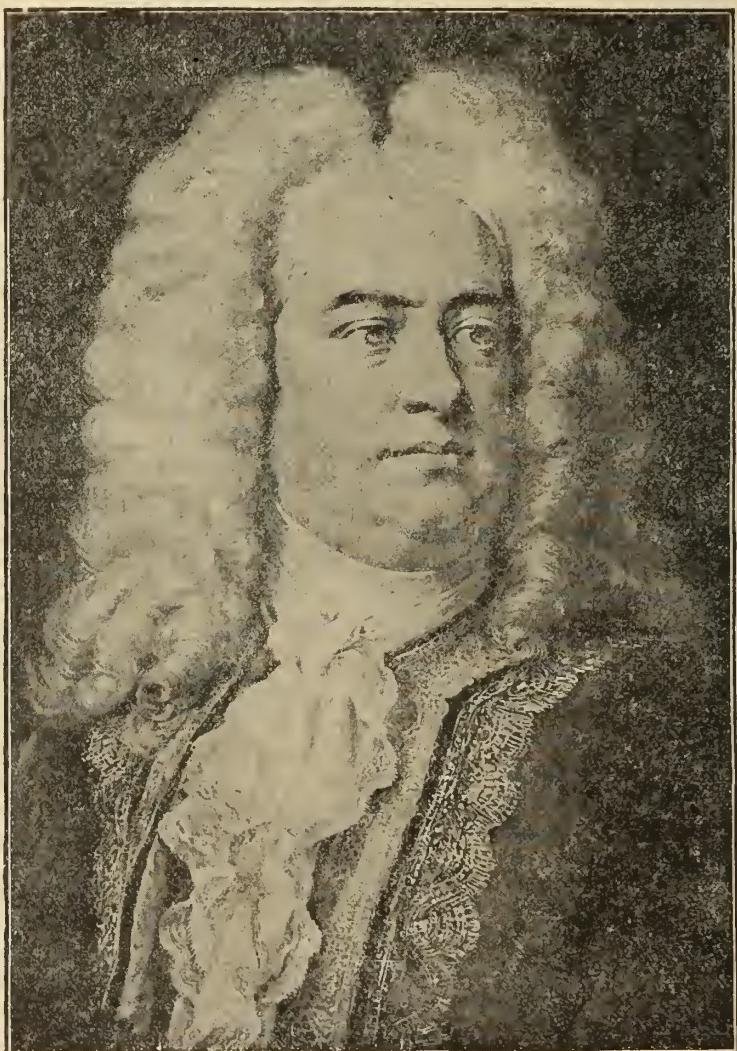
Carlyle says: "There is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together."

Prof. E. H. Norse relates a little experience which is worth telling. While he was teaching singing in the public schools of a western New York town, a very troublesome boy by the name of P—— attended one of the schools. He never was known to sing. In their song book was an arrangement of the Yankee Doodle, made for a little study, only a solfeggio. When the school

first sang the piece it "hit him." It tickled him and he began to sing it. He forgot to be bad, he forgot to be mad; in fact to sing he was only too glad, for singing he found was to make one happy, not sad. He at once learned to read music, soon became a member of a church choir and a very valued singer in the town of L——.

## MUSICAL HISTORY.

H A N D E L very early developed a talent for music, and tho' his father tried to keep him from practice, he all the more strongly exhibited an inclination to do so. Stolen fruit, they say, is always sweetest. Young Handel practiced in secret, and by the time he was seven years old, is said to have exhibited such an aptitude for music as to convince even his stern old father that he had better let the boy George go in the way which nature seemed to have prepared him to go. At this early age, having attained quite a little, mainly by what he could pick up here and there, he was put under the tuition of a teacher of his native town by the name of Zachau, an or-



CONTRIBUTED BY EDITOR "MANUAL OF MUSIC."

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.  
(1685-1759.)

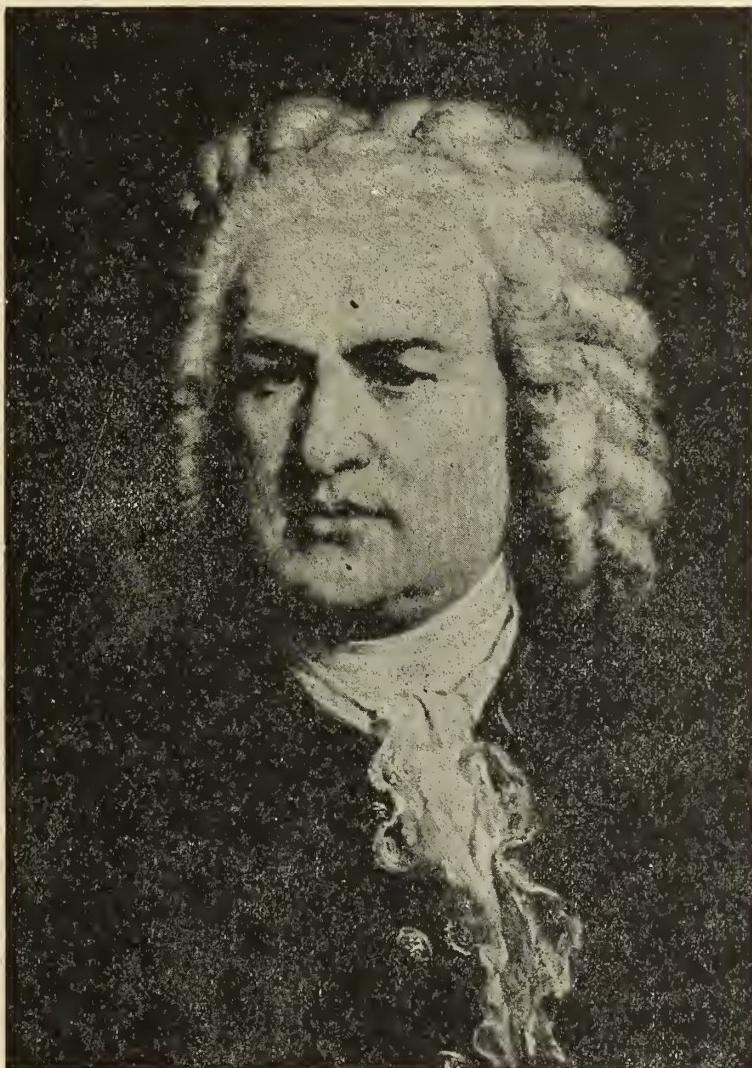
ganist in the cathedral and a very learned musician. The Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels offered to send the boy to Italy for instruction, but his independent father declined the offer and he was kept at home—where all boys should be kept for instruction if it is a possible thing. Under this instruction George made most rapid progress in his practice of the harpsichord and organ and before he was nine years old had acquired such knowledge of harmony and composition as to enable him to compose many church compositions which were frequently sung in his teacher's choir. This music consisted of vocal and instrumental parts. At ten he composed a number of sonatas in three

parts, or movements. In 1703 he went to Hamburg and played the violin in the opera orchestra. This with a few pupils gave him a fair support. He met a young man there by the name of John Matheson and a strong attachment grew up between them. Matheson wrote some music, among which was the opera of Cleopatra.

On one night of the representing of this opera these two friends took part, Handel playing the harpsichord and Matheson the part of Antony. Antony is killed early in the piece and, it being his opera, Matheson was in the habit of playing the piano in the latter part of the opera. On this evening Handel declined to give up his part and Matheson became very angry. At the close of the opera they met in front of the theater and Matheson struck Handel in the face. On this both drew their swords and fought a duel. Luckily the sword of Matheson broke on a metal button on Handel's coat. Friends interfered and separated the infuriated young men. How near the world came to losing one of its most renowned men! It is not easy to estimate what could have filled the place which Handel has filled in the past, nearly two centuries.

This took place December 5, 1704, when Handel was not yet twenty years of age. A few days, however, served to reconcile them and they seemed to become as good friends as ever. On the 30th of this same month Handel had finished his first opera, "Almira" and Matheson assisted him in every way to the successful bringing out of this work.

So much for the boy Handel, and if nothing was to follow, this would not be considered especially wonderful. At this time, 1705, he had become what no other man had yet been to the world in music. Look over the list of names in the September HOME, SCHOOL AND NATION and give to each his full estimate, note what each did, sum them all up in one mass and to-day more of Handel remains than all of them. Each did an important part in the development of music and left one or more works of a standard quality. In his twentieth year he wrote four operas, "Almira," "Nero," "Florinda," and "Daphne." Historians differ as to the chronological succession of Handel's works, but the follow-



CONTRIBUTED BY EDITOR "MANUAL OF MUSIC."

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(1685-1750.)

See Music—December Number.

ing is perhaps as reliable as any, taken from "Hunt's Admirable History of Music," written by H. G. B. Hunt, lecturer on musical

history in Trinity College, London.

"Roderigo," 1706. "Aci Galatea e Polifemo," 1706. "Rinaldo," 1711. "Radamistus," 1720.

Between 1721 and 1728 he wrote the following operas. "Muzio Scævola," "Floridante," "Otho," "Julius Cæsar," "Flavius," "Rodelinda," "Ptolomy," "Scipio," "Alexander," and "Admetus."

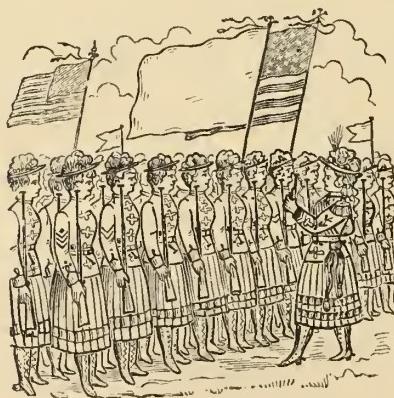
Between 1729 and 1732: "Lothario," "Parthenope," "Poros," "Ætius," "Sosarme," and "Orlando."

In 1734, 1735, 1736 and 1737 he wrote: "Semiramis," "Arbaces," "Ariadne," "Pastor Fido," "Dido," "Berenice," and "Xerxes."

Oratorios: "The Resurrection," 1706. "Esther," 1720. "Acis and Galatea," 1721. "Deborah," 1733. "Athaleah," 1733. "Alesander's Feast," 1733. "Saul," 1739. "Israel in Egypt," 1739. "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," 1739. "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," 1740. "The Messiah," 1741. This, the greatest of all Handel's works, when first heard in London, was poorly attended and was not very well liked by those who did hear it. Handel then took his oratorio to Ireland and here (in Dublin) it was greatly admired and its success was marked.

"Pope, on this occasion, personifying the Italian opera, put into her mouth the following lines, which he addresses to the goddess of dullness:—

"Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,  
Like bold Bruareus with his hundred hands;  
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul, he comes,  
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,



Arrest him, empress! or you sleep no more.—  
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

—MOORE.

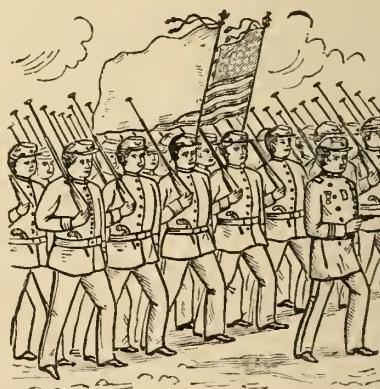
It was this oratorio in which he was drilling a Mr. Jansen in Chester, to sing some parts. Handel had been told that he could sing at sight, but after several mistakes, Handel berated him for deceiving him; when Janson got the laugh upon him, by remarking that he could, but not at first sight.

"Samson," 1743. "Belshazzar," 1744. "Hercules," 1744. "Joseph," 1744. "Judas Maccaeus," 1747. "Joshua," 1747. "Solomon," 1748. "Theodora," 1749. "Susanna," 1749. "Jephtha," 1751. "The Dettingen Te Deum," 1743, though not strictly an oratorio, is of the same general class of music, built on the grand scale of all his oratorios.

During his life he wrote a large number of anthems, which however are quite different from the anthems now often heard in the churches. They are in the most dignified style of writing and require a chorus of massive proportions. A large number of cantatas came from his pen.

Handel was a great organist and devoted some time to writing for that instrument.

All of the works of Handel are simple, being easily read, but it is especially true of the solos, that while ordinary talent can get much from them, yet they are in such form as to require the greatest singers to draw from them what lies hidden in this simple external covering.



# MY NATIVE LAND.

GERMAN.

*Moderato.*



1. I now free - ly of - fer my heart and my hand To  
 2. My coun - try I'll hon - or, her laws I'll o - bey, And  
 3. Their rights I'll pro - tect and de - fend as they're known, Their  
 4. May Heav - en give me firm - ness, with heart and hand, To



thee, thou home of free - dom, to thee, my na - tive land, To  
 hail all men as breth - ren, who walk in vir - tue's way, And  
 wel - fare and their free - dom I'll guard as if my own, Their  
 la - bor, or to die, for my own dear na - tive land, To



thee, thou home of free - dom, to thee, my na - tive land.  
 hail all men as breth - ren, who walk in vir - tue's way.  
 wel - fare and their free - dom I'll guard as if my own.  
 la - bor, or to die, for my own dear na - tive land.





## Work and Play.

*Words from "Little Folks' Black and White Painting Book."*  
M.M.=64.

*Music by CHARLES BASSETT.*  
*mf*

VOICE.

PIANO.

When you're at school, re -  
Then you will find, if you

Sheet music for Voice and Piano. The piano part includes a bass line. The vocal line starts on a high note and descends. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords.

mem-ber this rule,— Work, and ne-ver be play - ing! Let all your thought be  
make up your mind. Stu - dy is plea - sure tru - ly: Ne - ver for - get, you'll

where it ought, Ne - ver from stu - dy stray : : ing.  
al - ways re - gret Time that is spent un - du : : ly.

3. But when out of school, you may va - ry the rule, And play then, if you are will - ing; For  
4. Most tru - ly we say, "All work and no play" Is a mot - to with-out a - ny rea - son, Yet

sa - ges ad - vise, it scarce - ly is wise E - ver young heads to be fill - ing.  
both work and play are good in their way, Each in due time and sea - son.

# WHO IS A PATRIOT?

FOR MALE VOICES.

FROM "METROPOLITAN GLEE BOOK."

*Allegro moderato.*



1. Who is a pa - triot firm and true, As were our sires de - part - ed? A no - ble
2. 'Tis not the man whose eye in - tent, Is fixed on golden treasure; Who weighs the
3. 'Tis not the man who views his kind, As tools to serve and raise him; But he who
4. This is a pa - triot, firm and true, May all good an - gels aid him; Whose heart is
5. Such, brothers, is a pa - triot true; Such were our sires de - part - ed, A no - ble



race, A no - ble race, A no - ble race, A no - ble race of hon - ored men,  
gain, Who weighs the gain, Who weighs the gain, Who weighs the gain, Who weighs the gain and counts the loss,  
loves, But he who loves, But he who loves, But he who loves, But he who loves his country's good,  
right, Whose heart is right, Whose heart is right, Whose heart is right, Whose heart is right, whose life is pure,  
race, A no - ble race of hon - ored men,



In free-dom's cause, In freedom's cause	true - heart - - - -	ed.
Ere he commands, Ere he commands	the meas - - - -	ure.
Whose generous acts, Whose generous acts	will praise.....	him.
Who serves the God, Who serves the God	that made.....	him.
In free-dom's cause, In freedom's cause	true - heart - - - -	ed.



In free-dom's cause, In freedom's cause,	In	freedom's cause	true-neart -	ed.
Ere he commands, Ere he commands,	Ere	he commands	the meas -	ure.
Whose generous acts, Whose generous acts,	Whose	generous acts	will praise	him.
Who serves the God, Who serves the God,	Who	serves the God	that made	him.
In free-dom's cause, In freedom's cause,	In	free-dom's cause	true-heart -	ed.

# JUSTICE, RIGHT AND LIBERTY.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. We may not for - get, tho' we all may for - give, An in - ju - ry  
 2. It may be our so - journ is here but a span, And noth - ing in  
 3. We join with the ho - ly, the great, and the wise, In one ev - er -

cru - el and wrong, Yet peace - ful - ly each by the oth - er may live, In  
 future for fame; But RIGHT is the great Mag - na Cinar - ta for man, And  
 last - ing re - strain, That Jus - tice and Right in their strength shall a - rise, And  
 D.S.—Jus - tice shall reign in her glo - ry and might, Till

Fine. CHORUS.  
 ties that are ho - ly and strong. Then ring out the cho - rus of  
 this be for - ev - er our claim.  
 lib - er - ty ev - er main - tain.  
 all the great world shall o - obey.

D.S.  
 free - dom and right, Hu - man - i - ty's toc - sin to - day; For

# OUR FATHER'S GOD.

FRED WOODROW.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Our Fa - thers trust-ed in the Lord, He was their ref - uge strong;
2. For faith and truth and love of God, They fought the ho - ly fight;
3. They one by one have cross'd the flood, And reached the Ca - naan shore;

Their com - fort - er in gloom - y days, Their suc - cor and their song.  
 The sen - ti - nels of Zi - on's walls, And watch - ers in the night.  
 And one by one we fol - low on To those who've gone be - fore.

CHORUS.

For Him they lived,—for Him they died, And con - quer - ers they came,

Through storm - y flood and mar - tyr fire, To glo - ri - fy His name.

From "Scripture Songs, No. 3," by per. Copyright 1890 by Chas. H. Gabriel.  
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THE OLD VIOLIN.

# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-

vo-tion, The world offers hom-age to thee. Thy mandates make he-roes as-semble, When

Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy banners make ty-ran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

**CHORUS.**  
Soprano and Alto.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
Tenor and Bass.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the chorus repeated at the end.

# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. Concluded.

ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue,

## COLUMBIA.

TIMOTHY WRIGHT.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.  
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;  
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy  
name;  
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.  
To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;  
'Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws;  
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;  
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her  
star;  
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar  
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;  
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,  
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;  
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring  
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;  
Thy graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;  
Their sweetness unmingle, their manners refined,  
And Virtue's bright image enstamped on the  
mind,  
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to  
glow,  
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.  
Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the East and the South yield their spices and  
gold,  
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall  
flow,  
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;  
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurled,  
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the  
world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,  
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed;  
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,  
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders ex  
pired.  
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,  
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,  
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!"

A. R. ROBINSON.

## Our Flag.

CARL WILHELM.

1. A - bove our Un - ion, broad and wide, From o - cean side to  
 2. This flag shall nev - er suf - fer wrong For all with mus - ket,  
 3. The ech - oes of the win - ter gales, The sounds that sum - mer's  
 4. The flag of peace it is, but still Should Treas - son on it

o - cean side, From North - ern hills to South - ern plains, One  
 sword and song, Will leap from plow and bench and till, Like  
 breath ex - hales, The wind that sweeps our North - ern hills, Or  
 try his will, As one the deed we'll all ab - hor, And

bright flag shows that Free-dom reigns.  
 one to work loved Freedom's will;  
 sweet mag-no - lia's balm dis - tills,  
 thhn - der forth the cry "war, war!"

And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far  
 Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar,  
 Pro - claim no hand shall touch to mar  
 Death to the trai - tor who would mar

From out its folds of stripe and star, And sends a splen - dor shin - ing.  
 Or rob it of one bri - liant star, Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall  
 Our glo - rious flag of stripe and star, Pro - claim no hand shall touch, shall  
 Those love - ly folds of stripe and star, Death to the trai - tor who would,

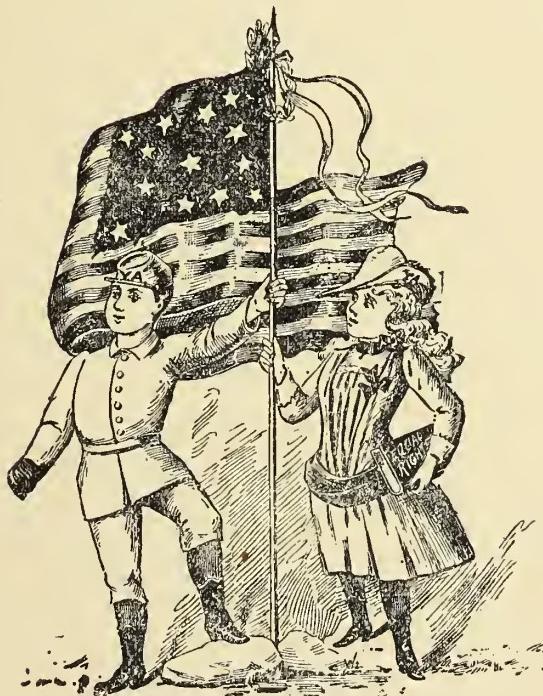
shin - ing far, From out its folds of stripe, of stripe and star.  
 mar, shall mar, O rob it of one brill - iant, brill - iant star.  
 touch to mar glo - rious flag of stripe, of stripe and star.  
 who would mar Those love - ly folds of stripe, of stripe and star."

5. The North, the South, the East, the West,  
 Have but one arm and but one breast,  
 Bound one in many, and the hand  
 Of tyrant ne'er can chain our land;  
 Led by our flag of stripe\* and star  
 We'll tyrants from our land debar.

6. Shout till the echoes shake each throne,  
 Till Freedom o'er the world is known,  
 Till all mankind in every clime  
 Shall join the chorus, grand, sublime;  
 Ten million swords the guardians are  
 Of Freedom's flag of stripe and star.

\* Second time singing, these words in italics are repeated.

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN FLAG DRILL.



We are indebted to the "Popular Educator" for valuable suggestions regarding this Flag Drill.

MUSIC, *a march in 4-4 time.*

Sound of marching feet; enter Captain dressed in red, white and blue, and wearing a plume of same colors on head; an army of twelve boys or girls follow—it girls, two couples may wear dresses of red, two couples of white, and two of blue; if boys they may wear trimmings of same colors.

Flags furled are held with both hands so as to cross the body from the left shoulder to the right side, right hand at

the waist grasping flag; left hand a little above right. Captain takes place at one side of front of stage, side to audience. Army marches once across front of stage, once across side of stage, once across back of stage.

**Captain.**—Halt! (one measure of music—four counts).

**Right About Face.**—Army turns so as to face audience (four counts).

**Present.**—Flags held as described above and moved outward from the body as far as is possible without removing either hand (four counts).

**Ground.**—Staffs touch floor.

**Unfurl.**— Banners are unwound from staff (four counts).

**Raise.**— Flags held high with right hand (four counts).

**Lower.**— Flags held straight out with both hands from body, in front and on a line with the shoulders (four counts).

**Shoulder.**— Bottom of staff on left shoulder, flags upright (four counts).

**Lower.**— Lower as before (four counts).

**Carry.**— Flags are placed in the position in which they were brought in.



**Advance.**— Advance to front of stage keeping line unbroken (twelve counts).

**Charge.**— Advance right foot with a stamp and thrust flags forward, with both hands, in a straight line (four counts).

**Retreat.**— Fall back a few paces (four counts).

**Advance.**— Step forward (four counts).

**Cowardice.**— Turn a little to one side as though ready to run away, flags held so that the colors are out of sight behind the body (eight counts).

**Courage.**— Heads upright, right foot slightly advanced, flags held in front with both hands and slightly advanced (eight counts).

**Determination.**— Bring the right foot and end of staff smartly to the floor (eight counts).

**Defense.**— Flags held with both hands and so as to form a straight line from left to right; they should be held high enough to convey the idea of warding off a blow (eight counts).

**Supplication.**— Sink to partially kneeling posture, look up, flag held vertically by both hands (twelve counts).

**Anger.**— Stand upright, strike air in front with flags.

**War.**— Alternately wave flags in air and charge as before four times (sixteen counts).

**Suspense.**— Flags held as at first, body bent slightly forward, expression as if watching result of something being enacted in the distance (eight counts).

**Hope.**— Heads upright, flags raised a little (four counts).

**Triumph.**— Wave flags vigorously above heads.

**Peace and Thanksgiving.**— Flags held forward, rather high and with both hands, eyes raised, body in partially kneeling posture (count sixteen).

**Carry.**— Flags as at first.

**Right About Face. March.**

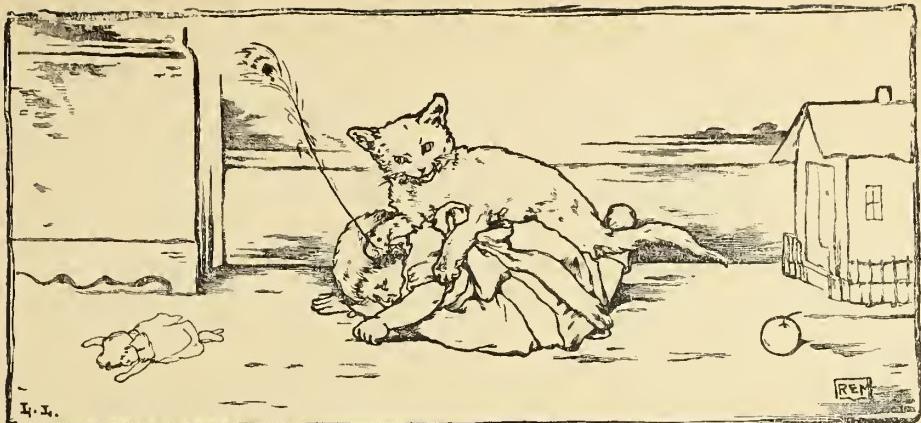
### PHYSICAL CULTURE AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

A brief outline of a part of the plan and working of the Physical Culture Department of Yale University may be of interest to our young people.

At 4:10 P. M. the students meet in the gymnasium. At 4:15 the different squads start out. These embrace The Crew, The Freshman Crew, The Long Distance Squad and The Short Distance Squad. There are about thirty men in the first two squads, twenty in the third and ten in the Short Distance. All who run a quarter of a mile or less in the races are called "Short Distance Men." Those who run two hundred and twenty yards or less are known as "Sprinters." The costumes are various, although nearly

all the men wear a heavy, knit, white woolen shirt, long-sleeved and long-bodied, called a "sweater," which looks like a large, loose jersey.

The Short Distance men walk three-quarters of a mile, then run an equal distance, then walk a half mile, and then run about a mile. Then ten minutes are spent in the gymnasium in general exercise designed to strengthen the various muscles, especially of the stomach and abdomen. After this comes the shower bath, and then the donning of the ordinary apparel. Some of the men under this regimen have gained five pounds of solid flesh in a single week.



## STORIES AND INCIDENTS OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

### JOHN WINTHROP.

JOHN WINTHROP was born in Edwars-ton, near Groton, Suffolk, England, January 22, 1588, and died in Boston, Massachusetts, March 26, 1649.

Rich though she is in the memories that illustrate the social life and highest thought of our people in old times, East Anglia has no finer nor more pathetic story than that which recounts John Winthrop's voluntary departure from scenes endeared to him by the sweetest associations, and from a land in which he possessed affluence, station, the respect of men, everything that was necessary for his happiness—with the single exception of liberty to worship God and instruct others in godliness after the dictates of his conscience.

It was in the spring of 1629-30 that John Winthrop went on board the *Arbella*, and, accompanied by three other vessels, the *Talbot*, the *Ambrose*, and the *Jewel*, sailed for Massachusetts, where some three hundred persons were bravely endeavoring to effect a permanent settlement in the face of adverse seasons and disease.

Other ships laden with emigrants followed,

22

in the wake of the *Arbella*, so that the entire number of Winthrop's associates—including the seven or eight hundred members of his immediate expedition, the two or three hundred persons who arrived in America almost simultaneously with the Suffolk squire, though they did not make the passage in the Massachusetts Company's ships, and the second thousand of devout adventurers who followed at a brief interval—may be computed at some two thousand souls.

Considering the comparative fewness of the population of the mother country in the seventeenth century, this was a grand secession; and when it is also borne in mind that the host was principally drawn from one district, there is no occasion for wonder that the exodus was not soon forgotten by the people of the eastern counties.

For the most part the emigrants were yeomen, mechanics, and farm-laborers, with their women and children; but together with these people of inferior quality, there went some few persons of ancient lineage and blue blood.

Himself a man of gentle descent, John

Winthrop was by no means the best born of the emigrants. As fellow passengers in the *Arbella* he had Isaac Johnson, the largest subscriber to the Massachusetts Company, his wife, Lady *Arbella Johnson*, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Richard Saltonstall with three sons and two daughters, William Coddington (afterwards governor of Rhode Island) Thomas Dudley and his family, and George Phillips the minister.

Scarcely had the *Talbot* reached the Bay when one of its passengers, Henry Winthrop, the governor's second son, was accidentally drowned; and before the newly-landed adventurers could set to work, fever, contracted on board ship from bad provisions and unwholesome arrangements, made sad havoc with the women and less stalwart men.

"Thou shalt understand by this," Winthrop wrote to his wife, who still remained in England with most of her husband's children, "how it is since I wrote last (for this [is] the third or fourth letter I have written to thee since I came hither), that thou mayst see the goodness of the Lord towards me, that, when so many have died, and many yet languish, myself and my children are yet living and in health. Yet I have lost twelve of my family, viz. Waters and his wife and two children; Mr. Gager and his man; Smith of Buxall and his wife and two children; the wife of Taylor of Haverill, and their child; my son H. makes twelve."

And, besides many others of less note, as Jeff Ruggle of Sudbury, and divers others of that town (about twenty), the Lord hath stripped us some principal persons, Mr. Johnson and his lady, Mr. Rossiter, Mrs. Phillips, and others unknown to thee." Thus perished from the earth the fair Lady *Arbella*, of whom Cotton Mather quaintly observes, "she took New England in her way to Heaven," and her husband, whose executor was no less a person than John Hampden, and of whom the author of the '*Magnalia Christi Americana*,' alluding to Lady *Arbella*'s death, observes in Sir Henry Wotton's verse,—

He try'd

To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Whilst John Winthrop with much prayer

and incessant toil, continued to struggle with plague, famine, and the continuous discontents of his people, his wife had a troublous time in the old country,—giving birth to a child, closing the eyes of North Winthrop, the governor's third son, who died just as he had completed his education at Cambridge and was about to enter the ministry of Christ, and making preparations for her own voyage to New England, on which passage, in the autumn of 1631, she lost her babe; and encountered every discomfort and peril that her husband had endured in the *Arbella*.

If England still contains a man who cherishes any lingering respect for the authorities from which several generations of our ancestors derived the erroneous impression that grotesque austerity and repulsive harshness of tone and style were the most distinctive characteristics of Puritanism, we advise him to amend his views by the perusal of the beautiful letters of John Winthrop. With wonderful modesty and patience as well as courage and zeal, Winthrop labored for the infant society; and the picture of his life is none the less pleasant because the grander and brighter qualities of his nature are relieved by traits that in a man of the present century would indicate intellectual narrowness and want of liberality.

After an interval of contention and comparative mismanagement, during which time the colony had three governors in as many years, John Winthrop was reinstated in the governor's chair, to the intense satisfaction of a large majority of the people.

The agitation which resulted in this reinstatement is remarkable, as it gave occasion for what is believed to be the first genuine stump speech ever made in New England.

"Mr. Wilson," it is recorded, in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, "the minister, in his zeal, got up on the bough of a tree (it was hot weather, and the election, like that of Parliament men for the counties in England, was carried on in the field,) and there made a speech, advising the people to look to their charter, and to consider the present work of the day, which was designed for the choosing of the governor, deputy governor, and the



JOHN WINTHROP.

rest of the assistants for the government of the commonwealth.

His speech was well received by the people, who presently called out ‘election, election,’ which turned the scale.” Hence it appears that the stump oratory of America was at an early date encouraged by the clergy, if it did not actually originate amongst “the cloth.”

One of his first acts for the reformation of social manners is thus recorded in Winthrop’s Journal, at a date (October 25, 1630) when he had spent just four months in his adopted country:—“The governor, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew, by little and little, to disuse.”

Nine years later, however, the general court found it advisable to pass a special act prohibiting the dangerous usage. With respect to Winthrop’s personal suppression of toast-drinking in his own house, it has been observed that “Winthrop in this reform was nearly half-a-century before Sir Matthew Hale, who left a solemn injunction to his grandchildren against the drinking and pledging of healths.” But it is forgotten that Hale had practiced from an early period of life the self-denying ordinance which he enjoined in old age upon his descendants.

Winthrop and the Chief Justice began to abstain from the objectionable usage at much about the same time; and in so doing it is most likely that they merely adopted a prudential rule which many other persons recommended and acted upon.

#### ANECDOTES FROM WINTHROP’S JOURNAL.

The narrowness of Puritanism is comically illustrated by the following stories about mice, taken from Winthrop’s Journal:—

#### STORIES ABOUT MICE.

“December 15. About this time there fell out a thing worthy of observation. Mr. Winthrop the younger, one of the magistrates, having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the psalms and the common prayer were bound together.

He found the common prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two others touched, nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand.

A godly woman of the church of Boston, dwelling sometimes in London, brought with her a parcel of very fine linen of great value, which she set her heart too much upon, and had been at charge to have it all newly washed, and curiously folded and pressed, and so left it in press in her parlor over night.

She had a negro maid who went into the room very late, and let fall some snuff off the candle upon the linen, so as by morning all the linen was burned to tinder, and the boards underneath and some stools and a part of the wainscoat burned, and never perceived by any in the house, though some lodged in the chamber overhead, and no ceiling between.

But it pleased God that the loss of this linen did her much good, both in taking off her heart from worldly comforts, and in preparing her for a far greater affliction by the untimely death of her husband, who was slain not long after at Isle of Providence.”

#### WINTHROP’S CURE FOR STEALING.

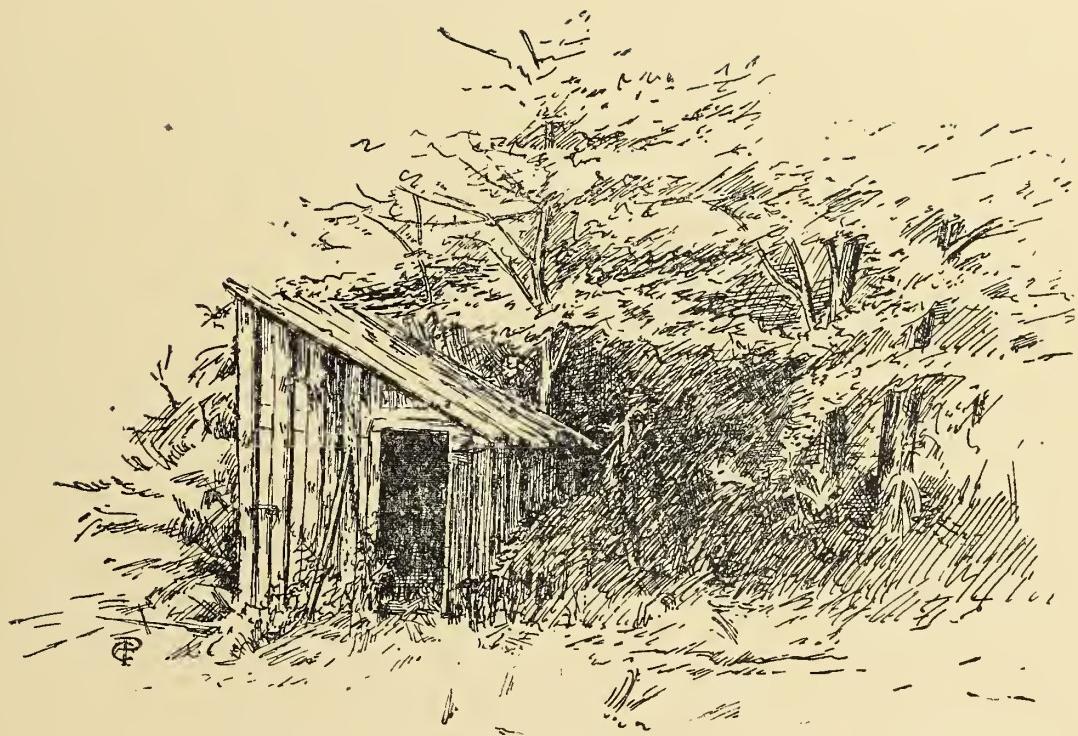
One of the brightest and most delightful of the many characteristic anecdotes here told about the founder of Boston is taken from Cotton Mather’s ‘*Magnalia*,’ where it is recorded of Winthrop.

“‘Twas his custom also to send some of his family upon errands, unto the houses of the poor about their meal time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; and if it were found that they wanted, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies unto them.

And there was one passage of his charity that was perhaps a little unusual: in an hard and long winter, when wood was very scarce at Boston, a man gave him a private information that a needy person in the neighborhood stole wood sometimes from his pile; whereupon the governor in a seeming anger did reply:

‘Does he so? I’ll take a course with him; go, call that man to me, I’ll warrant you I’ll cure him of stealing.’

When the man came, the governor, consid-



A NEW ENGLAND SUGAR HOUSE.

ering that if he had stolen, it was more out of necessity than disposition, said unto him, ‘Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided for wood; wherefore I would have yon supply yourself at my wood-pile till this cold season be over.’

And he then merrily asked his friends, ‘Whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood?’”

Such a man may mould states and save communities, but to amass a large private fortune is beyond his power. One is not surprised to learn that, after a long tenure of the highest offices of his colony, John Winthrop left but a “single hundred pounds out of his whole estate, to be the subject of an inventory at his death.”

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## TO MASSACHUSETTS.

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BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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Written in 1844, when the excitement on the subject of slavery was rapidly growing throughout the nation.

What though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine!  
What though unthrilled, unmoving,  
The statesman stands apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon’s crowded mart?

Still, let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own!  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone!  
Shrink not from strife unequal!  
With the best is always hope,  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud:  
When from Penobscot’s fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
With its allies just in view?  
Oh, by earth and holy altar,  
My Father-land be true!  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!  
Speed them onward far and fast!  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the Sibyl’s on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand;  
With the rugged North is waking  
The level sunset land!  
On they come—the free battalions!  
East and West and North they come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom’s drum.

“To the tyrant’s plot no favor!  
No heed to place-fed knaves!  
Bar and bolt the door forever  
Against the land of Slaves!”  
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
The Heavens above us spread!  
The land is roused—its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead!

## THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BEFORE the inauguration of General Washington as president, a great fear was felt in many quarters that the government under him would become an aristocracy and enslave the people.

But the great majority of the people believed that the interests of the republic would be safe in his hands. It had taken many arguments, urged with great force by Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, John Jay and others, before Washington would allow his name to be used for this high office, so strong were his personal feelings against it. When it was made known that he would consent

to take it, no other person was talked of in opposition to him.

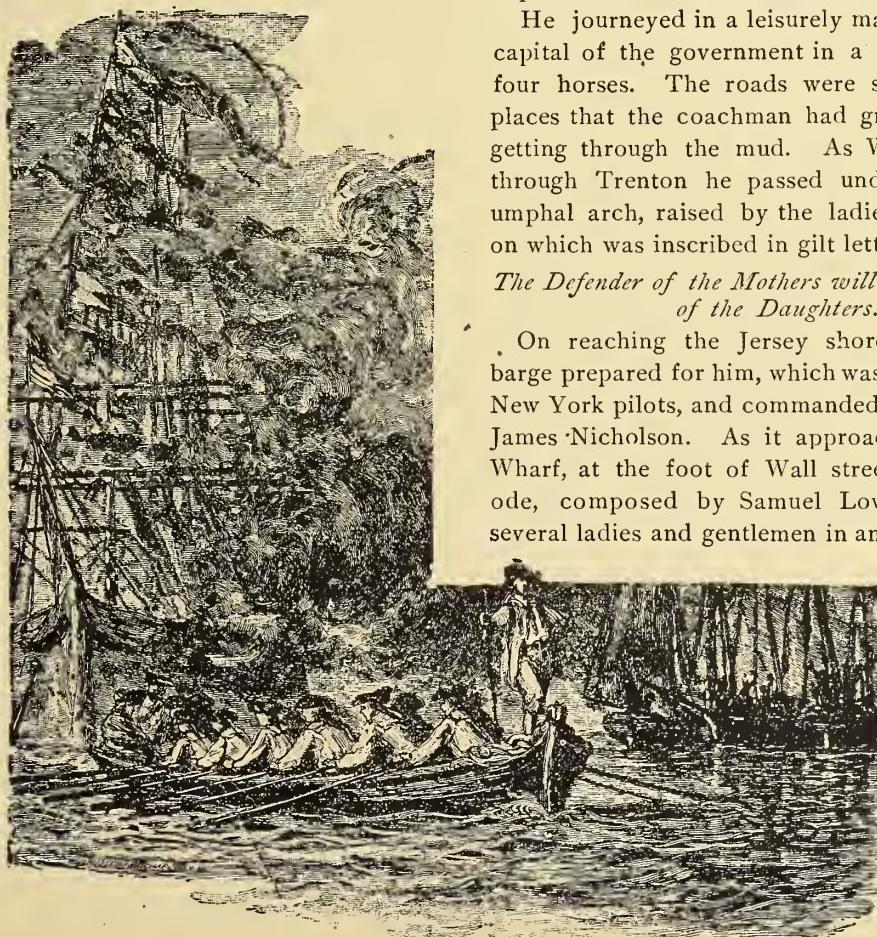
A struggle, however, took place over the vice-presidency. John Adams was the candidate of the federalists, as they were termed, and Governor George Clinton the candidate of the anti-federalists. On the 6th of April, 1789, the returns were opened in joint session of congress in New York, and Washington was found to be elected president by sixty-nine votes, the whole number cast, and John Adams vice-president by thirty-four votes.

Washington had to borrow money to pay his debts before he left Virginia, and to pay for his expenses from Mt. Vernon to New York.

He journeyed in a leisurely manner toward the capital of the government in a coach drawn by four horses. The roads were so bad in many places that the coachman had great difficulty in getting through the mud. As Washington went through Trenton he passed under a grand triumphal arch, raised by the ladies of the place, on which was inscribed in gilt letters:

*The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters.*

On reaching the Jersey shore he entered a barge prepared for him, which was rowed by twelve New York pilots, and commanded by Commodore James Nicholson. As it approached the Murray Wharf, at the foot of Wall street, the following ode, composed by Samuel Low, was sung by several ladies and gentlemen in an attendant boat:



WASHINGTON IN THE BARGE.

" Hail, bright, auspicious day!  
 Long shall America  
 Thy praise resound.  
 Joy to our native land!  
 Let every heart expand,  
 For Washington's at hand,  
 With glory crown'd!

" *Columbia's* children, hail!  
 Behold, before the gale  
 Your chieftain comes;  
 The matchless hero's nigh.  
 Now raise your plaudits high;  
 With trumpets rend the sky,  
 And martial drums

" Illustrious warrior, hail!  
 Oft did thy sword prevail  
 O'er hosts of foes.  
 Come and fresh laurels claim;  
 Still dearer make thy name  
 Long as immortal Fame  
 Her trumpet blows.

" Thrice welcome to this shore.  
 Our leader now no more,  
 But ruler thou.  
 Oh, truly good and great!  
 Long live to glad our state,  
 Where countless honors wait  
 To deck thy brow.

" Hush'd be the din of arms;  
 Henceforth the olive's charms  
 Shall war preclude.  
 These shores a head shall own  
 Unsullied by a throne—  
 Our much lov'd Washington,  
 The great, the good!"

Washington refused to ride after landing, and walked in the procession, which marched in stately order to a house in Franklin Square which had been prepared for his reception.

On the 30th of April, 1789, the inaugural procession set out from Franklin Square toward Federal Hall, in Wall street, the place of inauguration. At the head of the procession were the troops of soldiers, followed by the Committee of the Senate. Then came the carriage of the president, containing also Colonels Humphrey and Lear. Following this came the Committee of the House of Representatives and the officers of the departments, then the foreign ministers, and a long train of citizens with flying flags and banners. The procession moved on amid the cheers and

shouts of the people who had crowded the streets, windows and roofs along the route taken.

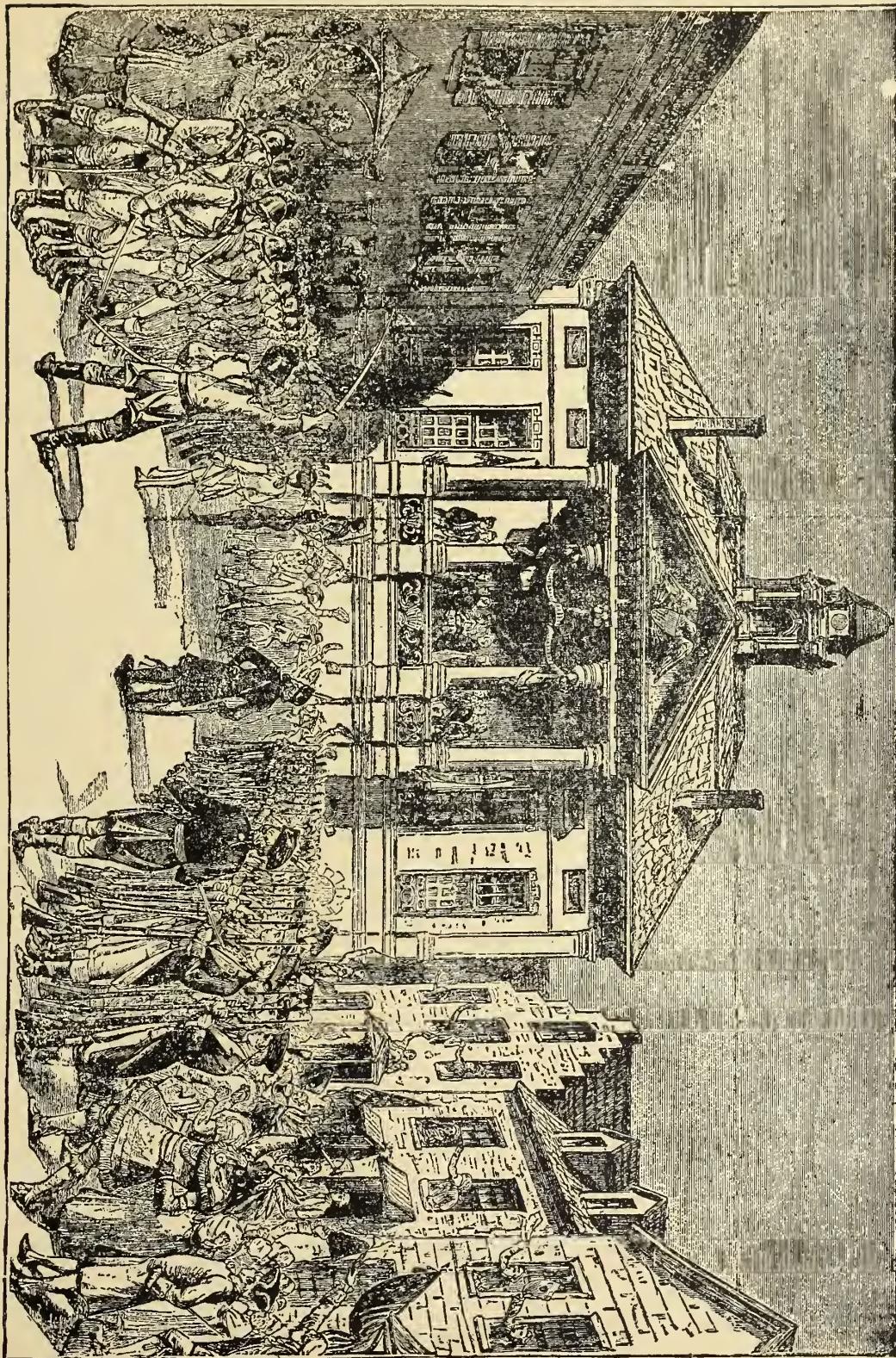
Three accounts have been given of the inauguration ceremonies which, on account of their varying nature, are of great interest. One of these is by Tobias Lee, Washington's secretary, who rode with the president, and the other two occupants in his carriage. Mr. Lee says:

"About two hundred yards before we reached the hall we descended from our carriages, and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the hall and senate chamber, where we found the vice-president, the senate, and the house of representatives assembled. They received the president in the most respectful manner, and the vice-president conducted him to a spacious and elevated seat at the head of the room. A solemn silence prevailed. The vice-president soon arose and informed the president that all things were prepared to administer the oath whenever he should see fit to proceed to the balcony and receive it. He immediately descended from his seat, and advanced through the middle door of the hall to the balcony. The others passed through the doors on each side. The oath was administered in public by Chancellor Livingston, and at the moment the chancellor proclaimed him president of the United States the air was rent by repeated shouts and huzzas—'God bless our Washington! Long live our beloved Washington!' We again returned into the hall, where, being seated as before for a few minutes, the president arose and addressed the two branches of the congress in a speech which was heard with eager and marked attention."

Mrs. Eliza Quincy gives us another view of the imposing scene. She says:

"I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near to Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the center of it was placed a table, with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this on a crimson

THE INAUGURATION OF  
PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, APRIL 30, 1789.



velvet cushion lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed on the balcony, where at the appointed hour Washington entered, accompanied by the chancellor of the state of New York, who administered the oath; by John Adams, the vice-president; Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. By the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance on the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome.

lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The president again bowed to the people, and then retired."

Senator Maclay, a cool-headed politician, gives us still another impression:

"The president advanced between the senate and representatives, bowing to each. He was placed



FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

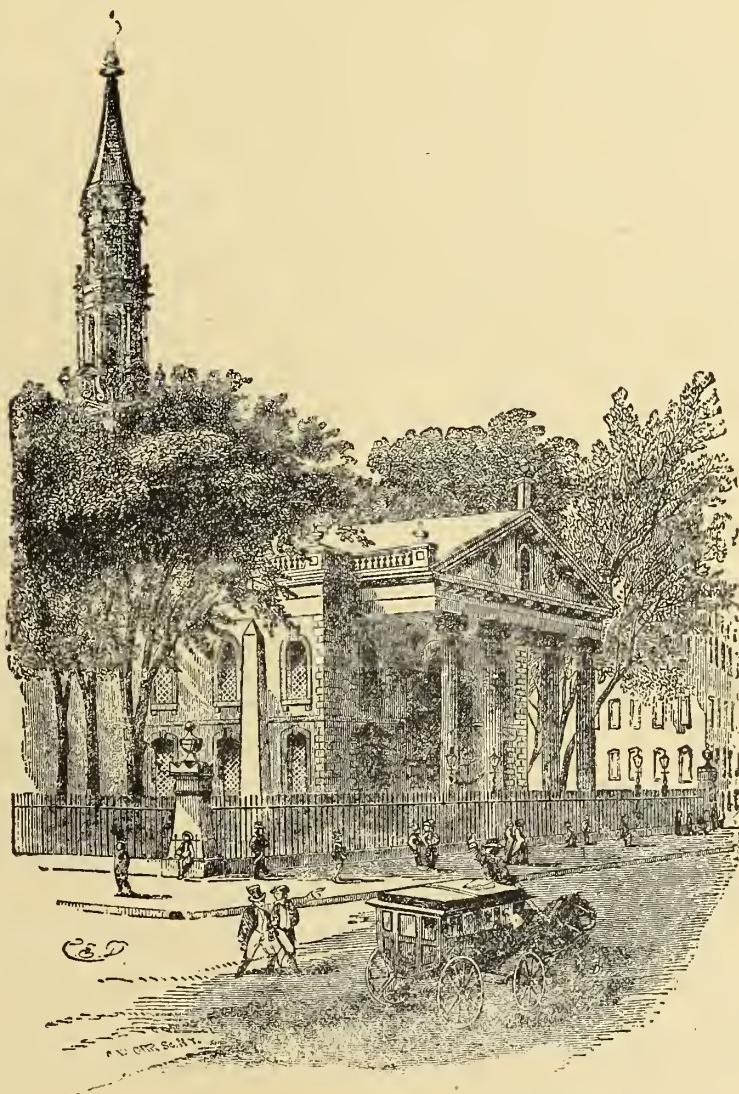
His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an arm chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed in profound silence. After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath according to the form prescribed by the constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand on the Bible. Mr. Otis, the secretary of the senate, then took the Bible to raise it to the

in the chair by the president of the senate; the senate, with their president, on the right, the speaker and representatives on his left. The president of the senate rose and addressed a short sentence to him. The import of it was that he should now take the oath of office as president. He seemed to have forgotten half of what he was to say, for he made a dead pause and stood for some time to appearance in a vacant mood. He finished with a formal bow, and the president was conducted out of the middle window into the gallery, and the oath administered by the chan-

cellor. Notice that the business was done was communicated to the crowd, who gave three cheers, and repeated it on the president's bowing to them. As the company returned into the cham-

and distinguished citizens and visitors, went to St. Paul's church.

The Rt. Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York,



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

ber the president took the chair, and the senate and representatives their seats. He arose, and all arose, and he addressed them.

After the ceremonies of the inauguration were over, the president, accompanied by the congress

and chaplain of the senate, conducted divine services, at which the *Te Deum* was impressively rendered.

Joyous festivities afterward were held, and thus the ceremonies were ended.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ARRANGED BY JOHN W. HINTON.

On December 14, 1799, George Washington died at Mount Vernon. Says one of those present at his death-bed : "He raised himself up, and casting a look of benignity on all around him, as if to thank them for their kindly attention, he composed his limbs, closed his eyes, and, folding his arms upon his bosom, expired, saying, 'Father of mercies, take me to Thyself.'

The following hymn was sung at Hartford, on December 27, 1799, at the commemoration of the death of General Washington :

WRITTEN BY THEODORE DWIGHT.

What solemn sounds the ear invade,  
What wraps the land in sorrow's shade ?  
From Heaven the awful mandate flies,  
The Father of his Country dies.

Let every heart be filled with woe,  
Let every eye with tears o'erflow,  
Each form, oppressed with deepest gloom,  
Be clad in vestments of the tomb.

Behold that venerable band,  
The rulers of our native land,  
With grief proclaim from shore to shore,  
Our guide, our Washington is no more.

Where shall our country turn its eye ?  
What hope remains beneath the sky ?  
Our Friend, Protector, Strength and Trust.  
Lies low, and moldering in the dust.

Almighty God, to Thee we fly ;  
Before Thy throne, above the sky,  
In deep prostration humbly bow,  
And pour the penitential vow.

Hear, O Most High ! our earnest prayer,  
Our country take beneath Thy care ;  
When dangers press and foes draw near,  
May future Washington appear.

The following extracts are selected as among the finest and most touching testimonials and notices of the great Christian worth of Washington.

Lord Brougham said of Washington :

"The greatest man of our own or any age; the *only one* upon whom an epithet, so thoughtlessly lavished by men to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed."

He also said :

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man ; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

The Earl of Buchan, an early and constant friend of America, said of Washington :

"I recommend the constant remembrance of the moral and political maxims conveyed to its citizens by the father and founder of the United States. It seems to me that such maxims and such advice ought to be engraved on every

forum or place of common assembly among the people, and read by parents, teachers and guardians to their children and pupils, so that true religion, and virtue, its inseparable attendant, may be imbibed by the rising generation to remote ages."

"If we look over the catalogue of the first magistrates of nations, whether they have been denominated presidents or consuls, kings or princes, where shall we find one whose commanding talents and virtues, whose overruling good fortune, have so completely united all hearts and voices in his favor, who enjoyed the esteem and admiration of foreign nations and fellow citizens with equal unanimity ? Qualities so uncommon are no common blessings to the country that possesses them. By these great qualities and their benign effects has Providence marked out the head of this nation, with a hand so distinctly visible as to have been seen by all men, and mistaken by none."—John Adams, 1789.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HORSES.

Washington never lost his liking for a good horse, and he knew what a good horse was. He had a servant who had



been General Braddock's servant, and had been with Washington ever since the battle of the Monongahela. Bishop, as he was named, was a terrible disciplinarian, and devoted to his master's interests. At sunrise every day he would go to the stables, where the boys had been at work since dawn grooming the general's horses. Woe to them if they had been careless ! Bishop marched in with a muslin handkerchief in his hand and passed it over the coats of the horses ; if a single stain appeared on the muslin, the boy who groomed the horse had to take a thrashing.

It was no light matter to groom a horse in those days, for, just as the heads of gentlemen were plastered and bewigged, so the horses were made to undergo what would seem to us now a rather absurd practice. The night before a horse was to be ridden, he was covered from head to foot with a paste made of whiting and other ingredients ; then he was wrapped in cloth and laid to sleep on clean straw. By the next morning the paste had hardened, and it was then vigorously rubbed in, and the horse curried and brushed. The result was a glossy and satiny coat. The hoofs blackened

and polished, the mouth washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and the horse was then ready to be saddled and brought out.

### BYRON'S TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Gladstone is not the only great Englishman who has given Washington the first place in history for purity of character and elevation of aim in war and statesmanship. Byron pays homage to Washington repeatedly in his poems, and wrote of him in his diary that "To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Scylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity." The last stanza in his "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte" is the following well known tribute :

"Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dare not hate,  
Bequeath the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!"

In the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" occurs the following :

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no child,  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?  
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled  
On infant Washington? Has earth no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such store?"

In "The Age of Bronze" is the following couplet :

"While Washington's a watchword such as ne'er  
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air."

Byron calls all wars murder, except those for freedom, and contrasts the ambitious conqueror with the patriot in "Don Juan," Canto VIII, 5 :

"Not so Leonidas and Washington,  
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,  
Which breathes of Nations saved, not world's undone.  
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!  
While the mere victor's may appal or stun  
The servile and the vain, such names will be  
A watchword 'till the future shall be free."

In Canto IX of "Don Juan" is another allusion :

"George Washington had thanks, and naught beside,  
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)  
To free his country."

Byron's estimate of character carries much more than a poetical weight with it. Where else can be found, in few words, an epitome of Napoleon's career like this :

"But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung—  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean."

"Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain;  
If thou had'st died as honor dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again—  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night?"

"This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as it will be to all freemen of the two worlds."—*Napoleon Bonaparte*, February 9, 1800.

"He did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by reestablishing their sway."—*M. Guizot*.

"I have often been told by Col. Ben Temple, of King Williams county, Virginia, who was one of his aids in the French and Indian wars . . . . that, on sudden and unexpected visits into his marquee, he has more than once found him on his knees at his devotions."—*Rev. M. L. Weems*, 1808.

"The commander-in-chief of the American armies was observed (at Valley Forge) constantly to retire for the purpose of secret devotion. The Father of his Country went alone and sought strength and guidance from the God of armies and of light. The independence of our country was laid, not only in valor, patriotism and wisdom, but in prayer."—*Albert Barnes*, D. D.

"On Sundays, unless the weather was uncommonly severe, the President and Mrs. Washington attended divine service at Christ Church (Philadelphia), and in the evenings the president read to Mrs. Washington in her chamber a sermon or some portion from the sacred writings. No visitors, with the exception of Mr. Speaker Trumbull, were admitted on Sundays."—*George W. P. Custis*.

Said Washington's mother of her son : "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities.

To him belonged the proud distinction of being the leader in a revolution, without awakening one doubt or solicitude as to the spotless purity of his purpose. His was the glory of being the brightest manifestation of the spirit which reigned in this country, and in this way he became a source of energy, a bond of union, the center of an enlightened people's confidence.

By an instinct which is unerring, we call Washington, with grateful reverence, the Father of his Country, but not its *Savior*. A people which wants a savior, which does not possess an earnest and pledge of freedom in its own *heart*, not yet ready to be free.—*William E. Channing*.

## An Indian's testimony :

"The Pale Faces came, and they said, 'you fought with us, you have forfeited your right to this land and must go away,' but General Washington said 'Come back, and remain in your land, and make your homes with us.' Then the prophet said, 'The white men are bad, and cannot dwell in the region of the Great Spirit, except General Washington.'" —Peter Wilson, a native Iroquois, before the New York Historical Society, 1847.

## A Quaker's testimony :

"I received with great pleasure thy letter, containing an extract of another from General Washington, in which that hero, who effected with little bloodshed the greatest revolution in history, breathes the sentiments of true philanthropy.

memory of Washington, those of Eliza Cook are exceedingly fine.

## ATTEMPT TO POISON WASHINGTON.

In June, 1776, while Washington was in New York, the tories plotted to murder him, his staff and other leading officers of the American army in the city; or to seize them and send them to England for trial on a charge of treason. A large number of persons were concerned in the plot.

Washington's Life Guards were tampered with, and two of them were seduced from their fidelity. To one of them, an Irishman named Hickey, was intrusted the task of destroying Washington. He resolved to poison his com-



THE ATTEMPT TO POISON WASHINGTON.

"A warrior clothed with humanity and wisdom is the symbol of Minerva; and few have united them. Turenne had courage and some degree of humanity; but he it was that burnt the Palantine, and nad the Nero-like pleasure of seeing thirteen cities in flames. Scipio's humanity was stained with the destruction of Carthage; and Rome fell for want of a rival. Alexander the Great, and the modern Frederick, had their stains of cruelty. But YOUR HERO, without the lictor of Cincinnatus, was obeyed—conquers and retires without the foul stain of blood.

"Might I presume upon communicating to him the cordial approbation his humane sentiments have impressed upon me?" —D. Litsom, a member of the Society of Friends.

Among English tributes, particularly poetical ones, to the

mander, and tried to make the general's housekeeper a faithful maiden, an accomplice in the deed. She pretended to favor his plans. It was arranged for her to put poison, that he should prepare, into green peas, a dish of which Washington was very fond. At the appointed time he saw the poison mixed with the peas and watched the girl, at an open door, as she carried the fatal mess to the general's table and placed it before him. The maiden had revealed the plot to Washington, and he made an excuse for sending the peas away. He ordered the arrest of Hickey, who was tried by a court-martial, and was condemned. He was hanged on a tree in Colonel Rutgers field a little east of the Bowery, on the 28th of June, 1776, in the presence of twenty thousand people.

# THE TWO GEORGES.

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BY E. A. K.

LONG, long ago, when your grandfather's great-grandfather was a very little boy, the children did not say, "Hurrah for Harrison!" and "Hurrah for Cleveland!" as you were doing some little time ago. They did not say, "Who do you think is going to be elected President?" or "Who do you vote for?" For they did not know anything about Presidents or voting or elections. For, instead of a President they had a King to take care of their country and all of the people. When your grandfather's great-grandfather (perhaps we had better call the little fellow John, so that we will not get too tired in talking about him), when he wanted to hurrah for somebody, he used to toss up his hat and say, "Long live King George!" or "God save the King!"

A good King or a good President takes a great deal of pains to make everything go just right in the nation; just as your dear mamma does in the home, and as your kind teacher does in the kindergarten and school. Mamma is the "ruler" of home, because she tries so hard to keep everything going in order or "by rule," and your Kindergarten or Teacher is the "ruler" in Kindergarten, because she too makes things go "by rule" there. She calls you together at the right time, and shows you which is the right table for you to come to, and which is your own little chair. She tries to make you happy, and often asks you which songs you want to sing, and which games you wish to play, but after all she is the one to say which it shall be; and she decides which Gift you shall use in your play-work, for she looks after you *all* and knows best what will do the most good to every child. So she keeps everything going "by rule" and so is the "ruler" of a Kindergarten.

A King or a President is the ruler of a country full of grown people. The King has more money than the President, and has a beautiful gold crown, sparkling with diamonds and rubies and other bright jewels, and a handsome throne (or chair) ornamented with gold and jewels. He does not wear the crown and sit on the throne all of the time, but only on great days or holidays.

Another thing which you will think is very strange, is that he is never *elected* to be the King, but he is King because his father was King before him, and *his* father before him, and after him, his son will be the next King. So you see it is a very happy thing for the people when a good family comes to the kingdom, and a very sad one when a bad family takes the throne.

Your papas are always anxious to have a good President elected so that the country will be ruled aright for the next

four years. A good King or a good President always listens kindly to what the people say, and often asks them to say how they think it will be nice to have everything done. But of course he has to be the one to decide at last how it shall be.

Now, I am sorry to say that King George Third, who was as I told you the King when little John was a boy, was not always as kind and good as he ought to have been. He did not have wise and thoughtful parents to teach him that the King should be the kindest and best man of all men. He began by being selfish, and he kept on growing more and more selfish. You know how it is in your own hearts. If you have a nice sweet orange today, and you run away and eat it all alone, and do not let little sister share it with you, it will be easier for you tomorrow to do the same selfish thing. But if you give the dear little girl half of it today, tomorrow you will be so glad and happy to share it with her. The selfishness grows stronger, every time you let it live in your heart, and the goodness grows stronger every time that you let it act. That is the reason that your kind mother and teacher are never tired of helping you to remember to be kind and true, because they are so happy when they see kindness and truth *growing* in your hearts. And grown people are just like you about that, they have to keep the right thing growing in their hearts, so that it will become stronger every day that they live.

But poor George Third (we call him poor even if he did have a crown and a throne, because he was not good and happy) had not been taught to be careful about this, and so selfishness kept growing. He lived way across the ocean in England, many, many hundred miles away from America, and he was the King of England. But he also thought it was right that he should be King of America too, although he had never seen our country. And our country people thought it was all right too, as long as he treated them well.

People always have to pay money to the King, because he has to take care of them, and has no time to earn money for his own family or to use for the people. Now the Americans were most all of them poor, and almost all of the rich people lived in England. Yet the King made the Americans pay him a great deal of money, which was very hard, for they had so little. And beside that, he would never ask them how they would like to have things done, or listen to them when they sent him word about it.

They wrote to the King and other rich men in England and asked them to make it easier, but as these men had never seen them, and did not stop to think kindly and tenderly

about them, it was easy to be unkind, and they said, "No, you must pay the money." Many of the good men of the country said, "This will never do. Our people must not be wrongly treated, and we will tell the King so." They thought and thought about it, and tried to know what was the right thing to do. At last they wrote a long, long letter,

right, and how the King would not let them. "And now," they said, "we will not be your people any longer, but we will be Americans, and will elect a ruler of our own."

The King did not like this, and then he tried for seven years to get them to come back and be his people and call him their king, but they would not do it. They had a hard,



and they called the letter by a long name. They called it "A Declaration of Independence," and they signed it on the Fourth of July, more than a hundred years ago.

It was such a good and wise letter that we are always glad when we think of it, and that is the reason that we are always so jolly on Fourth of July. In this letter they told the whole story of how hard they had tried to do what was

hard time of it, and sometimes felt much discouraged. They needed very much a good and wise man to be their new ruler.

But all this time, and for a good many years before, just such a ruler had been growing for them. He was a little boy when little John was, and a big boy when little John grew to be one, and when little John had grown to be a

young man, here was this other young man, and his name was George Washington. He had a wise father and a good mother, and when he was very little, even smaller than you are, they had taught him how to help all good things to grow in his heart.

They always led him to think of other people, and so *unselfishness* grew very strong, and when he told the truth every time, even when it was *very hard*, they were very happy and told him so, and so *truth* grew strong in his heart. He learned to be *brave* and not to cry when he was hurt, and he learned to think that it did not matter so much if he did not have a good time, if only *other* people about him were happy.

While he was still a boy his father was called away from him, and then he took such good care of his mother, and would not leave her, although he wanted very much to go to sea on a ship. But when he found that she was crying because he was going, he said, "I will stay with you, mother." And then she dried her tears and was happy with her good boy. He loved to work for her, and always tried to "do his best." So you see that when he grew up to be a man he was strong in all these good things, and when the people said, "Where is the bravest and wisest and best man to help us out of our trouble with King George?" others who knew him answered, "George Washington!"

They knew that he had loved his home and had been good there, and had "done his best" for others; and that he had been good at school and had "done his best" at school; and at his work, too, when he was a young man; and when he was a soldier he had "done his best" in every way, and had never been afraid of hard work, nor of being hurt, nor of being cold or hungry. So they said, he will "do his best" for the people, and they made him General of the whole army.

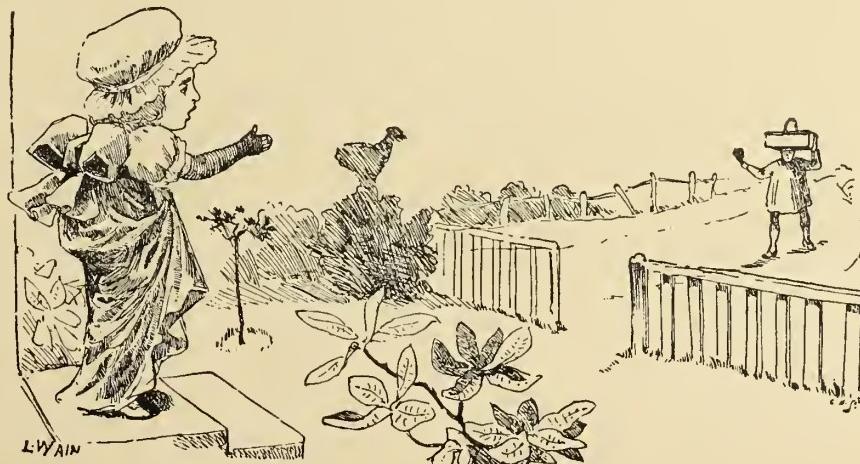
All through those seven hard years he was the brave, good, unselfish General and leader. He went in hard places,

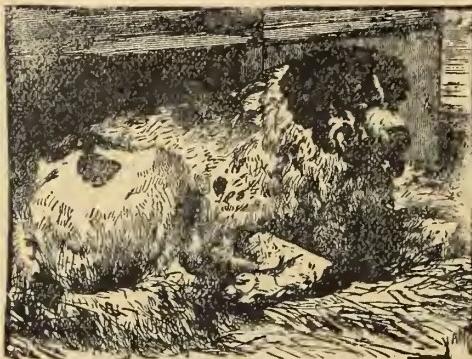
and rode many miles in the cold and snow, and slept in cold tents, and was kind to his soldiers. The people had to have a great many soldiers to protect them from King George's soldiers, and to show him that they were not afraid of him. And they did not have much money to pay them with (for I told you they were poor people) and sometimes the soldiers had to go barefooted and without warm coats. Then General George Washington's heart ached, and he wrote letters to his home, to his kind, good wife, Martha Washington, and said, "Please go to work for the poor soldiers, make cloth, and have all the women in our house make clothes for them." And she did so.

And they worked just as hard as they could, every day, and rose up early and sat up late, making warm clothes for the brave men who were out in the cold, protecting all their homes. So at last, by all being as brave as they could and working hard, and being willing to bear hard times cheerfully, they went through with the seven dreadful years, and King George let George Washington and his people alone, and they had peace and happiness again.

Then they said, "If George Washington was so wise in the time of our trouble, he will be wise in the time of peace, so we will make him our first President." And they did so, and found him so good a ruler that they thought he was just like a father, and they called him the "Father of his Country." His birthday is February 22, and everyone is glad when it comes, because it is the birthday of the George who helped good things to grow strong in his heart. But as for poor King George, nobody knows when his birthday comes, for he did not make his people happy.

On the preceding page of our Magazine you will see the picture of a little boy and girl who loved so much to hear about the *good* George that they dressed up as George and Martha Washington, to have their picture taken. They mean to be like them in their hearts as well as in their clothes.—*The Kindergarten.*





GOOD OLD ROSE

# JOHN ADAMS.

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

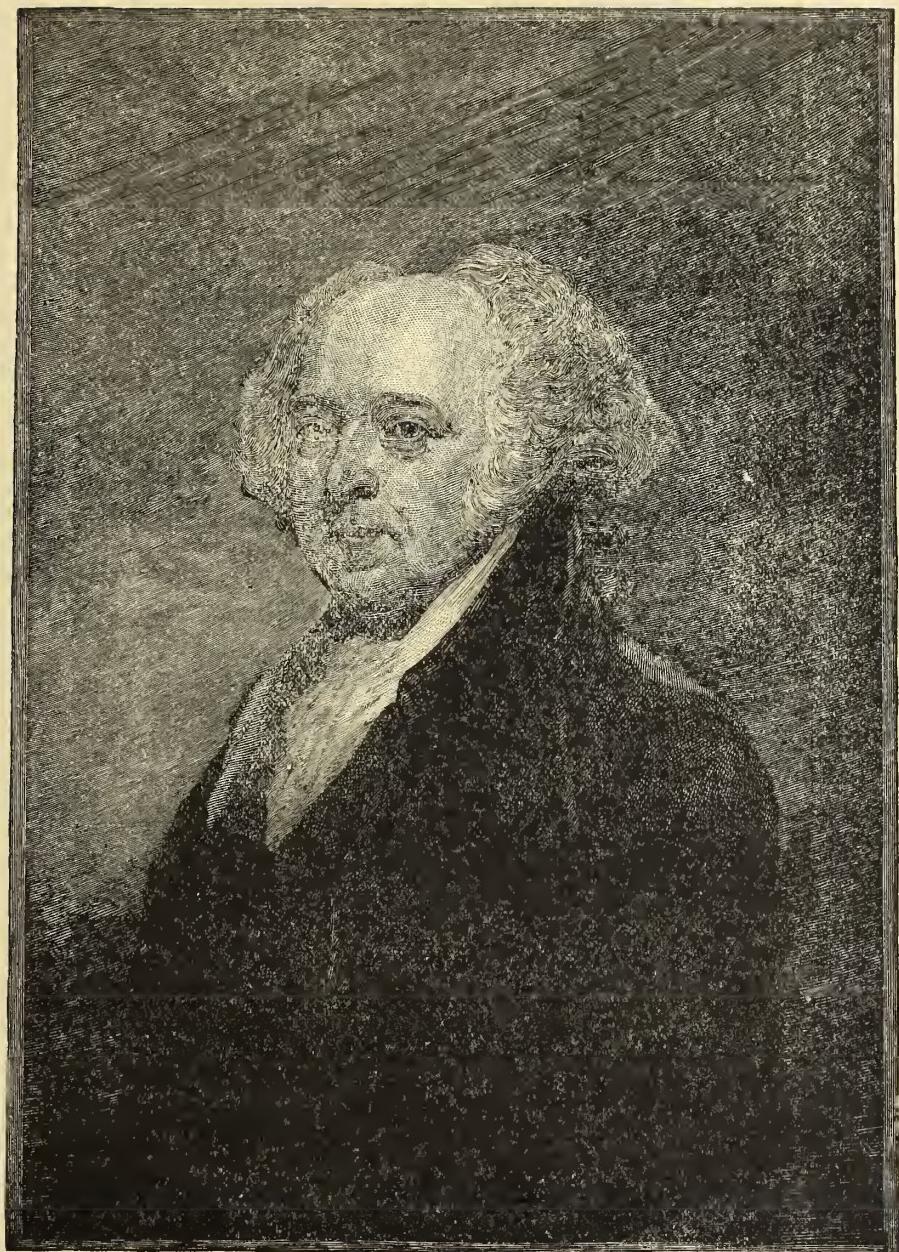
JOHN ADAMS was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, October, 1735, and died in 1826. He graduated at Harvard College in 1755, and abandoning the idea of becoming a minister of the gospel, which he once entertained, was admitted to the bar in 1758. He was one of the delegates first sent to the Continental Congress from Massachusetts. In 1776 he was made President of the Board of War, and was sent to France as a Commissioner in 1777. He was a member of the first and second Congresses, and nominated Washington as commander-in-chief. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, but Adams secured its adoption in a three-days debate. He was a tireless worker, and had the reputation of having the clearest head and firmest heart of any man in Congress. He became Vice-President of the United States in 1789, and was re-elected to the same office in 1792. He was elected President of the United States in 1796. In his position as President he lost the reputation he had gained as Congressman. His enemies accused him of being a bad judge of men; of clinging to old and unpopular notions, and of having little

control over his temper. They also ridiculed his egotism, which they declared to be inordinate. He lived, however, to see the prejudice against his administration give place to a more just estimate of his great worth and exalted integrity. As a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, he was honored as one of the fathers of the Republic. Adams and Jefferson were firm friends during the Revolution, but political strife alienated them. On their return to private life they became reconciled. They died on the same day—the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. Adam's last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still survives." Jefferson was, however, already lying dead in his Virginia home. Thus, by the passing away of these two remarkable men, was made memorable the 4th of July, 1826.

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

### ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams succeeded Washington as President. He belonged to the Federalist Party. The alien law and sedition law, for which he was held



JOHN ADAMS.

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responsible, were very improper measures. The event of greatest national interest in his administration was the death of Washington, on December 14, 1799.

In the same year, previous to his death, war had been declared against France, and fighting had even begun at sea when a treaty of peace was made.

#### JOHN ADAMS AS A SOLDIER.

In 1769, he was the chairman of a committee, consisting of himself, Richard Dana and Joseph Warren, chosen by the citizens of Boston, to prepare instructions to their representatives to resist the encroachments of the British government. These were conceived in a bold tone of spirited remonstrance, and particularly urged the removal of the troops from Boston.

But the soldiers still continued in town, and this gave rise to an incident, which was highly honorable to the professional firmness and moral courage of Mr. Adams. The inhabitants looked with an evil eye upon the soldiers.

Squabbles were perpetually taking place between them, and on the fifth of March, 1770, a bloody affray occurred in State street, in which five citizens were killed and many others wounded.

This is commonly called the Boston Massacre, about which it is almost impossible to learn the exact truth, even at this day, or to settle the amount of blame which ought to be attached to both parties.

The town was thrown into a most violent ferment, as may well be supposed, and nothing but the most active exertions of the leading men prevented the populace from rising *en masse*, and putting to death every man who wore a red coat.

The inhabitants assembled in town meeting and chose a committee, of which Samuel Adams was the chairman, to present a remonstrance to the Governor, with a demand that the regular troops should be removed from the town. The state of popular feeling is well described in the words of John Adams himself.

"Not only the immense assemblies of the people from day to day, but military arrangements from night to night, were necessary to keep the people and the soldiers

from getting together by the ears. The life of a red coat would not have been safe in any street or corner of the town.

Nor would the lives of the inhabitants been much more secure. The whole militia of the city was in requisition, and military watches and guards were everywhere placed.

We were all upon a level, no man was exempted; our military officers were our only superiors. I had the honor to be summoned in my turn, and attended at the state house with my musket and bayonet, my broad-sword and cartridge-box, under the command of the famous Paddock.

I know you will laugh at my military figure, but I believe that there was not a more obedient soldier in the regiment, nor one more impartial between the people and the regulars. In this character I was upon duty all night in my turn."

#### JOHN ADAMS' DETERMINATION.

Soon after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, his friend, Mr. Sewall, the King's Attorney General, labored earnestly to dissuade him from accepting the appointment. He told him "that Great Britain was determined on her system; her power was irresistible, and would be destructive to him and all those who should persevere in opposition to her designs."

Mr. Adams replied to him, "I know Great Britain has determined on her system, and that very determination determines me on mine; you know I have been constant and uniform in opposition to her measures. The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination."

#### THOMAS JEFFERSON'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN ADAMS.

During all the discussions that preceded the important measure of the Declaration of Independence, and they were long and animated, Mr. Adams took the lead. Mr. Jefferson has said, "that the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house, was John Adams."

On another occasion, he said of him, "He was our Colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved us from our seats."

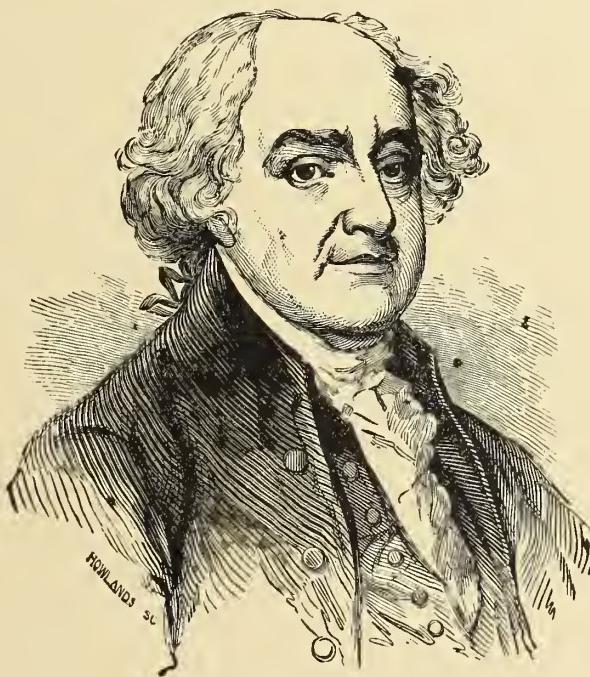
## THE ELOQUENCE OF ADAMS.

The Congress of the Revolution debated with closed doors, and their discussions are preserved only by memory and tradition. The late Governor M'Kean, of Pennsylvania, said, on this point, "I do not recollect any formal speeches, such as are made in the British Parliament, and our late Congress, to have been made in the Revolutionary Congress; we had no time to hear such speeches, little for deliberation; action was the order of the day."

Flashes of wit, coruscations of imagination, and gay pictures, what are they? Strict truth, rapid reason, and pure integrity, are the only ingredients in sound oratory. I flatter myself that Demosthenes, by his 'action! action! action!' meant to express the same opinion."

## JOHN ADAMS' LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the day after the Declaration of Independence was passed, while his soul was yet warm with the glow of excited feeling, he wrote a letter



JOHN ADAMS, WHEN PRESIDENT.

The eloquence of Mr. Adams was precisely adapted to the state of the times. It was manly and energetic, warmed and animated by his ardent temperament, and bold, independent character. He has indeed, without being conscious of it, drawn the character of his own eloquence: "Oratory, as it consists in expressions of the countenance, graces of attitude and motion, and intonation of the voice, although it is altogether superficial and ornamental, will always command admiration; yet it deserves little veneration.

to his wife, which, as we read it now, seems to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy.

"Yesterday," he says, "the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.'

"The day is passed. The fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated, by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival.

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliver-

ance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, for this time forward for ever.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that prosperity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not."

#### BRAVERY OF JOHN ADAMS.

During a portion of the year 1776, and throughout 1777, Mr. Adams was assiduous in his attendance upon Congress, and in attention to public affairs. He was a member of ninety committees, a greater member than any other member, and twice as many as any, except R. H. Lee and Samuel Adams.

Of these he was the chairman of twenty-five, and in particular, of the laborious and important board of war.

From these arduous duties he was relieved by being appointed, in November, 1777, a commissioner to France, in the place of Silas Deane, who was recalled. The other members were Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee. The object of the mission was, to obtain assistance, in arms and money, from the French Government.

Mr. Adams accepted the appointment without hesitation, though it separated him from his family, and obliged him to cross the ocean in the depth of winter, and when it was swarming with ships of the enemy, and he knew that he should be treated with the utmost rigor if captured.

He embarked on board the frigate Boston, in the month of February, 1778, from the shores of his native town. An incident occurred on the voyage, which proves that Mr. Adams' courage was not exclusively moral.

Captain Tucker, the commander of the Boston, saw a large English ship, showing a tier of guns, and asked Mr. Adams' consent to engage her. This was readily granted. Upon hailing her, she answered by a broadside.

Mr. Adams has been requested to retire to the cockpit; but Tucker, looking forward, observed him among the marines, with a musket in his hands, he having privately

applied to the officer of the marines for a gun, and taken his station among them.

At this sight Captain Tucker became alarmed; and walking up to the ambassador desired to know how he came there. Upon which Mr. Adams smiled, gave up his gun, and went immediately below.

#### JOHN ADAMS AS MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO GREAT BRITAIN.

In January, 1785, Congress resolved to appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Great Britain, and Mr. Adams was chosen for this important and delicate office. A letter was written by him, to Mr. Jay, giving a graphic and interesting account of the circumstances of his public reception, which we will quote.

During my interview with the Marquis of Carmarthen, he told me it was customary for every foreign Minister, at his first presentation to the King, to make his Majesty some compliments conformable to the spirit of his credentials; and when Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, the master of the ceremonies, came to inform me that he should accompany me to the Secretary of State and to court, he said that every foreign minister whom he had attended to the Queen, had always made a harangue to her Majesty, and he understood, though he had not been present, that they always harangued the King.

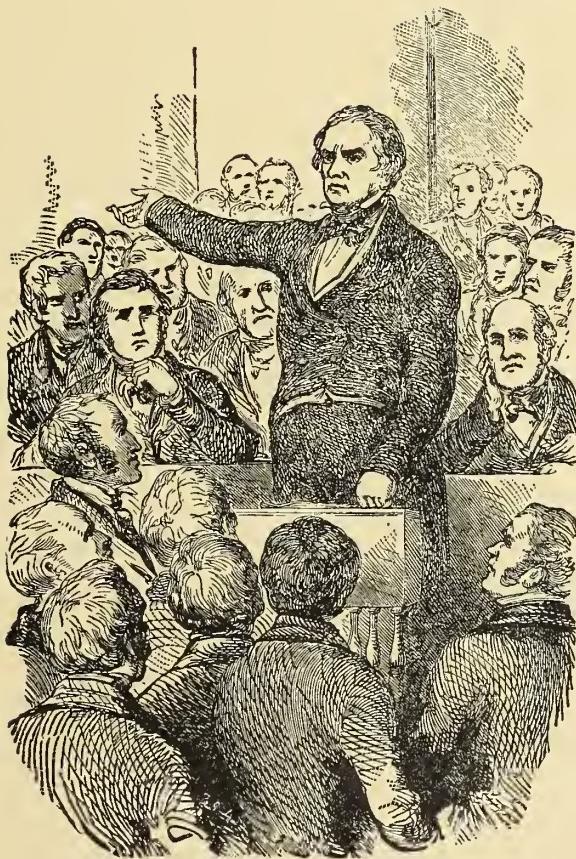
On Tuesday evening the Baron de Lynden (Dutch ambassador) called upon me, and said he came from the Baron de Nolkin, (Swedish envoy,) and had been conversing upon the singular situation I was in, and they agreed in opinion that it was indispensable that I should make a speech, and that it should be as complimentary as possible. All this was parallel to the advice lately given by the Count de Vergennes to Mr. Jefferson.

So that finding it was a custom established at both these great courts, that this court and the foreign ministers expected it, I thought I could not avoid it, although my first thought and inclination had been to deliver my credentials silently and retire.

At one o'clock, on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness.

After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland and France free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court.

When we arrived in the antechamber, the *Œil de Bœuf*, of St. James, the master of the ceremonies met me



WEBSTER ADDRESSING THE SENATE.

and attended me while the Secretary of State went to take the commands of the King.

While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room very full of ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the King's bedchamber, you may well suppose that I was the focus of all eyes.

I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me and entertained me in a very agreeable conversation during the whole time.

Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too; until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned and desired me to go with him to his Majesty!

#### JOHN ADAMS ADDRESS TO THE KING.

I went with his lordship through the levee room into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences; one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe. Then I addressed myself to his Majesty in the following words:

Sir, The United States of America have appointed me their Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it.

It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of the best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family.

The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's court, will form an epoch in the history of England and America.

I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence, in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or in better words, "the old good nature, and the old good harmony," between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood.

I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been instructed by my country,

it was never in my whole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself.'

#### THE KING'S REPLY.

The King listened to every word I said, with dignity, it is true, but with apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say, but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said,

Sir—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurances of the friendly disposition of the people of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their Minister.

I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest, but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation: but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States, as an independent power.

The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect.

I dare not say that these were the King's precise words, and it is even possible that I may have, in some particular, mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between his periods, and between the members of the same period.

He was indeed much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; this I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

#### JOHN ADAMS' CONVERSATION WITH THE KING.

The King asked me, whether I came last from France? and upon my answering in the affirma-

tive, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, "there is an opinion among some people, that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France."

I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on one hand, nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other.

I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as it was decent, and said, "That opinion, Sir, is not mistaken. I must avow to your Majesty I have no attachment but to my own country." The King replied as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other."

The King then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which, being between them, I did not hear; and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes, when they give the signal to retire.

I retreated, stepping backwards, as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went my way; the master of ceremonies joined me at the moment of my coming out of the King's closet, and accompanied me through all the apartments down to my carriage.

Several stages of servants, gentleman porters, and under porters, roared out like thunder as I went along, "Mr. Adams' servants, Mr. Adams' carriage," etc.

Notwithstanding this courteous reception at the British court, the feelings of the Ministry were soon discovered to be unfriendly towards the United States.

The irritations produced by the long strife were not yet allayed, and the parent had not quite magnanimity enough to forgive her rebellious child. They refused to listen to any proposals for entering into a commercial treaty.

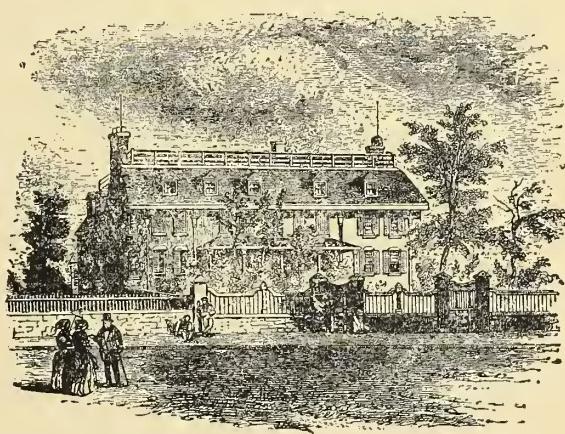
#### JOHN ADAMS' WISH FOR A HOME.

"Oh that I could have a home. But this felicity has never been permitted me. Rolling, rolling, till I am very near rolling into the bosom of mother earth."

Thus John Adams wrote to his wife in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the last of his Presidency. A few years previous he had uttered the same sigh, nor is it infrequent in his letters.

"I am weary, worn, and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, and make fences on my poor far-off little farm. Alas poor farm and poorer family, what have you lost that your country might be free, and that others might catch fish and hunt deer and bears at their ease."

He found a home at last in Quincy, the name by which the most ancient portion of Braintree



JOHN ADAMS' MANSION AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.  
was called. In this house Mr. Adams continued to reside till his death in 1826.

#### EPICTOME OF SERVICES RENDERED BY JOHN ADAMS.

In 1820, a Convention of the people of Massachusetts was called, for the purpose of revising their State Constitution, and Mr. Adams was elected a member from Quincy. The Convention testified their sense of his services to his country, and their respect for his character, by electing him unanimously to the office of President, passing at the same time the following highly flattering resolution.

#### IN CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 15, 1820.

"Whereas, the Honorable John Adams, a member of this Convention, and elected the President thereof, has, for more than half a century, devoted the great powers of his mind and his profound wisdom and learning to the service of his country and mankind:

"In fearlessly vindicating the rights of the North American provinces against the usurpations and en-

croachments of the superintendent foreign governments:

"In diffusing a knowledge of the principles of civil liberty among his fellow subjects, and exciting them to a firm and resolute defence of the privileges of freemen.

"In early conceiving, asserting, and maintaining the justice and practicability of establishing the independence of the United States of America:

"In giving the powerful aid of his political knowledge in the formation of the Constitution of this his native state, which Constitution became, in a great measure, the model of those which were subsequently formed:

"In conciliating the favor of foreign powers, and obtaining their countenance and support in the arduous struggle for independence:

"In negotiating the treaty of peace, which secured forever the sovereignty of the United States, and in defeating all attempts to prevent it, and especially in preserving in that treaty the vital interest of the New England States:

"In demonstrating to the world, in his Defence of the Constitutions of the several United States, the contested principle, since admitted as an axiom, that checks and balances, in legislative power, are essential to true liberty:

"In devoting his time and talents to the service of the nation, in the high and important trusts of Vice-President and President of the United States:

"And, lastly, in passing an honorable old age in dignified retirement, in the practice of all the domestic virtues; thus exhibiting to his countrymen and to posterity an example of true greatness of mind and of genuine patriotism:

"Therefore, Resolved, That the members of this Convention, representing the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do joyfully avail themselves of this opportunity to testify their respect and gratitude to this eminent patriot and statesman, for the great services rendered by him to his country, and their high gratification that, at this late period of life, he is permitted, by Divine Providence, to assist them with his counsel in revising the Constitution, which, forty years ago, his wisdom and prudence assisted to form.

"Resolved, That a committee of twelve be appointed by the chair, to communicate this proceeding to the Honorable John Adams, to inform him of his election to preside in this body, and to introduce him to the chair of this Convention."

This station he declined on account of his advanced age, being then eighty-five years old, but he was able to attend upon the Convention and fulfill his duties as a member.

#### THE OLD AGE OF JOHN ADAMS.

The world has hardly ever seen a spectacle of more moral beauty and grandeur, than was pre-

sented by the old age of Mr. Adams. The violence of party feeling had died away, and he had begun to receive that just appreciation which, to most men, is not accorded till after death. He had been always happy in his domestic relations, and he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who looked up to him with affectionate admiration.

He was also an object of great interest to intelligent strangers from all parts of the world, all of whom were desirous of seeing a man who had done so much for the glory and happiness of his country.

No one could look upon his venerable form, and think of what he had done and suffered, and how he had given up all the prime and strength of his life to the public good, without the deepest emotions of gratitude and respect.

It was his peculiar good fortune, to witness the complete success of the institutions which he had been so active in creating and supporting. He saw, every day, the influences of the revolution widening and extending, and the genial light of freedom continually adding increase to the wealth, intelligence, and happiness of his countrymen.

He could look around upon the thriving towns, the smiling villages, the busy factories, the crowded warehouses of his country, and exclaim, "Behold the work of my hands, the fruits of my labors, the result of my toils, dangers, and sacrifices."

It was his privilege also to preserve his mind unclouded to the last. He always retained his enjoyment of books, conversation, and reflection. In 1824, his cup of happiness was filled to the brim, by seeing his son elevated to the highest station in the gift of the people.

#### THE DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS.

The fourth of July, 1826, which completed the half century since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, arrived, and there were but three of the signers of that immortal instrument left upon earth, to hail its morning light. And, as it is well known, on that day two of these finished their earthly pilgrimage, a coincidence so remarkable, as to seem miraculous. For a few days before, Mr. Adams had been rapidly failing, and on the morning of the fourth, he found himself too weak to rise from his bed.

On being requested to name a toast for the customary celebration of the day, he exclaimed, "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER." When the day was ushered in, by the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon, he was asked

by one of his attendants, if he knew what day it was? He replied, "O yes; it is the glorious fourth of July—God bless it—God bless you all." In the course of the day he said, "It is a great and glorious day." The last words he uttered were, "Jefferson survives." But Jefferson had, at one o'clock, resigned his spirit into the hands of his God.

#### ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

When the news was spread throughout the country that these two men, who had been associated together in so many important labors, and whose names were identified with the glory and prosperity of their country, had both died on the same day, and on that which completed the half century since they signed the Declaration of Independence, of which one was the author, and the

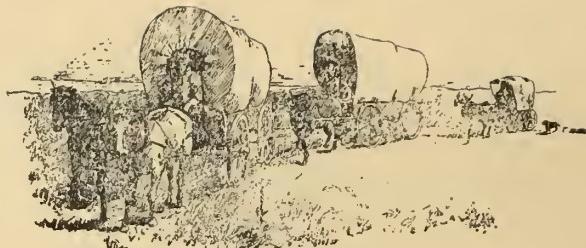
other the most powerful advocate and defender; the effect was solemn and thrilling to the highest degree.

It seemed a direct and special manifestation of God's power. The general feeling was, (to borrow the beautiful words of one of their eulogists) "that had the prophet lent his 'chariot of fire,' and his 'horses of fire,' their ascent could hardly have been more glorious."

In all parts of the country a day was set apart, by the large towns, for the solemn commemoration of their death, and men of the most distinguished talents were invited to pronounce their eulogies.

All political prejudices were forgotten in the general burst of feeling; nothing was recollected but their long lives of devoted patriotism, and the sublime circumstances which attended their close.





# JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

ON a New England farm, in an old-fashioned two-story wooden dwelling, John Quincy Adams was born, July 11, 1767.

His birthplace was situated in the town of Quincy, in the midst of the oldest permanent settlement of Massachusetts. The town received its name in honor of John Quincy, the great-grandfather on the mother's side of the subject of this sketch.

The father of John Quincy Adams was the illustrious John Adams, who, like almost all of the great men of his day, was bred, and, in his youth, labored on the farm.

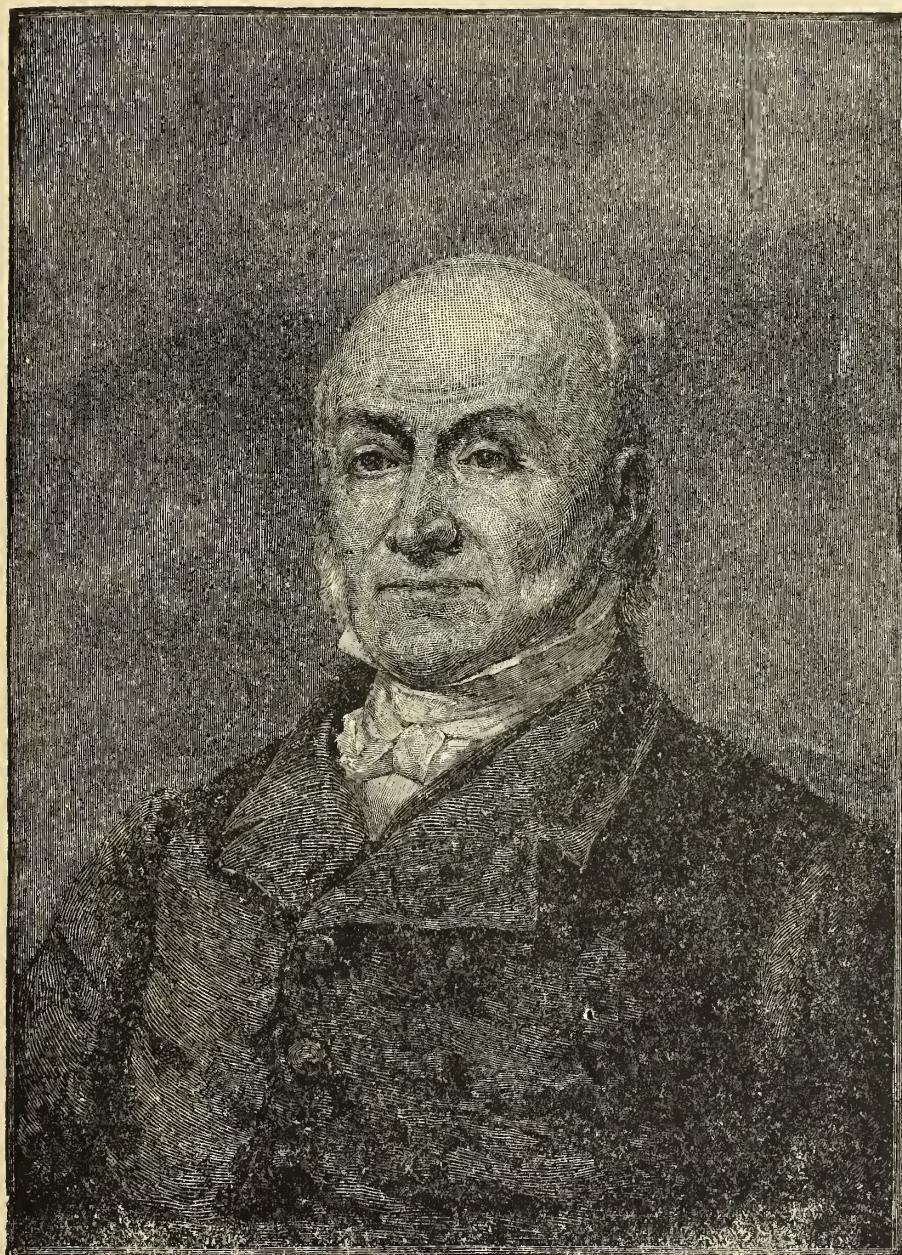
His mother was a remarkable woman. She was always bright and cheerful in manner, making every one feel at home in her sunny presence. When the laborers on her husband's farm were called to the army she was willing herself to work in the field. Upon her for several years was thrown the entire management of the property interests of the family, and never were matters of business more thoroughly cared for. Using every opportunity amid all her arduous cares to cultivate her mind, she kept equal pace with her husband as he ascended higher and higher in the public regard,

until he reached the loftiest political position to which any one on this earth can aspire. For her gifts and graces of intellect, her warm, sympathizing, benevolent heart, her earnest and truly catholic piety, she justly deserves, as one of her eulogists has said, to be called the "Washington of women," if any one ever merited that proud title.

It is a blessed thing to be well born. This priceless blessing was given to John Quincy Adams. Such a father and such a mother—and in consequence, such a son.

Dutiful, studious, self-reliant, John Quincy Adams was a manly boy. At thirteen years of age he became interpreter and secretary to Mr. Francis Dana, the United States Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Russia. Never did a boy of that age before have such delicate and difficult trusts confided to him. And they were discharged with a readiness and capability that won the unqualified admiration of all who knew him.

At fifteen years of age his father appointed him secretary, when, with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay, John Adams had gone to Paris to treat with Great Britain for peace on the basis of independence.



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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

At seventeen years of age he went with his father to Holland to negotiate a new loan for the purpose of meeting the interest on a former loan made to the United States. Thus having acquired, as probably no other youth ever did, such a knowledge of practical affairs, he entered the junior class of Harvard College, in 1785, and was graduated with distinguished honor in 1787.

He was the only president of the United States whose father had borne the same distinguished title,

and the only college professor who filled this highest office until the election of James A. Garfield.

In the anecdotes and incidents accompanying this article will be found the salient events of the life of this remarkable man, who rendered ten years of service to the country in the Congress of the United States after he had passed the age of three score years and ten. In that extreme period of life, so great was his ability in debate, that he was called "the old man eloquent."

## ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

### HIS PARENTS' LOVE OF HOME.

THE homely place at Penn's hill was thrice ennnobled, twice as the birthplace of two noble men—noble before they were presidents; and thirdly as the successful rival of the palaces inhabited by its proprietors at the most splendid courts of Europe, which never for a moment supplanted it in their affections. Mrs. Adams wrote often from Paris and London in this strain: "My humble cottage at the foot of the hill has more charms for me than the drawing room of St. James"; and John Adams still oftener thus: "I had rather build wall on Penn's hill than be the first prince of Europe, or the first general or first senator of America."

Such were the hearts that unfolded the childhood of John Quincy Adams.

### EARLY YEARS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Soon after the final return of his parents to Quincy, we begin to have a personal acquaintance with the boy, now seven years old. Mrs. Adams writes to her husband, then attending the Congress in Philadelphia:

"I have taken a very great fondness for reading "Rollin's Ancient History" since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure

and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from a desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it."

Of the next memorable year we have a reminiscence from himself. It was related in a speech at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1843.

"In 1775 the minute men, from a hundred towns in the Provinces, were marching to the scenes of the opening war. Many of them called at our house, and received the hospitality of John Adams. All were lodged in the house whom the house would contain, others in the barns, and wherever they could find a place. There were then in my father's house some dozen or two of pewter spoons, and I well recollect seeing some of the men engaged in running those spoons into bullets. Do you wonder that a boy of seven years of age, who witnessed these scenes, should be a patriot?"

He saw from Penn's hill the flames of Charlestown, and heard the guns of Bunker hill and Dorchester heights.

In one of her letters from France, Mrs. Adams remarks that he was generally taken to be older than his sister (about two years older than he), because he usually conversed with persons older than himself—a remarkable proof of a constant

aim at improvement, of a wise discernment of the means, and of the maturity of acquisitions already made. Edward Everett remarks in his eulogy, that such a stage as boyhood seems not to have been in the life of John Quincy Adams. While he was under ten, he wrote to his father the earliest production of his pen which has been given to the public. It is found in Gov. Seward's memoir of his life, and was addressed to his father.

"BRAINTREE, June 2, 1777.

*"Dear Sir:* I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My mind is running after bird's eggs, play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a-studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of "Rollin's History," but I designed to have got half thro' it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at court. I have set myself a stent this week to read the third volume half out. If I can keep my resolution, I may again, at the end of a week, give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me in writing some instructions in regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them.

"With the present determination of growing better, I am, dear sir, your son,

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"P. S. Sir, if you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them on my mind."

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by Lord Howe, Mrs. Adams announces that "Johnny has become post-rider from Boston to Braintree." The distance was nine miles, and he was nine years old. In this hardy enterprise, and in the foregoing letter, we may mark the strong hold which the favorite maxims of the parents had taken of their child's mind. Among those maxims were these:

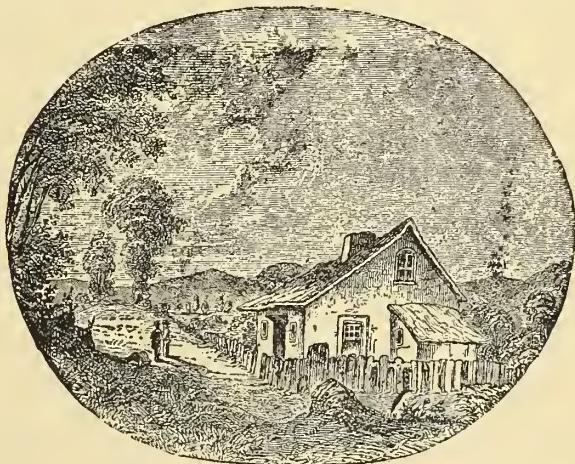
To begin composition very early by writing descriptions of natural objects, as a storm, a country

residence; or narrative of events, as a walk, ride, or the transactions of a day.

To transcribe the best passages from the best writers in the course of reading, as a means of forming the style as well as storing the memory.

To cultivate spirit and hardihood, activity and power of endurance.

Soon after this, the lad ceased to have a home except in the bosom of affection, and that was a divided one. On the 13th of February, 1778, he embarked for France with his father, who had been appointed a commissioner, jointly with Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee, to negotiate treaties of alliance and commerce with that country. From



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

the place of embarkation his father wrote: "Johnny sends his duty to his mamma, and love to his sister and brothers. *He behaves like a man.*"

When they arrived in France, after escaping extraordinary perils at sea, they found the treaty of alliance already concluded. The son was put to school in Paris, and gave his father "great satisfaction, both by his assiduity to his books and his discreet behavior," all which the father lovingly attributes to the lessons of the mother. He calls the boy "the joy of his heart."

John Adams was permitted to tarry but three months, when he was commissioned to negotiate treaties of independence, peace and commerce with Great Britain. He embarked for France in the month of November, accompanied by Francis

Dana as secretary of legation, and by his two oldest sons, John and Charles. The vessel sprung a leak, and was compelled to put into the nearest port, which proved to be Ferrol, where they landed safe December 7. One of the first things was to buy a dictionary and grammar for the boys, who "went to learning Spanish as fast as possible." Over high mountains, by rough and miry roads, a-muleback, and in the depth of winter, they wound their toilsome way, much of the time on foot, from Ferrol to Paris, a journey of a thousand miles, arriving about the middle of February, 1780. On this occasion, it is to be presumed, Master Johnny must have derived no small benefit from the service he had seen as "post-rider."

#### BRIEF RECORD OF THE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

In 1802 he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts, from Suffolk county.

In 1803, to the Senate of the United States.

In 1806, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, but in subordination to his duties in Congress.

In 1808 he resigned his seat in the Senate, the Legislature of his state having instructed him to oppose the restrictive measures of Jefferson, and he having given a zealous support to the embargo.

In 1809 he was appointed by Madison Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia; and resigned his professorship in the University.

In 1811 he was nominated by Madison and unanimously confirmed by the Senate, as judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Adams having declined this office, Judge Story was appointed.

In 1814 he was appointed first commissioner at Ghent to treat with Great Britain for peace.

In 1815, Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain.

In 1817, Secretary of State.

In 1825, elected President of the United States.

#### THE SIMPLE HABITS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

He bore abstinence and irregularity in his meals with singular indifference. Whether he breakfasted at seven or ten, whether he dined at two, or not at all, appeared to be questions with which he did

not concern himself. It is related that having sat in the House of Representatives from eight o'clock in the morning till after midnight, a friend accosted him, and expressed the hope that he had taken refreshment in all that time; he replied that he had not left his seat, and held up a *bit of hard bread*. His entertainments of his friends were distinguished for abundance, order, elegance and the utmost perfection in every particular, but not for extravagance and luxury of table furniture. His accomplished lady, of course, had much to do with this. He rose very early, lighting the fire and his lamp in his library, while the surrounding world was yet buried in slumber. This was his time for writing. Washington and Hamilton had the same habit.

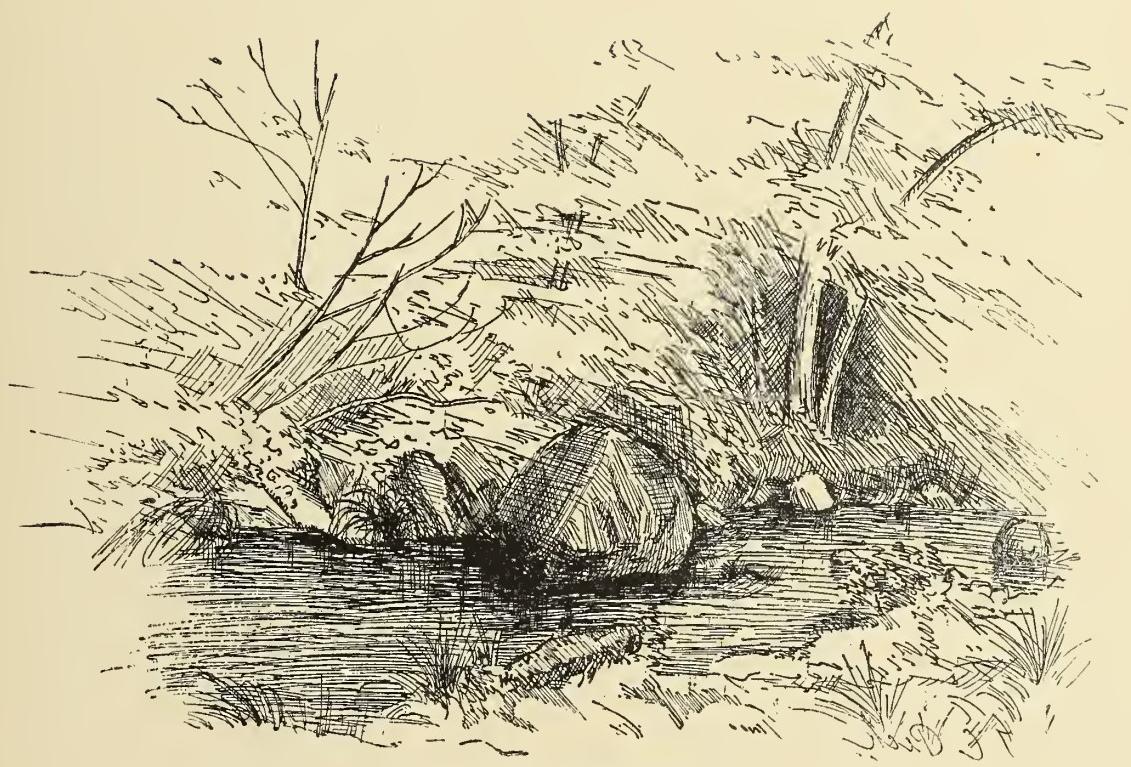
#### A CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

He was unostentatious and almost always walked, whether for visiting, business or exercise. At Quincy he used to go up President's Hill to meet the sun from the sea, and sometimes walked to the residence of his son in Boston before breakfast. Regularly, before the hour of the daily sessions of Congress, he was seen wending his quiet way toward the Capitol, seldom or never using, in the worst of weather, a carriage. He stayed one night to a late hour, listening to a debate in the Senate on the expunging resolution. As he was starting for home in the face of a fierce snow storm, and in snow a foot deep, a gentleman proposed to conduct him to his house. "I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said he, "but I do not need the service of any one. I am somewhat advanced in life, but not yet, by the blessing of God, infirm, or what Dr. Johnson would call 'superfluous'; and you may recollect what old Adam says in 'As you Like it'—

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

#### IRWIN LEE CHILD TELLS THE FOLLOWING STORY.

"While John Quincy Adams was president, I was once sitting in the drawing room of a high-bred lady in Boston. A hat not very new glanced under the window sill. The owner rung at the door, and not finding the gentleman at home,



A NEW ENGLAND BROOK.

continued his walk. A servant entered and presented the card of John Quincy Adams. ‘I do wonder,’ exclaimed the lady, ‘that the president of the United States will go about in such a manner!’”

His apparel was always plain, scrupulously neat and reasonably well worn. It was made for the comfort of the wearer, who asked not of the fashions.

#### THE BOOKS JOHN QUINCY ADAMS LOVED.

He was endowed with a memory uncommonly retentive. He could remember and quote with precision, works which he had not looked at for forty years. Add to this his untiring diligence and perseverance, and the advantages of his position and employment at various capitals in the old world, and the story of his vast acquisitions is told. His love lay in history, literature, moral philosophy and public law. With the Greek, Latin, French, German and Italian languages and principal writers he was familiar. His favorite English poet was Shakespeare, whom he commented upon and recited with discrimination and force, surpassing, it is said, in justness of conception, the great personators of his principal characters. Among the classics, he especially loved Ovid, unquestionably the Shakespeare of the Romans. Cicero was greatly beloved and most diligently studied, translated and commented upon. For many of his latter years he never read continuously. He would fall asleep over his book. But to elucidate any subject he had in hand, he wielded his library with wakefulness and executionily enough.

#### THE TASTES OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

He was fond of art in all its departments, but most in the pictorial. In his “Residence at the Court of London,” Mr. Rush has drawn an attractive sketch of him at home.

“His tastes were all refined. Literature and art were familiar and dear to him. At his hospitable board I have listened to disquisitions from his lips, on poetry, especially the dramas of Shakespeare, music, painting and sculpture, of rare excellence and untiring interest. A critical scholar in the dead languages, in French, German and Italian, he could draw at will from the wealth

of these tongues to illustrate any particular topic. There was no fine painting or statue, of which he did not know the details and the history. There was not even an opera, or a celebrated composer, of which or of whom he could not point out the distinguishing merits and the chief compositions. Yet he was a hard-working and assiduous man of business; and a more regular, punctual and comprehensive diplomatic correspondence than his, no country can probably boast.

#### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ON POPULAR APPLAUSE.

On one occasion he conversed on the subject of popular applause and admiration. Its caprice, said he, is equaled only by its worthlessness, and the misery of that being who lives on its breath. There is one stanza of Thomson’s “Castle of Indolence” that is worth whole volumes of modern poetry; though it is the fashion to speak contemptuously of Thomson. He then repeated with startling force of manner and energy of enunciation, the third stanza, second canto, of that poem.

I care not, fortune, what you me deny;  
You cannot rob me of free nature’s grace,  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve ;  
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave ;  
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, nought can me bereave.

#### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS’ LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

No adequate conception can be formed of the devotion he paid to his mother. This may give an inkling of it: A young friend inquired of him, when he was once at Hingham on their annual fishing party in his honor, in which of his poems a certain line was to be found, viz.:

Hull—but that name’s redeemed upon the wave,  
referring to the surrender of Gen. Hull, so soon followed (only three days after, August 16–19, 1812) by the capture of the Guerriere by Capt. Hull. “I do not,” he replied, “but I have been often struck by the coincidence. I think, however, the line occurs in a poem addressed to my mother.”

and a physician called. With the united strength of four men, it took more than an hour to reduce the dislocation. "Still," says a witness of the scene, "Mr. Adams uttered not a murmur, though the great drops of sweat which rolled down his furrowed cheeks, or stood upon his brow, told but too well the agony he suffered." At his request he was immediately conveyed to his house; and the next morning, to the astonishment of every one, he was found in his seat as usual. He was accustomed to be the first to enter the house and the last to leave it. Mr. Everett tells us that he had his seat by the side of the veteran, and that he should not have been more surprised to miss one of the marble pillars from the hall than Mr. Adams.

That this painful accident did not impair the vigor of his mind, is evident from the fact that he subsequently argued the Amistad case, and sustained the fierce contest of three days on the expulsion resolution in the House.

#### OVATION TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Three years later he made the journey for the benefit of his health, which turned out an improvised and continuous ovation. He had designed merely to visit Lebanon Springs. He was so much pleased with his journey thus far into the state of New York, that he concluded to prolong it to Quebec, Montreal and Niagara Falls, and return to Massachusetts through the length of the Empire State. This return was signalized by attentions and homage on the part of the people so spontaneous and unanimous that nothing which has occurred since the progress of La Fayette has equaled it. "Public greetings, processions, celebrations met and accompanied every step of his journey." Addresses by eminent men, and acclamations of men, women and children, who thronged the way, bore witness of the deep hold which the man, without accessories of office and pageantry of state, had of their hearts. Of this excursion he said himself toward the close of it, "I have not come alone, the whole people of the State of New York have been my companions." In the autumn of the same year he went to Cincinnati to assist in laying the foundation of an observatory! This journey was attended by similar

demonstrations. At a cordial greeting given him at Maysville, Kentucky, after an emphatic testimony to the integrity of Mr. Clay, he made that renewed and solemn denial of the charges of "bargain and corruption."

#### LAST DAYS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

In November, 1847, he left his home in Quincy for the last time. On February 20 he passed his last evening at his house in Washington. He retired to his library at nine o'clock, where his wife read to him a sermon by Bishop Wilberforce on "Time." The next morning he rose early and occupied himself with his pen, as he was wont. With more than usual spryness and alacrity he ascended the stairs of the Capitol. In the house a resolution for awarding thanks and gold medals to several officers concerned in the Mexican war was taken up. Mr. Adams uttered his emphatic *No!* on two or three preliminary questions. When the final question was about to be put, and while he was in the act of rising, as it was supposed to address the house, he sunk down. He was borne to the speaker's room. He revived so far as to inquire for his wife, who was present. He seemed desirous of uttering thanks. The only distinct words he articulated were, "This is the end of earth. I am content." He lingered until the evening of the twenty-third, and then expired.

Thus he fell at his post in the eighty-first year of his age—the age of Plato. With the exception of Phocion there is no active public life continued on the great arena, with equal vigor and usefulness, to so advanced an age. Lord Mansfield retired at eighty-three; but the quiet routine of a judicial station is not as trying as the varied and boisterous contentions of a political and legislative assembly. Ripe as he was for heaven, he was still greatly needed upon earth.

His remains rested appropriately in Independence and Faneuil halls on the way to their final resting place, the tomb he had made for those of his venerated parents. There he was laid by his neighbors and townsmen, sorrowing for the friend and the man.

Happy place which hallows such memories, and holds up such examples!



# ANDREW JACKSON.

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BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON, A. M.

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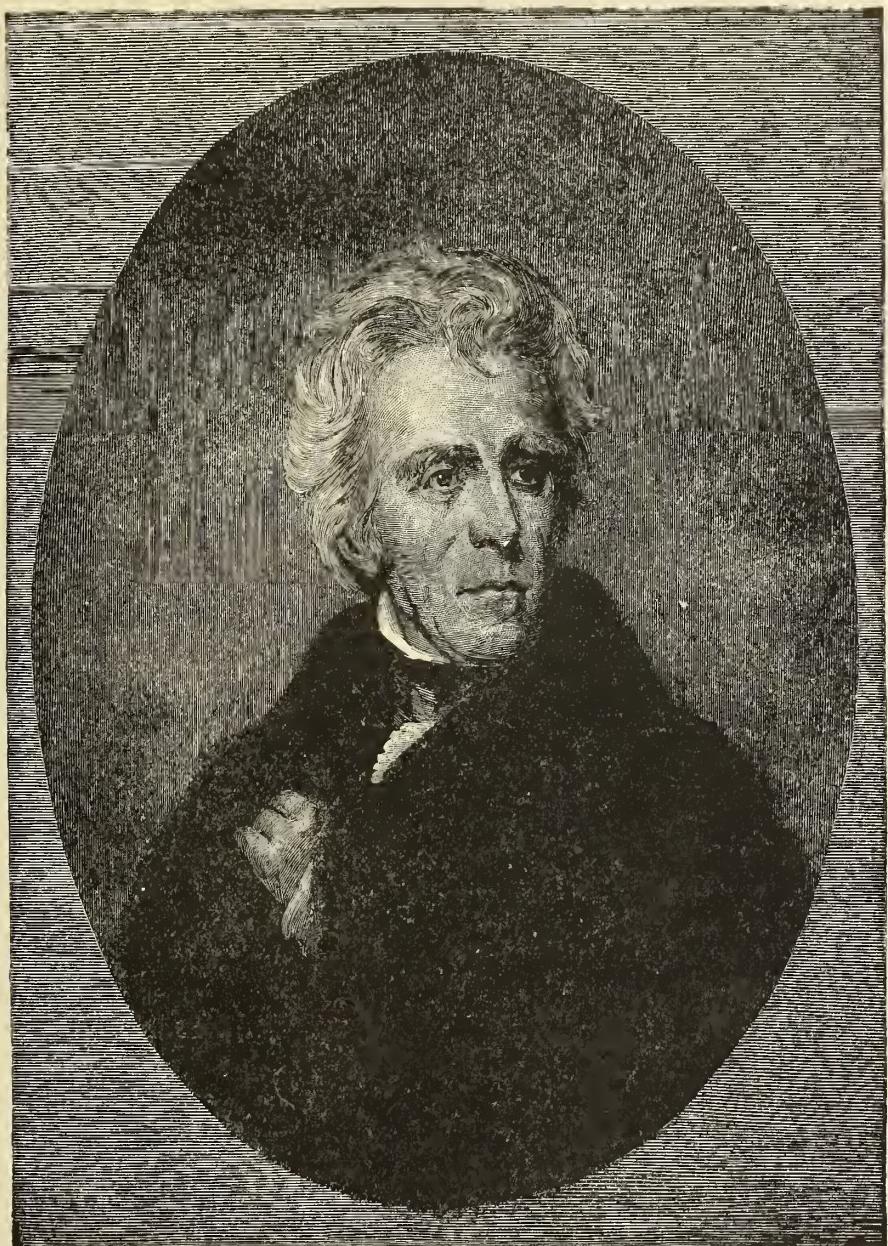
IT is proper to call Andrew Jackson a *tremendous* man. He was brave and fierce, rough and honest—he loved his country, and hated its enemies and his own. He was sure his ideas were right, and he was ready to die any minute rather than to give them up. Nothing could break down his will, once he had really made up his mind. It was easy to make him angry, but very hard to put out the blaze of his wrath—a tremendous man!

He was born March 15, 1767, in a hut which to-day we should be likely to call a shanty; in a lonely corner of North Carolina, in the woods, where there were few people, and those few generally poor, untaught and rude. Good clothes and soft manners they knew nothing about. They had not the time nor the taste for becoming refined.

They were plain, strong, plucky people, with a great deal of heart, with clear heads and hard knuckles; they always put the whole of themselves into their feelings; their fun was of the strong kind, called "horse-play;" when they laughed, they roared; when they were sorry, their hearts rushed out of them in many groans and tears; when they fought, it was because they wanted to kill. Most of us would think these people wild, as in some respects they certainly were. Andrew Jackson grew up

among them, and their wildness grew into him, and became part of him, so that he carried it with him everywhere, even into the "White House" at Washington, when he became president of the United States. This accounts for his faults, the worst of which he probably would never have known had he begun his life among gentler people.

Though Andrew Jackson was wild and fierce, he was very strong—strong in thought and will. The whole world could not drive him away from what he considered it best to do. He was never scared in his life. He would have laughed at the idea that there was anything in this universe to make him turn around when he meant to go forward. It was this absolutely perfect courage, with a will that could not give way, which made Jackson one of the most powerful citizens our country has known. He did for his country what few could have done; what, perhaps, no other American, certainly no mild man, could do. He saved the nation from going to pieces, at a wild, fierce time, when there was need of a man with nerves like steel, with a will firm as flint, and a heart white hot with love for our country. That kind of a man alone would do just then; and Andrew Jackson was exactly that kind of a man.



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ANDREW JACKSON.

In the year 1832, when he was president, the people of one state became angry with the government at Washington ; they determined not to obey the laws of the United States, and to set up as a nation for themselves ; that is to say, they claimed that it was right to break the Union up bit by bit, as it might please those who lived in different parts of it. They were quite honest in this matter ; they felt sure they were right. They thought it was time for the United States to become the disunited states, and they then proceeded to pick up their own little state of South Carolina, in order to carry it out of the Union.

President Jackson cried out : "South Carolina, stop !" South Carolina said : "We shall go where we please. We are a sovereign nation." Jackson answered : "Never ! You are a part of *this* nation, and can no more leave it than a man's leg can walk away from his body. You are in the Union to stay." "Mind your own business, Mr. President, and we will attend to ours," replied the plucky Palmetto state. Andrew Jackson said nothing more, but simply put the United States army, men, guns and horses, in the way of the little state ; and it stayed just where it was. Only a tremendous man could have done that, but it never occurred to Jackson not to do it. He believed in the Union ; he believed in it with all his tremendous soul, and the idea of one part of it trying to put an end to it seemed to him as absurd as for a man to attempt to eat his own head.

I have said nothing about the way this bold man fought the Indians and the English, which he did, as he did everything else, tremendously. English soldiers never before nor since got such a frightful whipping as Jackson gave them at New Orleans, January 8, 1815. British bullets killed and wounded, all told, twenty-three American soldiers, and hit five hundred American cotton bales. The British lost two thousand five hundred men, more than a hundred to one. Of course this astonishing battle made Andrew Jackson famous, but his greatest victory was when he defeated the plan of his own countrymen to undo the Union.

The great service which this remarkable man did for this nation was that he, first of all Americans, stoutly held not only that no state had the right to go out of the Union, but that if one of them

should try it, the nation had the right to compel it to stay in. This fact will make his name splendid for a thousand years.

Andrew Jackson had many faults ; he knew this better, perhaps, than any one else. He did some evil deeds, for which we are sorry, but he felt worse about them at last than any of us do. It will do us more good to look at the better part of this tremendous man, a man as brave as ever came into this world, and as honest as he was brave ; a man completely in earnest, and loving our dear country with all his fiery heart, that would cheerfully have shed its last drop of blood in defense of America's honor. So we set his name in the national skies, and pledge it to a fixed and glorious fame—the name of Andrew Jackson.

#### OLD HICKORY.

BY GENERAL DELIGHT.

Andrew Jackson, known as "Old Hickory," the seventh president of the United States, was born in Union county, N. C., March 15, 1767, and died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, June 8, 1845. He served as president of the United States from 1829 to 1837.

Jackson was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father, Andrew Jackson, a resident of Carrickfergus, on the north coast of Ireland, came to America in 1765. The father died a few days before the future president of the United States was born, leaving the mother in a destitute condition.

The settlement in which Mrs. Jackson lived was so very near the boundary line between North and South Carolina, that it is not very clear to which province the inhabitants belonged, although it is generally conceded they were included in that of South Carolina.

As a boy, Andrew was brave and impetuous, passionately addicted to athletic sports, but not at all fond of books.

"A field school," as it was termed, was the only place where he obtained the barest rudiments of education. Some of the incidents which follow this sketch will show that he never learned to write English correctly.

His early life was crowded with exciting adventures. One author said of him, perhaps with a

voice of malice or with exaggeration, that a more turbulent, roaring, rollicking youngster never lived than this same soldier and statesman. He certainly was full to overflowing of animal spirits, and was ready for anything that demanded dash and daring.

In 1790 he became a resident of Nashville, Tenn., where in 1791 he was married to Mrs. Robards, who for more than forty years was a loving and devoted wife.

In 1795 he assisted in framing the constitution of Tennessee, and was sent to congress as the first representative of the new state.

In the year 1797 he was elected to the senate of the United States, and after serving out his term, was appointed judge of the supreme court of Tennessee.

In the year 1804 he resigned that office and returned to his home, called the Hermitage, near the city of Nashville.

In the year 1812, war having been declared with Great Britain, he was appointed commander of the militia of his district. At the head of twenty-five hundred men, he engaged in the Indian warfare, which was carried on in the frontier wilderness, and amid incredible hardships, and difficulties which seemed almost too great to be overcome, he conquered his savage foes, the Creeks, at Tohopeka, otherwise known as the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa river, Alabama.

It was when marching with marvelous swiftness against these wily and cruel enemies, almost too ill to move, and with his left arm in a sling, that some of his soldiers said of him, "He is as tough as hickory," and immediately the name of "Old Hickory" was applied to him, a name which became still more widely used when the treaty of the so-called "Hickory Ground" was made.

On May 31, 1814, Jackson was made major-general in the regular army, and assigned to the Department of the South.

On the 8th of January, 1815, he won the famous battle of New Orleans, in which the English army suffered the most complete and overwhelming defeat it ever experienced.

In 1823 he was elected member of congress from Tennessee.

In 1828 he was elected president of the United

States, and in 1832 was re-elected by an immense majority

His chief intellectual gifts were energy and intuitive judgment. His moral characteristics were probity, truthfulness and courage. He was an ardent and unflinching patriot. He gloried in the name of American. He was loyal in every fiber of his physical, mental and moral nature to the union of the states.

President Jackson will ever stand forth as one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in American history. No man deserves to be more highly honored by patriotic Americans than this chivalrous hero, for what he did for his country in spite of the many disabilities under which he labored.

He is another illustration of the truth of the poet's famous lines:

Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.

#### STORIES AND ANECDOTES.

##### JACKSON NOT WILLING TO BE BEATEN OR TRIFLED WITH.

Andy was a wild, frolicsome, willful, mischievous, daring, reckless boy; generous to a friend, but never content to submit to a stronger enemy. He was passionately fond of those sports which are mimic battles; above all, wrestling. Being a slender boy, more active than strong, he was often thrown.

"I could often throw him three times out of four," an old schoolmate used to say, "but he would never stay throwed. He was dead game, even then, and never would give up."

##### THE SCHOOL ROOM DID LITTLE FOR HIM.

He learned to read, to write, and cast accounts—little more. If he began, as he may have done, to learn by heart, in the old-fashioned way, the Latin grammar, he never acquired enough of it to leave any traces of classical knowledge in his mind or his writings. In some of his later letters there may be found, it is true, an occasional Latin phrase of two or three words, but so quoted as to show ignorance rather than knowledge. He was never a well informed man. He was never addicted to books. He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederic II, Marlborough, Napoleon or Washington. Few men of his day, and scarcely any women, were correct spellers.

### HE HONORED HIS MOTHER.

He deeply loved his mother, and held her memory sacred to the end of his life. He used often to speak of the courage she had displayed when left without a protector in the wilderness, and would sometimes clinch a remark or argument by saying, "That I learned from my good old mother." He once said, in speaking of his mother:

"One of the last injunctions given me by her, was never to institute a suit for assault and battery, or for defamation; never to wound the feelings of others, nor suffer my own to be outraged. These were her words of admonition to me; I remember them well, and have never failed to respect them; my settled course through life has been to bear them in mind, and never to insult or wantonly assail the feelings of any one; and yet many conceive me to be a most ferocious animal, insensible to moral duty, and regardless of the laws both of God and man."

### HE WAS TRAINED AMONG ROUGH PEOPLE.

On one occasion, when the log court house at Nashville had become exceedingly unclean and out of repair, one of the lawyers rose and addressed the honorable court as follows: "May it please your honors, it is a rule of equity that every suitor shall come into court with a clean nether garment. Without unnecessary offense to the majesty of the law, the ermine of the judges, or purity of anybody, I defy suitor or advocate, much more the honorable court, to maintain pure thoughts and white linen in such a sheepfold and pigsty." Whereupon it was "ordered that David Hay repair the court house by making two doors, well fixed and hung, with three window shutters, well hung, and the house well chinked, sweeped, washed and cleansed, and the benches repaired."

### AT FIFTEEN HE FIGHTS THE BRITISH TORIES.

A band of "tories" one night in the spring of 1781, surrounded the house where Andrew Jackson was sleeping, with a few hunted patrols. They were discovered by a wakeful soldier who had deserted from the British. He ran in terror, and seizing Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, exclaimed:

"The tories are upon us!"

Andrew sprang up and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been aroused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket; upon which the tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of

tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing proceeded from a party that had issued from the house. They now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side. Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard, some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories, concluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more.

### GEN. JACKSON'S DUEL.

#### THE RESULT OF A JOKE PLAYED UPON AN ATTORNEY.

James Parton, in his biography of Andrew Jackson, makes mention of a duel fought by Gen. Jackson with Waightstill Avery, at Jonesboro, Tenn., in the last century. His account, however, is very meagre, and does not accord with the version of the affair as told by descendants and relatives of Col. Avery, many of whom still live in Burke county, N. C.

"There was a comic incident connected with this duel that Gen. Jackson would not tell. A gentleman once mentioned the duel to him. 'Who told you about it?' asked the president, laughingly. 'Gen. Adair.' 'Did he tell you what happened on the ground?' 'No.' 'Well, then, I shan't,' replied the general, still laughing."

The "comic incident" to which Gen. Jackson alluded, and which he refused to relate, is what is understood to have caused the duel, and is said never to have been made public. What it was and how it occurred has been related to me several times, as follows:

In August, 1788, Col. Waightstill Avery and Andrew Jackson were attending court in Jonesboro, in what is now east Tennessee. At that time Tennessee was still a part of North Carolina, and Jonesboro was the seat of one of the three district courts held for the then western district of North Carolina. The town is now the county seat of Washington county, Tenn. Jackson had but recently been called to the bar at the time of the duel, and was about twenty-one years of age. Col. Avery was much older. The two gentlemen were opposing counsel in a case under trial, in which Jackson, it is said, felt that he had but little chance for success. In a spirit of mischief, probably, he determined to attempt a little diversion rather unusual in a court of law.

Col. Avery sometimes rode the circuit of his courts—which embraced most of western North Carolina, and a portion of east Tennessee—on horseback, carrying in a pair of spacious saddle-bags such articles as were necessary to his more immediate wants. One thing always carried therein was a copy of “Bacon’s Abridgment,” one of the standard law books of those days. Jackson was aware that Col. Avery was in the habit of carrying this book, and the day for trial, before their case was called, he went to Col. Avery’s saddle-bags, took out the copy of “Bacon’s Abridgment,” and substituted for it a piece of bacon of about the same size, wrapping it up as the book had been to prevent suspi-

controlled himself sufficiently not to attract attention to what he did in response to the rebuke. Tearing a fly leaf from a law book, he wrote a challenge which, unobserved, he passed across the table to Col. Avery, and which was promptly accepted. The following is an exact copy of the original challenge, which is still in the possession of a member of the Avery family, and from the wording of its first sentence another communication would seem to have preceded it:

AGUST 12th 1788.—*Sir* When a mans feelings & character are injured he ought to seek a speedy redress: you rec’d a few lines from me yesterday & undoubtedly you under stand me My character you have Injured; and farther you have Insulted me in the presence of a court and a larg audience I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same: and I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without Equivocation and I hope you can do without dinner untill the business done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he Injuries aman to make a speedy reparation, therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day.

From yr obt st

COLL’ AVERY

ANDW JACKSON

P. S. this Evening after court adjourned—

The style of the challenge, its orthography and its punctuation—or the want of it—are equally remarkable, but the demand is unmistakable, and the little “P. S.” at one side denotes great urgency. It was evidently written under great excitement, though with a strong effort at self-control, and the whole document, to use the slang of to-day, “means business.”

The challenge is addressed on the back:

“Coll’ Whitestill (sic) Avery.”

It was found among Col. Avery’s papers after his death, carefully filed away and docketed in very business-like style: “Jackson. D. P. Duel, 1788.”

The duel was fought about dusk of the day the challenge was given, in a ravine near the court house, in Jonesboro. Shots were exchanged, but fortunately neither party was hurt. Jackson declared himself satisfied, and the two gentlemen afterward became warm friends. Indeed, long before the duel, when Jackson first decided to go to the bar, he was desirous to read law under Waightstill Avery, who was very distinguished in his profession, and was the first attorney-general of the state of North Carolina. At the time of Jackson’s appointment as solicitor of the western district of North Carolina—afterward the state of Tennessee—he, on his way to settle in Nashville, had visited Col. Avery at Morganton, the latter then an extreme frontier town of western North Carolina. The date of the challenge, Aug. 12, 1788, is six months previous to that of the earliest letter of Jackson, Feb. 13, 1789, which Mr. Parton says he was unable to find.

Waightstill Avery was the first attorney-general of North Carolina. By that was meant of the state after it had thrown off allegiance to the British government.



ANDREW JACKSON.

cion. In the course of the trial Col. Avery, having occasion to quote an authority, sent for his book. The package was brought to him, and when unwrapped, lo! a “fletch of bacon” stood revealed to court and jury.

Avery was a man of great dignity of character and bearing, who could ill brook a liberty of any kind, least of all an attempt to make him appear ridiculous. Turning to Jackson he charged him with what had been done, and denounced him for his act in most unmeasured terms. Jackson was stung to the quick, but apparently

Col. Avery was a man of great capacity and the loftiest integrity, and his mantle has fallen on descendants worthy of such a sire; but there were attorneys-general before him in the pre-revolutionary days of the "province of Carolina," and some of them, too, seem to have been men of high character—sufficiently so in one case, at least, to have the fact recorded on his tomb "without equivocation." In the old colonial churchyard of Christ Church parish, Newbern, N. C., is a gravestone bearing the following quaint inscription and epitaph:

To the Memory of  
CHARLES ELLIOTT,  
Late Attorney-General for this Province,  
Who Died Anno 1756.  
An Honest Lawyer, Indeed!

#### INCIDENT IN ANDREW JACKSON'S LIFE.

Ben: Perley Poore gives this incident: Andrew Jackson's life was literally a "battle and a march." From his youth, in the Revolution, to his old age in the White House, he passed few years without a fight of some kind on his hands. War appeared to be his natural element, and it made little difference to him whether he was fighting the Indians in Mississippi, the British in Louisiana, or Calhoun and the nullifiers, Clay and the whigs, or Biddle and the banks. He had no fondness for wine, or ardent spirits, or games of chance or skill, although living among men who spent much time in such indulgences. He was interested in horse racing, however, and was always ready with the pistol when "the times were out of joint," and ugly customers on the war path. One day, not long after the adoption of the constitution, there was a horse race on the borders of Georgia and Tennessee, between the horses of the respective states. The Georgia horse won, and after the race was over the participants in the sport dined together at a tavern near the race course.

Jackson, then a young man, sat next to a stalwart Georgian. In the course of the dinner, the former, smarting under the mortification of defeat, cried out in a loud voice, "Georgia's a mighty mean state. Tennessee's a heap better." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the stalwart Georgian seized Jackson by the nape of the neck and the seat of his pantaloons and threw him clear across the table. Jackson lit upon his feet like a cat, and, drawing a pistol, opened fire upon his opponents. A general scrimmage ensued which lasted for half an hour, but, strange to relate, none were killed or wounded. My informant was a boy at the time, and witnessed the fight through the crack of the door, behind which in his terror he had taken refuge. He lived to be nearly ninety, and saw many scrimmages in after years in that wild country between the Coosa and the Black Warrior, but this fight at Bob Anderson's tavern he always regarded as the great event of his life.

#### JACKSON AND MAJOR BUTLER.

General William O. Butler, one of the heroes of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war, and the democratic candidate for vice-president on the ticket with General Cass, now lives in Carrollton, Ky. He said of General Jackson to a writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial* a short time ago that he was little read in books.

"Indeed," said the general, "I do not remember seeing any books at his house but the Bible and hymn book, and probably a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but he was an indefatigable reader of newspapers, and was thoroughly posted in current events, and especially in politics. While possessed of little technical learning, his common sense was boundless. He had an intuitive knowledge of men, and an influence over them that was unlimited. My brother Tom [the major], who was an aid to the general, had some words with him about a requisition for arms, and a coolness ensued. Some time after the battle a grand ball was given the general, at which Mrs. Jackson, who had just reached the city, was present. My brother was there, of course, and suddenly encountered the general, with Mrs. Jackson leaning on his arm. After salutations, the general remarked in his irresistible way, 'Tom, you are still in a huff.' The latter shook his head as if negatively. 'Well, I think you are, and I won't believe differently until you kiss Mrs. Jackson,' which Tom gallantly and promptly did in the presence of the whole assembly. I knew Mrs. Jackson well," continued the general, "and she was one of the best women I ever knew. Certainly a kinder-hearted creature never lived. The general was devoted to her. It was interesting to observe him when she was in his company. His eyes were constantly upon her, and he seemed to anticipate her every wish."

#### HE IS WOUNDED BY A COWARDLY BRITISH OFFICER WHILE A PRISONER.

One day, before Mrs. Crawford's family, with whom Andrew was staying, had a suspicion of danger, the house was surrounded by the British, the doors secured and Andrew and the boys made prisoners.

A scene ensued which left an impression upon the mind of one of the boys which time never effaced. Crockery, glass and furniture were dashed to pieces; beds emptied; the clothing of the family torn to rags; even the clothes of the infant that Mrs. Crawford carried in her arms were not spared. While this destruction was going on, the officer in command of the party ordered Andrew to clean his high jack-boots, which were well splashed and crusted with mud. The boy replied, not angrily, though with a certain firmness and decision, in something like these words:

"Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such." The officer glared at him like a wild beast, and aimed a desperate blow at the boy's head with his

sword. Andrew broke the force of the blow with his left hand, and thus received two wounds—one deep gash on his head, and another on his hand, the marks of both of which he carried to his grave.

#### THE LIVELY LAD, ANDREW JACKSON.

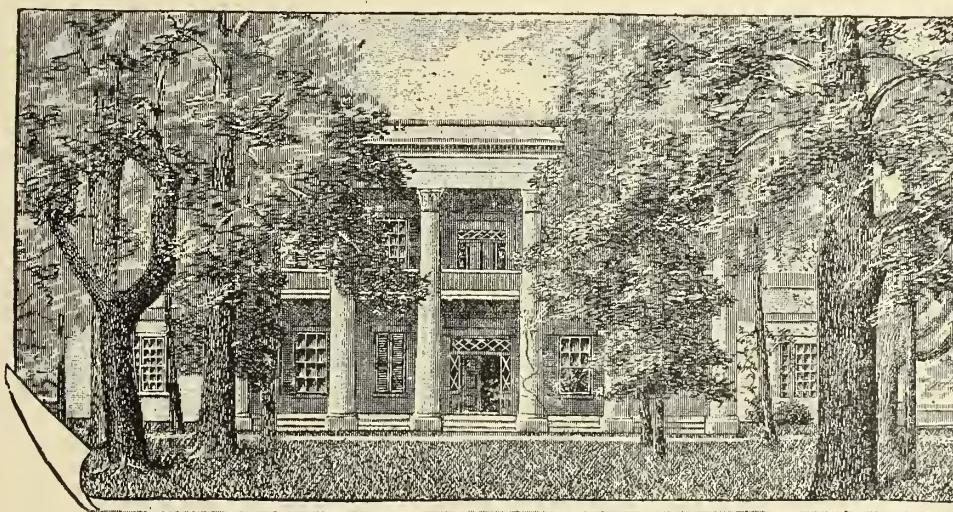
Jackson brimmed over with life and action all his days. When a lad he could run, wrestle, ride, jump, yes, and fight with the best or the worst, of the young fellows of the country. Witness the following stories:

Foot races were much in vogue at that time, a sport in which the long-limbed Jackson was formed to excel. Among the runners was one Hugh Montgomery, a man of some note in revolutionary annals, who was as remarkable for strength and bulk as Jackson was for agility. To equalize the two in a foot race, Mont-

gomery once proposed to run a quarter of a mile on these conditions. Montgomery to carry a man on his back; Jackson to give Montgomery a start of half the distance. Jackson accepted the challenge, and the absurd race was run amid the frantic laughter of half the town, Jackson winning by two or three yards. All came into the winning post in good condition, except the man whom Montgomery had carried. In his eagerness to win, Montgomery had clutched and shaken him with such violence that the man was more damaged and breathless than either of the two competitors.

of symmetry without being symmetrical. His movements and carriage were singularly graceful and dignified. In the accomplishments of his day and sphere he excelled the young men of his own circle, and was regarded by them as their chief and model. He was an exquisite horseman, as all will agree who ever saw him on horseback. Jefferson tells us that General Washington was the best horseman of his time, but he could scarcely have been a more graceful or a more daring rider than Jackson. Young Jackson loved a horse. From early boyhood to extreme old age he was the master and friend of horses. He was one of those who must own a horse, if they do not a house, an acre or a coat. Horses may be expected to play a leading part in the career of this tall young barrister.

Into the secrets of forest and frontier life Jackson was early initiated. He was used to camping out, and



"THE HERMITAGE," JACKSON'S LATER HOME.

gomery once proposed to run a quarter of a mile on these conditions. Montgomery to carry a man on his back; Jackson to give Montgomery a start of half the distance. Jackson accepted the challenge, and the absurd race was run amid the frantic laughter of half the town, Jackson winning by two or three yards. All came into the winning post in good condition, except the man whom Montgomery had carried. In his eagerness to win, Montgomery had clutched and shaken him with such violence that the man was more damaged and breathless than either of the two competitors.

#### HE WAS ALIVE TO EVERYTHING.

He had grown to be a tall fellow. He stood six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was remarkably slender for that robust age of the country, but he was also remarkably erect; so that his form had the effect

knew how to make it the most luxurious mode of passing a night known to man. He was a capital shot, and became a better one by and by. "George," his favorite servant in after years, used to point out the tree in which he had often seen his master put two successive balls into the same hole. His bodily activity, as we have seen, was unusual. He was a young man of a quick, brisk, springy step, with not a lazy bone in his body; and though his constitution was not robust, it was tough and enduring beyond that of any man of whom history gives account.

#### HE WAS A BORN LEADER.

The truth is, this young man was gifted with that mysterious, omnipotent something, which we call A PRESENCE. He was one of those who convey to strangers the impression that they are "somebody"; who

naturally, and without thinking of it, take the lead; who are invited or permitted to take it, as a matter of course. It was said of him, that if he should join a party of travelers in the wilderness, and remain with them an hour, and the party should then be attacked by Indians, he would instinctively take the command, and the company would, as instinctively, look to him for orders.

#### JACKSON'S ANSWER TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

A gentleman visiting in Missouri happened upon an old letter of General Jackson, in answer to the national institute, when it was proposed that a recently discovered sarcophagus, supposed to have once contained the remains of Emperor Marcus Aurelius, be reserved as a tomb for himself. In his letter the general said :

"I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed—I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a depository prepared for an emperor or a king; my republican principles and feelings forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions, and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions. It can only dwell with the people, the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested that when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, I may be laid, for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds, calling the dead to judgment, when we, I hope shall rise together, clothed in that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality. I am with great respect your friend and fellow-citizen,

ANDREW JACKSON."

#### JACKSON AND RUSSELL BEAN.

When Andrew Jackson was judge of the supreme court an incident occurred which illustrates the characteristics of our brave hero.

A man named Russell Bean had been indicted and was for trial. He was in the immediate vicinity of the court house, but such was the strength and ferocity of the man that the sheriff, not daring to approach him, made a return "that Russell Bean will not be taken." "He must be taken," said the judge, "and if necessary, you must summon the body of the county to your aid."

The officer retired, awaited the adjournment of the court, and summoned the judges themselves. Judge Jackson replied, "Yes, sir, I will attend you, and see that you do your duty." Learning that Bean was armed, he requested a loaded pistol, which was placed in his hand. He then said to the sheriff, "Advance and arrest him. I will protect you from harm." Bean, armed



SURRENDER OF RUSSELL BEAN.

with a dirk and brace of pistols, assumed an attitude of defiance and desperation. But as the judge advanced upon him, he began to retreat. "Stop, and obey the law," cried the intrepid magistrate. The desperate man paused, threw down his weapons, and exclaimed, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else!"



JACKSON'S TOMB.



## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[Miss Kate B. Langstroth, sixteen years of age, a member of the National Young Folks' Reading Circle, has written for me the following notes, which will be read with interest by other young readers.]

EDITOR.

FANKLIN'S father, thinking to give a tithe of his sons to the Lord, determined to make this tenth son a minister; so when eight years old, he was sent to the Grammar School, but he staid there less than a year. His father found that with his other expenses (Benjamin was one of seventeen children) he could not afford to send his son to college, so he was sent to Mr. George Brownell's school for writing and arithmetic for one year, and then taken home to assist his father in the tallow business. This trade was very distasteful to him, and his father feared that he would run away to sea, as he had several times threatened, if he was not found a more congenial trade.

After numberless discussions it was decided that Benjamin should be a printer, on account of his love of books. He was apprenticed for eight years to his brother James. He was always quarreling with his brother, and when he was seventeen he ran away from him.

He went to New York, hoping to get work from the only printer then in that city, a man named Bradford. Unfortunately for Benjamin, the man had no work for him, but he said to him, "If you will go to Philadelphia, perhaps my son, Andrew Bradford, will give you work." So he set out again, and after many hardships he reached Philadelphia, and went to the printer's office. Here, to his surprise, he found the elder Mr. Bradford. The man had made the journey on horseback, while the poor boy made it on foot.

Andrew Bradford did not need him, but the old man said that there was a new printer in town, one Keimer, whom he would take Benjamin to see. He lived at Bradford's, and worked for Keimer for several months.

His family, in all this time, knew nothing of

where he was, until one day his brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, who was master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware, heard of him and wrote, begging him to return to his parents, who had long ago forgiven him.

In answering the letter Benjamin gave his reasons for leaving Boston, and also for not returning there. It happened that when Captain Holmes received this letter he was with Sir William Keith, governor of the province. He showed him the letter and when Sir William heard how young the boy was who had written it, he was surprised. He was so much pleased with Ben that he offered to procure him the public business if his father would but set him up as a printer.

So the lad went to Boston, taking with him a letter from the governor for Mr. Franklin. The father felt that he knew his son better than did Sir William, and he answered the governor's letter very positively. So this project had to be given up, but this "man of many promises" offered to advance Benjamin the money necessary to go to England and to buy an outfit. He was to sail on the "Annis," but as it would be some months before the time of sailing, he still worked with Keimer.

From time to time he would go to Sir William for his letters of credit, but it was always, "I have been so busy, stop in the morning for them." The day came that the ship was to sail, and at the last minute Sir William's secretary went to Benjamin and told him that all the governor's letters were in a bag on board the ship, and that he would have to ask the captain for his letters.

Benjamin, nothing doubting, went to sea. When he asked the captain for his letters he was told he could not have them until the ship came into the channel. When he was allowed to open the bag he found nothing addressed to himself.

Andrew Hamilton, a lawyer, who well knew

the governor's peculiarities, chanced to have crossed on the "Annis," and he told Benjamin that Sir William, wishing to keep the favor of the people, and having nothing else to give them, gave them great expectations.

Benjamin being a good worker, and printers being scarce, had no difficulty in getting employment at Palmer's. Here he staid for nearly a year, and then went to Watts', in the hope of bettering himself. Here he staid till he left London for America, at twenty years of age.

It would be hard to tell when Franklin ceased to be a boy. As fond of fun as any lad, he still would rather read than engineer the most daring piece of mischief.

When he was a little fellow of seven, his friends, upon a holiday, filled his pocket with coppers. He started out immediately to buy a toy. On his way to the toy-shop he met a boy blowing a whistle. He offered the boy all his pennies for it, and went home well pleased with his bargain.

He went whistling through the house, disturbing everybody, but himself delighted with the noise he made. His relatives, knowing what he had paid for it, said, "You have given four times too much for your whistle."

That made him think of how many things he could have bought with his money, and he was so vexed that he burst out crying. This taught him a lesson, and often in after life, when he was tempted to buy something that he did not need, he would say to himself, "Don't pay too dear for the whistle."

A great many troubles that people have in this world arise from the fact that they do not put the right value on things; or, in other words, give too much for the whistle.

Franklin wrote, as a boy, for his brother's paper, the "New England Courant." When he was in London the first time, he set up the type of a second edition of Wollaston's "Religion of Nature," which led to his writing "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." He afterwards became ashamed of the doctrines he had thus expressed.

As editor of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," his success both as printer and journalist was assured. He published "Poor Richard's Almanac" for twenty-five years. It attained an annual sale of ten thousand copies and was the most widely-read book in America. In a paper which he wrote, "On the Peopling of Countries," he estimated that the population of the colonies would double every twenty-five years, which has since been verified by the census.

After the death of George II, the people clamored for peace, but Franklin was for a vigorous prosecution of the war then pending with France. For this end he wrote, "On the means of Disposing the Enemy to Peace," which purported to be a chapter from an old book written by a Spanish Jesuit.

"The Interests of Great Britain considered with regard to her Colonies and the Acquisitions of Canada and Guadelope," had great effect in determining the ministry to retain what is to-day one of the brightest jewels in the English crown, Canada.

"Information to those who would remove to America," "New Treatise on Privateering," "Essay on Raising the Wages in Europe by the American Revolution," "The Story of the Whistle," and his public and private correspondence kept the world constantly talking about him.

His autobiography, which covers three hundred octavo pages only, is the largest thing he ever wrote, and like the rest of his writings, it is as much read to-day as ever it was.

Franklin's services as a statesman are unnumbered. From the time that his plan for colonial defense was found more practicable than any other, until his death, nothing was too serious for his undertaking.

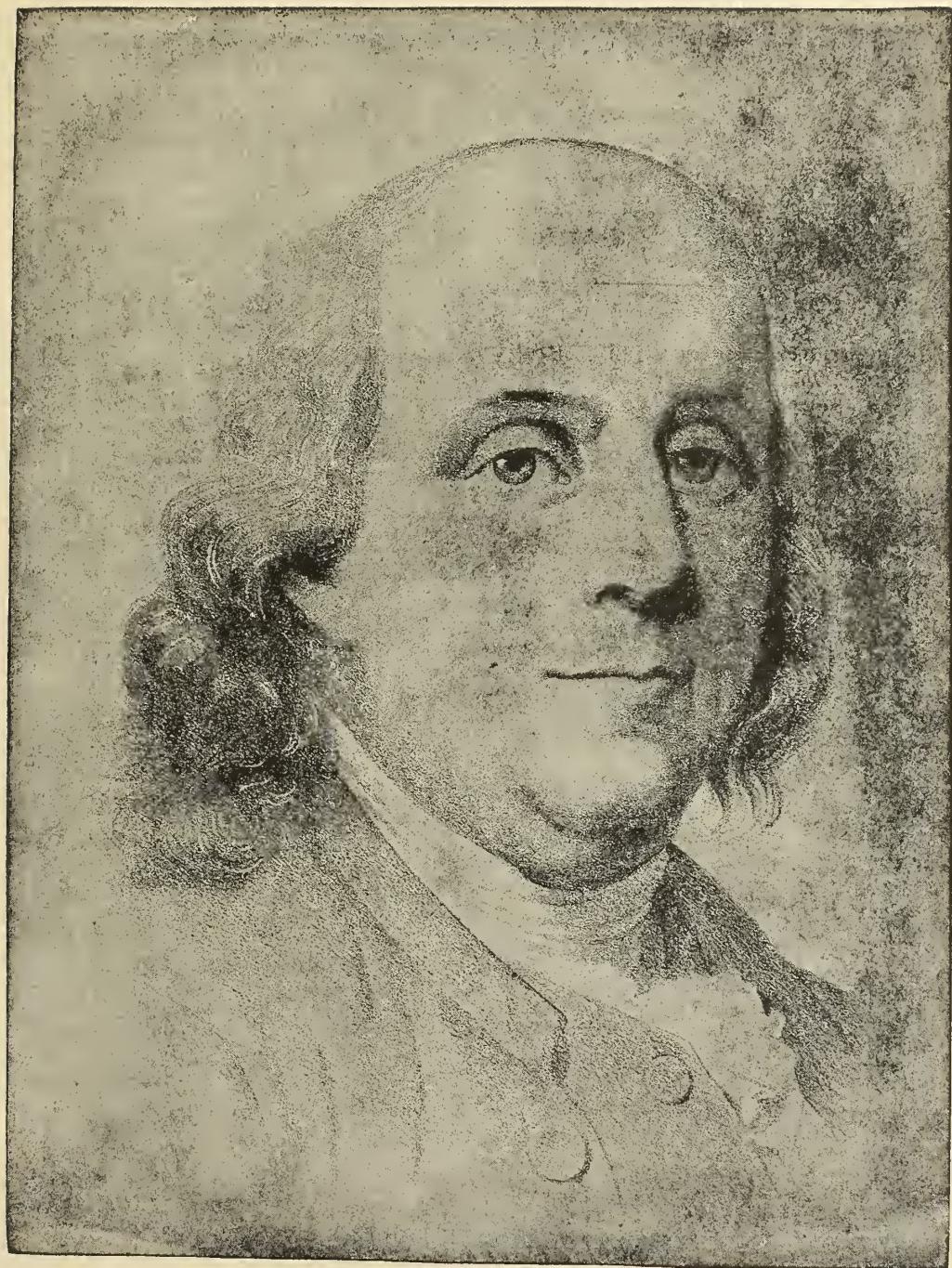
In 1757 he was sent to England to petition the king against the proprietaries, Thomas and Richard Penn, who with "incredible manners" had instructed their deputies to levy no tax unless in the same act their vast estates should be exempt. In this commission Franklin was largely successful.

Again he was sent to England, this time to petition the king for a change of government. In this he was unsuccessful. Then came the Stamp Act. He left no stone unturned to get this unfortunate bill repealed, but, as he wrote to a friend, "The tide was against us."

The first six weeks of the session of Parliament which began in December, 1765, were devoted to taking evidence upon American affairs. Burke said that to see Franklin cross-examined by that court reminded him of a master examined by a parcel of school boys. The refusal of the Stamp Act was a never-to-be-forgotten triumph for Franklin.

Parliament made sourer but not wiser by its recent experience almost immediately brought in a bill imposing a duty on paper, paints, glass, etc.

In 1775 Franklin returned to America thoroughly discouraged, and all hope of peace that he might have had was dispelled by the news he received of the battles of Concord and Lexington,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

fought two weeks before he landed. The very day of his landing he was elected to sit in the continental congress. Here he served on ten committees. He planned an appeal to the king of France for aid. He was one of three commissioners sent to Canada to try to persuade the Canadians to join the new union. He was one of the committee of five who drew up the Declaration of Independence. He was selected by congress to discuss terms of peace with Admiral Lord Howe, who had been sent from England to take command of the English ships.

In September, 1776, he was sent to the French court, and in the winter of 1777 he obtained a treaty of alliance. A few months later he signed the treaties which bound the two countries to mutual friendship and defense. From the early part of 1779 until the close of the war it was Franklin's chief duty to encourage the French government to supply the colonists with money. His whole conduct while in France was a marvel of diplomacy.

At the close of the war he went to England, where he negotiated the peace. When he returned to America he was made postmaster-general of Philadelphia. In spite of all he had done for it, his country did not seem to realize that he was now an old man, nor that he needed rest after all his labors. And thus he served his country until his death, in 1790.

His wisdom was not what might be learned in books. Nobody could have taught him the many wise things which he said in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Franklin's life teaches us—

To make the most of our advantages.

To persevere even when everything seems to be against us.

Not to seek for glory, as it is sure to follow successful efforts.

How much we can accomplish by perseverance and industry.

### OUR LINCOLN'S ACT IMMORTAL

[Jan. 1, 1863.]

BY BENONI-BENJAMIN.

**O**UR Lincoln's act immortal!  
In every land and tongue,  
Wherever man loves fellow-man,  
His praises will be sung.  
All power and pelf that end in self  
Are naught but vanity;  
They crown themselves with immortelles  
Who serve humanity.

How glorious the sight  
The Ages all can see—  
He rises to the height  
Of God's eternal right  
And sets four million free!

For centuries of bondage  
And unrequited toil  
The judgments of the Lord are true—  
Our blood has drenched the soil.  
But now success our arms will bless,  
The captive shall go free,  
And Slavery's host, with all its boast,  
Go down in war's red sea.

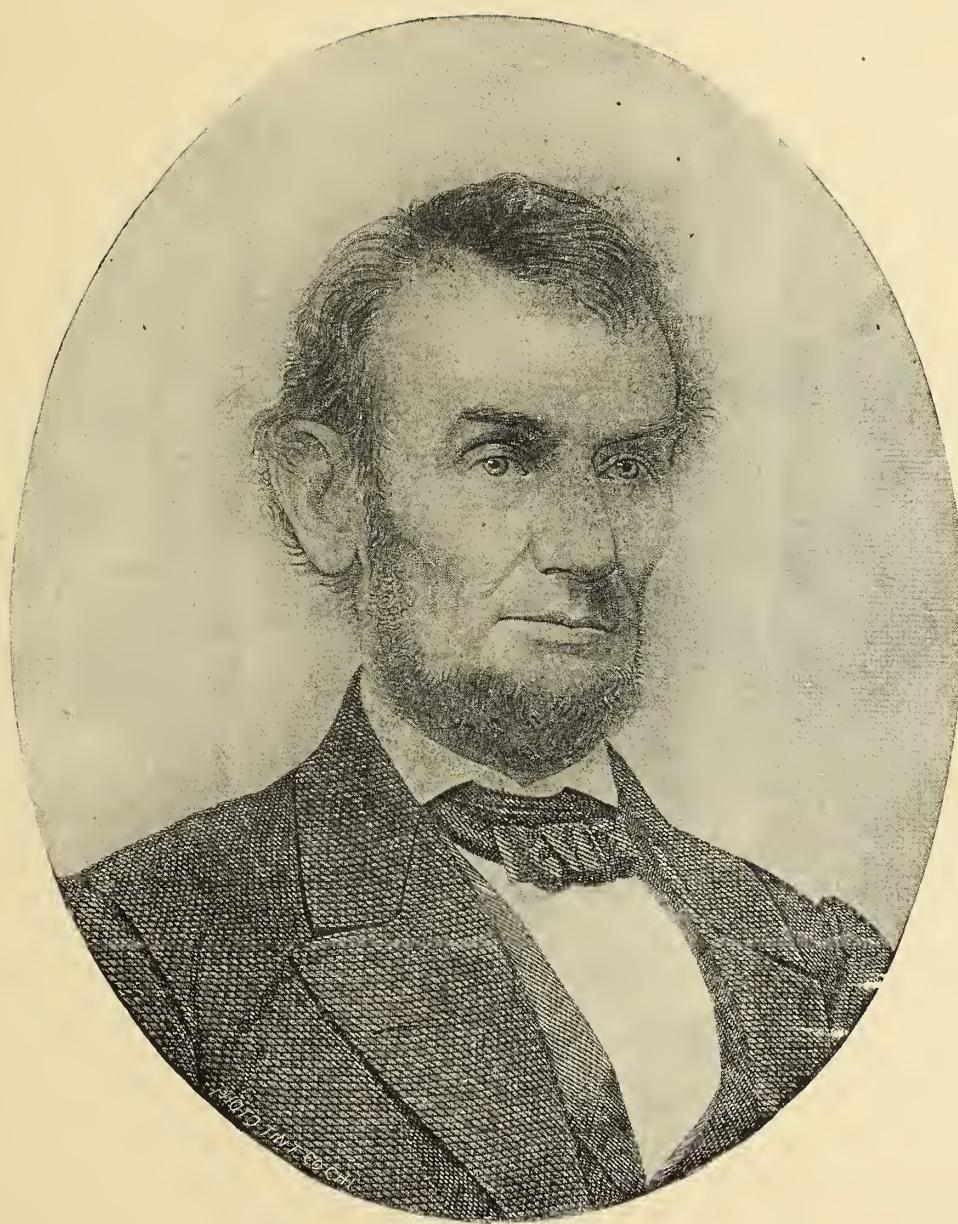
Let Liberty's old bell  
Awake the morning breeze—  
To all the good news tell  
That not a slave shall dwell  
Between our ocean seas!

Dusk mothers, clasp your children,  
And husbands, claim your wives;  
The auction-block has power no more  
To separate your lives.  
No more you'll tread the wine-press red  
Of Egypt's cruelty;  
The other side of Jordan's tide  
Your heritage shall be.

Sing praises unto God,  
A song of jubilee—  
Led through the sea dry-shod,  
The wilderness all trod,  
The promised land you see!

No longer scoffs the Old World  
At freedom in the New.  
This New Year's morn rounds out the truth  
The fathers had in view,  
Our standard sheet is emblem meet  
Of human liberty,  
For all the souls beneath its folds  
With freemen shall be free.

All hail the vision bright,  
A people truly free—  
Where none can take by might  
From others any right  
They for themselves decree!



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



## GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

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BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON, A. M.

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THE Marquis de LaFayette, a Frenchman was also one of the best of Americans. He was born Sept. 6th, 1757, in Amergue, France, child of a famous old family. At thirteen years of age he was left an orphan. At sixteen he was married, wedding the daughter of one the oldest and most important families in the kingdom. A great fortune came to him and a great opportunity to do good with it soon opened. Very little is reported about his childhood. He appears to have been a man very early. Not quite nineteen years old when the Americans declared their Independence of England, he resolved at once to cross the ocean and help our fathers in the fight for their liberties. His friends opposed him, thinking the plan wild and rash. But LaFayette was determined and pushed the matter till the Count de Broglie consented to introduce him to Baron DeKalb, who was about sailing to America to aid our cause. Just then bad news came across the water. The Americans had lost the bloody battle of Long Island; they had been forced out of New York city,

and matters looked dark for the struggling patriots.

Even Benjamin Franklin advised the youth not to leave France, while the king told him he should not be allowed to go. So LaFayette resolved to run away, for fight he would for American Independence.

He bought a ship with his own money, invited friends to sail with him and made ready for the fight. The King stopped him, shut him up and sent orders to have the ship seized.

But LaFayette slipped out of prison in another man's clothes, the ship was gotten off to Spain, where its owner went on board her, after a journey of much risk, and away he went across the blue Atlantic, chased by two British men-of-war that never came up with him. The gallant boy landed safely near Georgetown, South Carolina, two months after leaving Spain, running a dangerous voyage. He made haste to Philadelphia, met the United States Congress there in session, and offered to serve as a soldier under its direction,

without pay, as a volunteer. It was the most generous act any foreigner had done since the great struggle had commenced, and all hearts were moved by the noble offer of the young enthusiast. Congress promptly and thankfully accepted the offer, voting him the rank and commission of a Major General of the United States. The entire nation was touched by so noble a spirit, and the young foreigner became at once the admired favorite of the people. He was presented to Washington and immediately won that great man's heart. He was

A wonderful case! The boy of twenty a Major General and close companion of the greatest man of his age! But the fresh heart of the youth, his sincerity and unselfishness, his great good sense, and his passionate love for liberty, made it quite natural. No one could help loving and admiring the charming young enthusiast, who had given up so much for others, and who was plainly ready to lose his life, if necessary, to serve the need of the friends of human freedom. No native American had ever done more than this warm-hearted visitor.



LA FAYETTE IN HIS YOUTH.

invited to become one of the General's family, an invitation he joyfully accepted, feeling to the full the great honor it conferred, and counting it a high privilege to live near the noblest soldier of the century.

As all the world knows, this was the beginning of one of the most famous friendships of history. This French lad was twenty-five years younger than the Commander who took him to his heart, but the love between the two was that of brothers, and the trust they gave each the other was perfect. They were bound together in a flawless union till death came between them.

Soon he was in the thick of battle, where he showed himself as brave as he was generous. During the bloody struggle at the Brandywine, September, 1777, only two months after joining the army, he fought with splendid courage and skill under the hottest fire of the British. He was shot in the leg and gladly saw his blood flowing for the good cause.

The army was delighted with its brilliant hero. Washington was proud of him; the whole country praised him. So well had he carried himself that Washington did not hesitate to recommend Congress to give him a command of troops, corres-

## GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

ponding to the military title already accorded him. This Congress promptly voted as suggested, and La Fayette at twenty years of age was made the happiest person on the continent by becoming actual commander of a splendid division of American soldiers. Born of a military race the instincts of a soldier were in him. He loved the excitements of camp and field and was eager at the sight of battle.

New Jersey hills a few miles away, and praised warmly both the valor and the wisdom of the young general of twenty years.

He fought brilliantly in several other battles, always doing forceful service for the patriot side. He gave freely of his money to clothe, feed and comfort the struggling soldiers of America. It is probable that no man born in any of the thirteen colonies gave so much to the cause of American



LA FAYETTE IN MATURE YEARS.

He soon showed that he could lead men well amid danger. Not far from Valley Forge, at a point called Baner Hill, he was unexpectedly beset by a British force several times as large as his own, which consisted of about fifteen hundred men. With remarkable coolness he led his entire command out of the trap laid for him, exposed for an hour to death, but never an instant hesitating what to do, and at each move doing exactly the right thing. Washington saw the affair from the

liberty as did this loving stranger from France, who came here with his large heart and long purse to help us through to national independence.

We have not here the time nor space to tell half the story of La Fayette's eventful life. It was all of a kind in one important respect—it never failed in love. He always did what he could to bless his fellow men. He was willing to sacrifice, suffer, die, if he might only do good.

After he had seen our great revolutionary war

through and knew that America was safe and free he went home to France. Here he was the best and best loved friend of liberty his excited country ever possessed during the terrible years that followed. His splended conduct in this country had made him known to all the world. It was enough to give him fame forever; that he was the chosen and endeared companion of our great Washington. Such an honor all men knew was impossible had not the young Frenchman been one of the purest and truest of his race. He was trusted therefore by all the friends of freedom.

He began at once to labor for the doing away with slavery in all the French colonies. He freed and educated all the negroes who had been bequeathed to him at his mother's death.

Soon he was wanted in the public work of his nation. The people were about ready to do away with the old institutions of their fathers. There were great wrongs to be gotten rid of, bad men to be put away, burdens to be lifted from the necks of the common people, cruelty and pride to be punished.

The millions called for a good man and La Fayette appeared. He was made the head of the peoples' army, called the National Guards. He was now but thirty-two years old, yet the head of the fighting force of a great nation. The troubles of the land threatened. The multitude grew wild with the new life of universal rights. Order and reason in a few years were swept away, and instead of freedom came fury and destruction.

La Fayette was carried on the storm for a time, struggling mightly to guide it, and bring the mad people back to a wiser mind; but in 1792 he was force to fly from France to save his life. The Austrians seized him, and hurled him into prison. For five shameful years he lived a captive, ill-fed, ill-treated, and without a pretense of justice.

Napoleon released him in 1797. He lived in France from 1799 till 1834, a citizen beloved by all. He was much in public life during his later days, a trusted servant of the people. He plainly cared for the good opinion of his fellow men but he as plainly better cared to deserve that good opinion. There is not an instance from first to last of his busy life of seventy-four years, where

he did a wrong to the slightest creature. On the contrary he did well to those who wrought him ill, and sought to overcome evil with good.

In 1824 he revisited the land he had so generously fought for almost fifty years before. The whole nation rose up to do him reverence. Every where the people gathered by thousands when he halted for a day to receive and give the tokens of the mutual love that moved the spirit of a free people and one of the greatest of their deliverers. Congress voted the distinguished guest two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land, an enormous gift after the money standard of the time.

La Fayette returned to France full of joy at the evidence of the permanence of the freedom he had helped to establish, and the prosperity of the people of this great republic. Ten years later he died, lamented by all the friends of humanity throughout civilized nations.

America mourned him with the deepest sorrow. He was as dear to us as the noblest of our own sons. He was an American in all that gives value to the name. His heart throbbed with quick sympathy with all that tended to human welfare, to lighten the load of the poor, to dispel the darkness of the ignorant, to lessen the misfortunes of the many, and to insure justice and a good life to every son and daughter of God. This is the substance and soul of the idea which makes one an American, live he where may, for Americanism is not geography, something that is shut into this western continent, but it is a principle—the principle that makes men truly free themselves, and lovers of the freedom of others. That is why our glorious La Fayette, a Frenchman, a titled foreigner, who was born and who died under the rule of a king, was yet a true and noble American.

#### ANECDOTES OF LA FAYETTE.

Many a story is told of the generosity of our La Fayette. He was a veritable Great Heart. He never saw a trouble he was not anxious to relieve, and never failed to do good to the needy when it was in his power to do it. Witness the following instances:

#### LA FAYETTE AND THE SORROWING SOLDIER.

At a time when his liberality had so reduced his funds that he was obliged to write to France to procure supplies,

ae, one day, while inspecting the camp, perceived a man miserably dressed, seated at the foot of a tree, his face covered with his hands, and his elbows resting on his knees, so profoundly immersed in melancholy that he did not hear the approach of the general.

La Fayette stopped some minutes to observe him, and hearing him sigh, inquired the cause of his grief, with a tone of voice and sweetness peculiar to himself.

The man informed him that he had recently joined the army, and had left a young wife and two little children, who depended entirely on his industry for their support and that the forlorn condition of his family did not allow him a moments peace. The general inquired his address and told him not to distress himself as he would provide for his family. It is hardly necessary to add that this promise was faithfully kept.

#### A SALARY REFUSED.

Our hero set an example to all public officers by his unselfishness in serving the nation.

During the French revolution, when the commune of Paris insisted on his acceptance of its emoluments as commander-in-chief of the national guard, which he refused to accept, he used to them the following language: "If I required pecuniary assistance, I would have demanded it; but, at this time when the sufferings of our citizens, and the necessary expenditures are so great, I cannot consent to increase them. My fortune is sufficient for the station which I hold."

#### THE IRISH PATRIOT RELIEVED.

He suffered with the suffering and gave freely for other's good.

Early in the year 1780, a young native of Ireland was compelled to leave Ireland in consequence of his patriotic zeal in favor of the freedom and independence of his country, and he retired to Paris, where he met with the General de la Fayette. The patriotic exile of Erin subsequently returned to his country, established a newspaper, was dragged before the Irish house of commons for his ardor in the cause of oppressed Ireland, and ultimately felt himself compelled to emigrate to the United States, after undergoing a most vexations and expensive prosecution. He arrived at Philadelphia in the year 1784, in company with a gentleman who had a letter of introduction to General Washington. This gentleman proceeded to Mount Vernon, where he found La Fayette. The latter inquired about his young Irish acquaintance, whose examination before the house of commons had been published in the American papers. He was informed that the persecuted Irishman had arrived in Philadelphia.

A few days later La Fayette visited that city, and sent for the gentleman for whom he had evinced so much solicitude. An interview took place. The general asked many questions, and, among others, what his young friend intended to do in this country?

He replied that as soon as he received funds from Ireland it was his intention to establish a newspaper.

The next morning the Irish gentleman received a polite note from La Fayette, enclosing *four hundred dollars* in notes of the bank of North America, without any explanation of its object. The grateful stranger hastened to the lodgings of the general to express his feelings on the occasion; but the benevolent hero had taken departure from the city, on his way to New York to embark for Europe.

With the money thus received a paper was forthwith established; and, after years of laborious, honorable and patriotic exertions, the Irish gentleman, who, from adverse events in Ireland, never received the expected remittance from that country, attained a degree of respectability, wealth and eminence, no less useful to the public than creditable to himself.

#### THE WOUNDED OFFICER SAVED.

La Fayette was one of the bravest of men, but he never let a chance to do a kind act go unimproved.

At Green Spring, Virginia, La Fayette dashed into the fire of Cornwallis' infantry, and met with Captain Doyle, of the Third Pennsylvania regiment, wounded in the leg, and leaning against a tree.

The general ordered his servant to dismount, and dismounting himself, placed Doyle on his attendant's horse. While he was assisting him to mount, the wounded officer received a musket ball in his left shoulder. But the gallant La Fayette did not leave him till he saw him in a place of safety, and thus saved the life of one the bravest captains of the Pennsylvania line.

#### LA FAYETTE'S MORAL COURAGE WHILE A PRISONER.

When our hero was first imprisoned by the Austrians in the fortress at Olmutz he was confined in a spacious apartment.

Soon afterward the officer in charge bade him pass into another room. "For what purpose?" firmly asked La Fayette. "That your irons may be put on," replied the officer somewhat sharply. "Your Emperor has not given you such an order," said the noble prisoner. "Beware of doing more than he requires and displeasing him by an excessive and ill-timed zeal."

Struck by these words the officer was led to reflect, and insisted no further.

#### LA FAYETTE'S CHEERFULNESS UNDER TRIAL.

One day the officer of the guard who was present during his mid-day meal, and who observed that he was compelled to take his food in his fingers, for lack of a knife and fork, asked him if that mode of taking food was not new to him. "O no," coolly replied the captive general, "I have seen it employed among the Iroquois of America."

#### LA FAYETTE A FATHER TO THE POOR.

To the needy of his acquaintances La Fayette's benevolence was unbounded.

Every Monday, at his chateau, or country residence, two hundred pounds of bread, baked on his farm for this express purpose, were freely distributed to the poor of the district. The bread was not of the inferior sort common among the peasantry, but it was of the same quality as that used at the tables of the rich. In times of general destitution the weekly amount distributed was increased to six hundred pounds, and the generous donor became known as "The Father of the Poor."

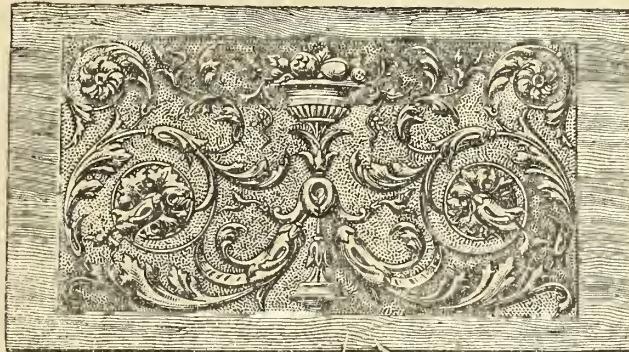
#### HIS GOODNESS TO HIS ENEMY.

La Fayette wishing on one occasion to purchase a small amount of land from a peasant, whose property adjoined his own estate, was compelled to pay many times the worth of the lot secured. Our friend submitted to the

injustice and paid the exorbitant sum without complaint.

Not long after, the dishonest peasant, while stealing wood from a fine grove belonging to La Fayette, fell from a tree and broke his thigh. The case proved a very serious one. La Fayette on hearing of the affair sent a physician to care for the wounded man, at his own expense. Later he had the man taken to Paris for treatment and paid for his keeping in one of the great hospitals there during the period of six months.

Remonstrated with for treating an unworthy man with such unmerited kindness, La Fayette said, "No matter, if I do him good he may feel his injustice to me, and regret his inaction. At any rate it will not harm me to be his friend.



# MRS. CELIA THaxter.

FROM "POETS' HOMES."

BY PERMISSION OF AND ARRANGEMENT WITH D. LOTHROP COMPANY.

THE great sea was her beloved companion. She passionately loved the sky and clouds and stars, and the sun that made glory in the east and west, the changing moon, the streaming northern lights—the very winds seemed human things, that laughed or played with, that chided or caressed her. The waves that whitened the sea, and that broke madly on the bleached rocks, filled her with delight. The thunder, the lightning and the rain; every bird that floated over, whether sandpiper, gull, the sparrow or the loon, every sail that glided across, thrilled her with glad interest. Ah! this was a brave, fearless and joyous little girl.

Under the lighthouse no sweetbrier grew,  
Dry was the grass, and no daisies  
Waved in the wind, and the flowers were few  
That lifted their delicate faces.

But O, she was happy, and careless and blest,  
Full of the song-sparrow's spirit;  
Grateful for life, for the least and the best  
Of the blessings that mortals inherit.

That wee bit of rock in mid-ocean was no prison to her, but a most dear and wonderful home. Every inch of it was most precious. There were shells, white and gray, and gold-colored and violet. Myriads of many-colored creatures and plants inhabited the still pools. Much tenderness she felt for these, wondrous and beautiful as they are, that dwell each in its own peculiar fashion, among the rocks. Their wisdom was more amusing than the best game ever played. Then there was always something new appearing—if but the coming and going of the tide, or the drift wood washed ashore from some sad wreck or far-off coast.

Here, too, a few flowers and grasses grew. There was one root of fern that she watched and cherished year after year. She gathered the

golden rod, and crowned herself with garlands of wild pink morning glories, or with a crown of marigolds that grew on her wee plat of ground; and the gold-colored shells were strung into necklaces like beads. So adorned, and lithe and



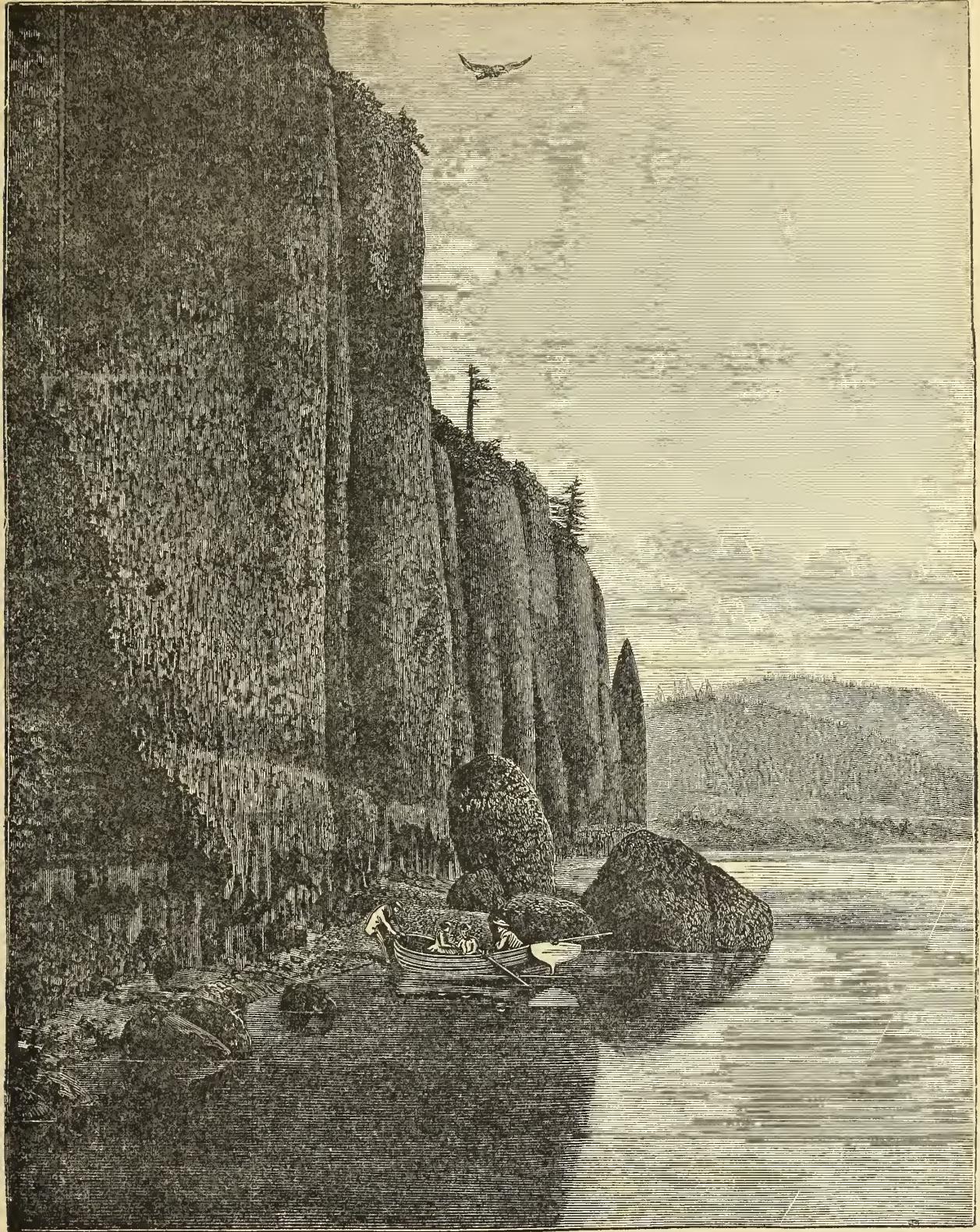
*Celia Thaxter.*

graceful as a fawn, she flitted from rock to rock, the sprite of an enchanted island.

The picture is before us in this song:

## THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little Sandpiper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered drift wood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit—  
One little Sandpiper and I.



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
 Scud black and swift across the sky;  
 Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds,  
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.  
 Almost as far as eye can reach,  
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
 As fast we flit along the beach—  
 One little Sandpiper and I.  
 I watch him as he skims along,  
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
 He starts not at my fitful song,  
 Or flash of fluttering drapery.

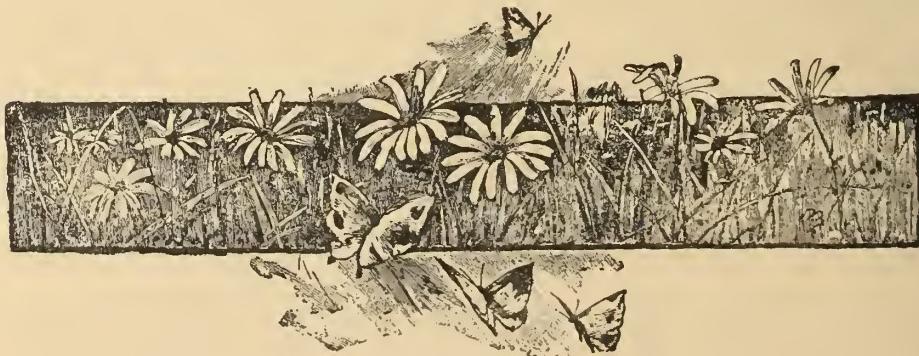
He has no thought of any wrong;  
 He scans me with a fearless eye;  
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong.  
 The little Sandpiper and I.  
 Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
 My drift wood fire will burn so bright;  
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
 The tempest rushes through the sky;  
 For are we not God's children both,  
 Thou, little Sandpiper, and I?

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SALLIE P. SHIELDS

Sleep, baby, sleep! thy Heavenly Father kind  
 Sends the moon, and stars, thro' the great blue sky,  
 And his angels to watch where the babies lie.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! and when the night is gone,  
 He will send the moon and the stars to bed.  
 And open the babies' eyes instead.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!





MAMMA'S PET

# THOMAS HART BENTON, PATRIOT AND SENATOR.

1782-1856.

MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

THOMAS HART BENTON – hero and patriot, a brave and good and mighty man!

It will do to begin our story with strong words, for the manly son of North Carolina whose name we have just used, was as true a friend to his native land as ever proudly called himself an American.

Like a good many others who have done much for our common country, he was born in a little place, among plain people. Hillsboro, North Carolina, was the village that welcomed him to earthly being, March 14th, 1782. His arrival made no excitement outside the house and hearts of his parents. The mother was happy, the father proud, for the new comer was fair and strong, and began life with might and main; it was plain at the start that this pushing little youngster would not fail to get to the front wherever he might be placed. It chanced that Daniel Webster was born in the same year with Benton: both became prodigious men, and they had many a stout struggle with each other over political questions, but they were always on the same side as to our glorious UNION, and either of them would have been willing to die at a moment's notice to save the Nation.

Benton's father was an educated man; unhappily he died during the childhood of his son, though not too soon to have impressed the child with the value of books. The mother was a Virginian of superior intelligence, and beautiful in soul as in person. Her influence with her sturdy son was very great, and lasted, a boundless blessing, through all the seventy-six vigorous years of his notable life. The man held womanhood sacred. To know that a woman was wronged or neglected, roused his fierce anger. He was a husband in whom his wife could glory; true and tender in his home,

pure in thought and in conduct loyal, he made the marriage state divine, and showed that while he was wholly devoted to the public service he was no less consecrated to private virtue. For the last ten years of her life his wife was a helpless invalid. The chivalric husband, the busiest man at Washington, gave every instant that official duty spared him, to the sufferer; he made her sick-room his study, he did all his writing near her bedside, filling the home with cheerfulness and courage. He made the weary woman happy, amid her pain, and exultant over trial that was crowned with the glory of a strong man's love. Nothing but stern duty could call him from his place in that sacred room; he gave up all the demands of society and lived solely for his country and his home, a shining example for public men in every generation and in all nations.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Benton was a soft man, because he knew how to be gentle to woman and true to his home. Nobody had more iron in his nerve than he, or enjoyed hard fighting better. He was one of the ablest, as he was one of the most enthusiastic fighters the United States has ever seen. He loved conflict, and was never contented if he had not some important cause to do battle for.

He came of a powerful and warlike race. The hill people of the Middle and Southern states of our Union, have been from the first, a fearless and self-reliant stock, a mixture of English, Scotch and Irish blood, with an addition of Huguenot and stout German fibre. They had in them the stuff that makes fierce soldiers and conquering armies. They did not mind grappling with life on its roughest side. They pushed into the wilderness west of them, and conquered success against

the distresses of the wilderness, and the ferocity of the wild men who met them with the tomahawk. They made the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—rugged and coarse society where homes were humble, manners quite wanting, learning unborn, courage universal, class differences undreamed of. All they did was done without qualification. They were furious in their religion, and monstrous in their fun. They loved a brave man and despised a polished one. They admired a preacher whose fist was hard and whose sermon was hot. They believed in statesmen who could and would knock an opponent down if necessary, to convince him he was on the wrong side. They were not bad people—only rough, violent and untrained, and they *were* patriotic, believing that America was the most glorious country on earth, and the “Union” worth the best blood of humanity. Hundreds of thousands of their sons fought for the Stars and Stripes from '61 to '65—all the way from Fort Donaldson to Savannah. Thomas Benton had all the good qualities of these vigorous people among whom he was born, some of them bad ones, and in addition a great deal of learning—here was the make-up for a hero, and a hero indeed, was made from it.

For a few years he attended the University of North Carolina, but broke off from school when his mother moved into the wilds of Tennessee, not far from Nashville, where the family started a town, and called it by their name. But Benton, with a passion for knowledge, went straight on studying by himself, read law, history, science, general literature—Latin and English, and became a superior scholar, acquiring immense knowledge of the thoughts and deeds of men in all ages of the world. He studied most deeply the story of his own country from the beginning, and learned all that was to be found about the meaning of our national institutions and the actual state of the country in his own time.

His industry was never surpassed. He took an almost fierce delight in work. His big healthy body was always ready for use, and it never seemed to tire, however fast and far he may send it on the heavy tasks he planned, and carried through. A thousand times, in his public career, he

toiled all night and then battled all day, with a score of political enemies upon him, resolved to crush him—a wonderful man, always eager, always ready, never discouraged and never idle.

Of course he had a hot temper; such men invariably are human volcanoes and discharge sudden fire, now and then. When he was young, he quarreled at times, violently, as was to be expected. Andrew Jackson and he nearly killed each other at Nashville in an angry brawl in 1813; both men were hot heads, but afterward became the closest friends. In 1817 he fought a ruffian, named Lucas, who had sworn to kill him, but the would-be murderer fell dead from the aim of a better man. Nobody blamed Benton for taking the life of the educated savage, who meant to be his assassin.

Benton was a slave-holder, but was opposed to slavery, believing it an evil, wishing it extinguished, but like many others of his time and section, seeing no way in which the states it cursed, could rid themselves of it. He labored with a warm heart to lessen the evil where it existed, and fought against spreading it further, opposing with all his might the attempt to open the territories to the “peculiar institution” and to bring in new states with slavery adhering to them. Yet a young man, he pushed a law through the legislature of Tennessee, giving to the Negro slave the same right with a white man, of a trial before a jury when charged with a like offense. He held that the African race was inferior to the American, and therefore needed protection from the state more than did the white man. He was the natural friend of the weak and undefended, and he treated what few slaves he had, more as if they were his children, rather than his property.

Benton was as honest, as he was brave and generous. He hated a lie with all his burning soul. His public service kept him poor in pocket, because he was too rich in self-respect and in respect for the people who had given their interests in his hands, to make any money for himself. He practiced the precept of his personal friend and political enemy, Daniel Webster, “The man who enters public life, takes the vow of poverty, to the religious observance of which he is sacredly

bound so long as he remains in office." He would have nothing to do with any business that might possibly be brought before Congress for legislation, though great chances were offered him, for he insisted that a law-maker must be free from all temptation to make laws in his own favor. For thirty years a Senator of the United States from Missouri, he laid down that august office, with no more property than on the day when he first assumed it.

Of course, he was a *man of convictions*, and of course, too, every conviction carried his whole soul in it. Such men as he never do anything whatever by halves, if it is no more than to insist that twelve inches make a foot. Existence is a reality worth living, the whole of it, with all one's heart. Fortunately, his beliefs were generally good and sound.

He believed in *honest money*, that would pay debts at the rate of a hundred cents on the dollar, so that people who worked hard should get all they earned, and receive all they paid for. He said so much and fought so stoutly to get this matter right, and so save his countrymen from being cheated by paper bills that were not worth as much as they claimed on their faces, that he was nicknamed, "Old Bullion," *i.e.* the man who believed that *coin* paid debts better than paper promises that had nothing but themselves to back them up. He was exceedingly proud of this title, which he held to be a tribute to his good-sense, no less than to his good conscience.

He believed that Americans had a right to America, to the *whole of it*. He was in favor of *one people*, from end to end of the great continent, believing that it was better for the nation and the world, that there should not be a number of separate and jealous nations, occupying the land. He was sure that more happiness and virtue would follow if a common interest held all together, than if the people were divided in their allegiance among rival and unfriendly powers. He wanted Texas and New Mexico, and California and Oregon, and all the Pacific coast up to Alaska—not because he was greedy for territory, but because he felt that popular government was good for all men, and that Mexican anarchy was good for nobody, and that it was not good for the people

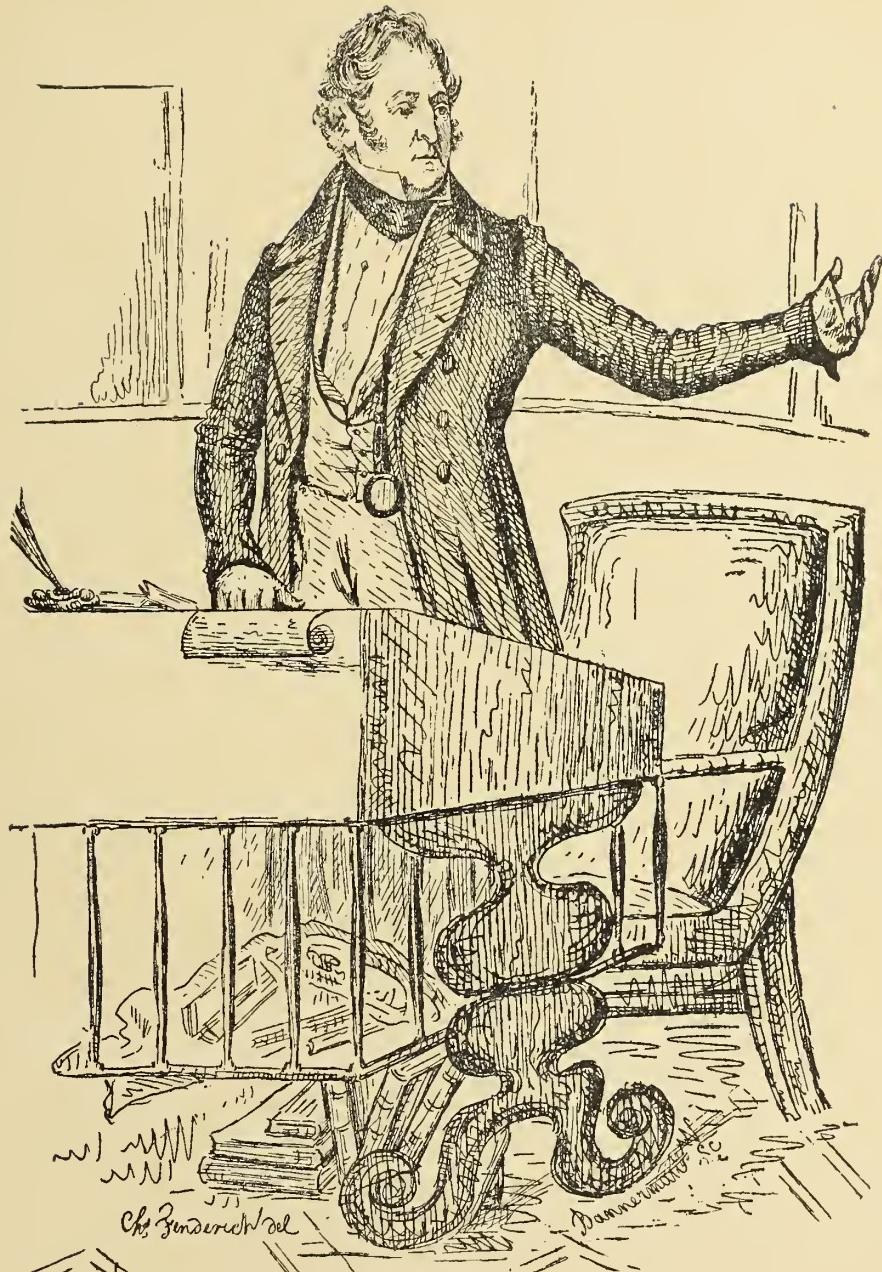
in the great Northwest, to be subjects of different governments, instead of loving a common flag, and joining to make a common history. This was undoubtedly a just conviction; it is a pity that it could not have been carried out, and that the Stars and Stripes do not float to-day from the Gulf of California to Behring's Straits.

Benton believed warmly, joyously, immovably in his country—in its institutions, its people and its mighty destiny. He was as sure, as he was of the daily sunrise, that here was to be the mightiest nation that the world had ever seen or ever would see; that there would be more millions of humanity and of a better and happier sort, than any other continent could ever show. He was proud of the land as God made it, proud of its history as man made it, proud of its present as he saw it, and as confident of its sublime future as if he already were living in the great ages still unborn.

He would listen to no proposition in public or private that could in any way hint at a possible weakening of the ties that bound the different states together. He was angry at the Abolitionists, not because they were against Negro slavery, for he did not love slavery himself, but because he felt that these zealous people were putting the Union in danger. He was fierce against the extreme Pro Slavery men of the South for the same reason, and he would have had every slave in the land set free in an instant, rather than see the Nation he loved, split in two.

When the great struggle began between freedom and the proud slaveholding power, for the final possession of our America, Benton took sides with all his vehement nature for the Union, that is to say, for freedom. This made him a thousand bitter enemies. No matter! he was ready and glad to be the enemy of any and all men who were dangerous to the Union. He was not afraid of them, nor respectful to them, nor in the least concerned as to what they thought of him.

In 1851, after thirty years of splendid service in the United States Senate, a longer term than any other American had served in that great assembly, he was thrust out of it by his political enemies, who were resolved that no man should go



Thomas H. Benton

THOMAS H. BENTON, ADDRESSING THE UNITED STATES SENATE, 1838.

there from Missouri, who did not hold the preservation and the propagation of the Institution of Slavery to be more important than any other interest in the nation, even than the very continuance of that Nation.

Benton, proud of defeat on such an issue, then ran for Congress, and was chosen to the Lower House, as a "Union Democrat," in 1852, when seventy years old. As vigorous as ever, he worked night and day, made great speeches, fought everybody and everything unfriendly to the Union, and was the wisest man in Congress just then, seeing more clearly than any one else there, the danger of the time and the final coming of civil war.

In 1854 the Missouri disunionists defeated him for Congress. This did not disturb him, nor that he failed to be chosen Governor of Missouri the next Autumn, for he knew it was his loyalty to our common country that sent him back to pri-

vate life. He lived till April 10th, 1858, a busy man to the last. During the latest year of his useful life, he produced two great works of immense value to the patriotic student, rich contributions to the story of the nation—"A Thirty Years View of the United States Senate," and "Abridgement of the Debates of Congress from 1787-1856," in sixteen volumes.

When he died, the people of Missouri, forgetting everything but the man's nobility and his lifelong unselfishness in the service of his country, mourned him with universal sorrow, lamenting in him the loss of the greatest citizen their commonwealth had known. Thus passed on to the immortals, the patriot of heroic nature and valiant life, a righteous soul who had served his fellow-men with fidelity, and who dared to go up to God and answer in eternity for his use of time—brave, honest, Thomas Benton.

#### BENTON'S FEARLESSNESS.

Nothing could make Benton cringe. He stood the firmest when danger was closest, and threats were loudest. Just before Texas was received into the Union, there was hot anger among some of the Senators of the South over the reluctance of many of our public men to let the new State join us. Benton wanted Texas, but he felt that the attempt to get it just then, was unjust, and, man-like, he opposed it. Several Senators turned on him in great fury, and threatened not only to destroy him politically, but to also destroy the Union, if they could not carry their point. One of them bade Benton beware, telling him that his action would rise to plague him later, as did Cæsar's ghost the night before the fatal fight at Philippi, with its warning to Brutus of his coming overthrow.

Benton scorned the warning, and faced it with defiance; mating his patriotism with a courage as high, he said:

"If the fight goes against me at the new Philippi with which I am threatened, and the enemies of the American Union triumph over me as the enemies of Roman liberty did over Brutus, I shall not fall upon my sword, as Brutus did, and run it through my own body, but I shall save it and save myself for another day and another use, for the day, when the battle of the disunion of these States is to be fought, not with words, but with iron, and for the hearts of traitors who appear in arms against their country."

#### BENTON'S GENTLENESS.

A bold and strong man, in conflict, Benton was tenderness itself in the presence of weakness and suffering. The following incident is one of many that might be reported of him.

The great Missourian, Thos. H. Benton, when at the height of his immense popularity and influence, chanced to be traveling on the Missouri river. The steamer was crowded, and Benton was the object of much attention. A number of distinguished men had naturally grouped themselves about the famous Senator, who entertained them with a ceaseless flow of eloquent talk.

Suddenly the Senator paused, with his eyes fixed on some object at the further end of the deck; excusing himself, he withdrew and made his way to the spot he had been gazing at. There sat a sorrowful woman, with four little children clinging to her; near by, lay a little pile of her effects. A few questions from the Senator revealed the fact that the unfortunate had buried her husband on the journey from the old home in Kentucky to the new one, they had hoped to reach, that she was still a hundred miles from her destination, and that she was entirely destitute.

Benton emptied his pocketbook into the lap of the astonished widow, bidding her use all that she needed for the comfort of herself and children on the way, and to devote the rest to making a favorable start in the new home. Before the recipient of this sudden bounty had recovered from her amazement sufficiently to understand her good fortune and thank its creator, the munificent friend was gone and again was the center of a circle of notables.

None of his associates knew the good deed he had done, but all were considerably surprised when he begged the loan of money to pay his hotel bill that night and to buy a ticket home.

# CHARLES SUMNER.

BY STEPHEN M. NEWMAN, A.M.

CHARLES SUMNER, an American statesman and author, died in Washington, D. C. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 6, 1811. Unlike the majority of men who have come to the front in public life in America, he was of honored and cultured ancestors. His parents belonged to that class of people known as the "New England aristocracy." The name of Sumner appears on the Harvard catalogues as far back as 1723. In the family there have appeared at various times many men who have taken prominent parts in Massachusetts politics and society. Charles Sumner's father was himself a graduate of Harvard, and a prominent and able lawyer. The son prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, and graduated at Harvard in 1830. He was appointed reporter of the United States Circuit Court, and while filling this position compiled three volumes, known as "Sumner's Reports," containing the decisions of Judge Story. He was lecturer in the Cambridge Law School while Judge Story was absent in Washington, and was offered a professorship, but declined; he also edited the American *Jurist*. In 1837, with letters of introduction from Judge Story and others, he visited Europe, and was received with unusual distinction by the most eminent statesmen and jurists of the Old World nations.

He returned to Boston in 1840, and in 1844-46 published, in twenty volumes, an edition of "Vesey's Reports," with copious annotations. By training he was a whig. "A Sumner must by nature be a whig, and a Cambridge alumnus." The family was noted for the high moral and intellectual plane on which it existed. Charles Sumner inherited all these principles, and they became almost a part of his being. It would have been difficult for him to be anything else than a moral and Christian man. On these principles he based his political views.

On the Fourth of July, 1845, he pronounced in

Boston the oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." This alone would have almost made him famous. It was circulated throughout Europe and America, and attracted universal attention and comment. He argued that all difficulties between nations should be settled not by war, but peace. He also delivered other orations on similar topics. He earnestly opposed slavery on the grounds of justice and humanity, and showed how abolition was not against the principles of the constitution of the United States. He opposed the Mexican war on the ground that it would increase the slave territory and cause unwarranted bloodshed. He described it as an unpardonable injustice to a sister republic.

In 1846 he made an address on the "Anti-Slavery Duties of the Whig Party," and as that party did not coincide with his views, he connected himself with the free-soil party in 1848. He tried in vain to induce the great Webster to take up the cause of anti-slavery. In writing to him, he said: "Assume these unperformed duties. The age shall bear witness of you; the young shall kindle with rapture as they repeat the name of Webster; and the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children and their children's children to the latest generation, to call you blessed; while all shall award you another title, not to be forgotten in earth or in heaven, *Defender of Humanity*."

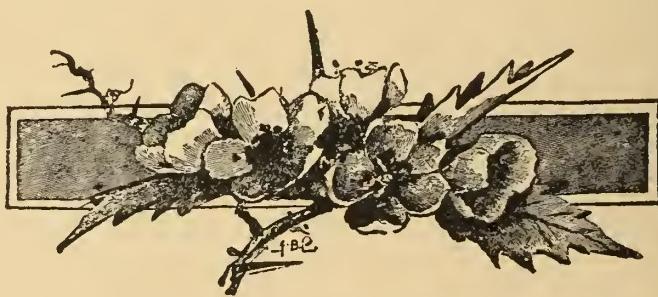
In 1851 he succeeded Daniel Webster as United States senator from Massachusetts. He continued in this position by successive reëlections, until the time of his death. Almost on his entrance into the senate he began the great struggle for emancipation. He never laid down the armor of debate until he saw freedom extended to every man, black or white, in the Union. He based his action on the principle that "freedom is national, and slavery sectional."

May 20, 1859, he made his two days' speech on the "Crime Against Kansas." As a result of this

speech on May 22 he was attacked by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, and received injuries which it is thought finally carried him to his grave. Acting on the advice of his physicians he went to Europe and remained under severe medical treatment till the autumn of 1859. He then made an elaborate speech in the senate on the "Barbarism of Slavery." He supported Lincoln, and favored emancipation; he would listen to no compromise with slavery.

In March, 1861, Mr. Sumner was made chairman of the committee on foreign relations. On January 9, 1862, he argued that the United States were unjustifiable, according to international law, in seizing Mason and Slidell on board the steamer Trent. He pronounced an eloquent eulogy on

President Lincoln in 1865; and his position in 1869, in regard to our claims against England, caused great excitement in that country. His opposition in that year to President Grant's administration and the annexation of San Domingo, caused his removal from the chairmanship of the committee on foreign relations, and his final desertion of the republican party. He gave his hearty support to Horace Greeley for President in 1872. In 1873 he introduced the "Civil Rights" bill into the senate; also a resolution providing that the names of the battles won in the Civil War be erased from the regimental colors and register of the army. He died after a short illness. His works and addresses have been published in various forms.



# WASHINGTON IRVING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

BY HANNAH M. GEE.

THE Chaucer of American prose and "the honored autocrat of American letters," it has been claimed that, "although a chief ornament of American literature, Irving is not characteristically American"; still, we find in him traits of character purely American, traces of national peculiarity that are distinctively American; how could it be otherwise, since

"Our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed beliefs,  
Are consequences of our place of birth?"

In a letter to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Irving writes: "I thank God I was born on the banks



SUNNYSIDE—IRVING'S HOME.

of the Hudson!" True, he spent the greater part of his time abroad, and, Chaucer-like, "wrote of things around him," but, to quote Lathrop, "Whether he [Irving] might be in England or Spain, his heart was always with his native land. In his veins still flowed the generous current of the Hudson river."

Graceful, polished, refined, with a delicate humor, spontaneous wit, keen satire, we see in Irving the embodiment of rare talents, a combination of great gifts and graces. Amiable in temper, polished in manners, gifted with great descriptive powers, very few American authors have

depicted scenes so varied, people so widely separated, character more strongly delineated.

"Each change of many-colored life he drew": Granada, Astoria, the Kaatskill mountains, the bleak Scottish hills, abbey or cottage, palace or tomb; Boabdil, Scott, Rip Van Winkle, Johnny Bower or Squire Bracebridge; characters and scenes diversified and strange, life-like or sprite-like, each and all portrayed with a vividness that leaves a lasting impression on the memory.

If the charms of storied and poetical associations are sufficiently attractive to draw him to Europe, it is from an American point of view he beholds their treasures and estimates the "glory of them."

Look at Washington Irving standing with Scott on the (to Scott) "delectable mountains," and, who, we ask, but the *typical American* would have dared to express disappointment in that august presence? Is it any wonder that the Laird o' the Land "hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave"? And we are quite prepared to hear him (Irving) say, "An American need never look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery." And years later we laugh at Mark Twain's rollicking humor, and deem it an American exaggeration—that it is impossible to please them; Americans always have seen better things "back in America where I come from."

We who have admired the Tweed, celebrated in song, are just a little unprepared to see "a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks," but are reconciled by the magic "pen that throws over it the romantic web of poetry," and laugh at the American humor that declares "the gray, waving hills, line upon line, as far as the eye could reach, are so monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their

profile." And "forever and forever," whether we gaze on Scotia's hills, either in vision or reality, we shall see that "*fly*."

By the magic power of his pen he transports us whithersoever he will; we become unconscious of the book we hold, of the existence of its author, of the lapse of time. As the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" opens before us we fancy we hear the "whirr" of the black cock and the

we would fain accept his offer to see it by the light of his tallow dip, in lieu of the "pale moonlight" his most honored master suggests, and find ourselves wondering *to-day* if "honest Johnny Bower's" *most ingenious* device for seeing the abbey under entirely different aspects was not due to some physical deformity.

Of his ability as satirist and caricaturist, "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker" give us ample



WASHINGTON IRVING, BORN APRIL 3, 1783.

sharp crack of a gun. We, too, see the lord of the castle, whom no baronetcy could make one whit more of a lord; we "gaze with dismay at the garrison of dogs"; as we enter the halls of the poet, wander over lovely Abbotsford, make the acquaintance of "Johnny Bower," and, such is our sympathy for the little old man in his attempts to aid us in "seeing fair Melrose Abbey aright," that

proof. There is a spirit of American dash and daring not to be mistaken, a distinctly national type, and the most original of his writing. A recent writer awards to "Knickerbocker" a "greater vitality and wider application than Pickwick."

We even think we detect an American vein of philosophy in the spirit of musing that takes possession of him in Westminster Abbey. Where

others have seen only pomp, glory, fame, Irving sees also "the touching instance of the equality of the grave," a sad dreariness of magnificence, a treasury of humiliation and a certainty of oblivion. Irving possessed, in a great measure, the keen observation noticeable in Howells and Warner, invaluable in traveler and author, and greatly appreciated by their readers. After reading the "Stage Coach," we are certain that somewhere we have looked into the "mottled face" of Coachey, and counted the capes on his overcoat, noticed the roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, and the large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. We are quite sure we saw the hampers of *goodies* that the old coach was made to disgorge, and noted the hares dangling with long ears and filmy eyes to the coachman's box. Coachey's swaggering, lordly air! how shall we ever forget it? But, alas! the shrill shriek of the modern locomotive dispels the pleasant phantasy, and we are forced to admit that we saw them only thro' his magic.

In his "Astoria," we have a striking instance of "creative power." That he "could from dry commercial records" evolve a history so complete, is proof of a genius decidedly American. To this class of his writings belongs his "Captain Bonneville."

The first American writer to secure recognition for purely literary ability, it was his "Columbus," that model of tasteful elegance, felicitous in every detail, that brought to America her acknowledged equality in the literary republic.

So, whether we share with him the rare delight of a day in the Alhambra, or wander by the silver windings of the Xenel, the marble hall of Granada, or the verdant vegas, the same interest is everywhere maintained; the easy grace and elegant diction hold us captive, carrying us from one rare scene of delight to another. Had his travels been confined to his own country, or had his journeys carried him to the west, the trend of his

writings might have been different, and perhaps, like Cooper's, more sturdily American; since the impressions he received from local scenery and traditions, he transmitted to his "Sketch Book" in "Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle."

That his "Life of Washington" was not equal to some of his best works, we are willing to admit; and as a biographer he was out of his element, but who expected Longfellow to write a "Life of Grant," or a "History of the Civil War"? Both Irving and Longfellow had natures too poetical for such themes, and remembering that the twilight was deepening around the grand old man, that he was "shutting up his windows" and getting ready to sleep the sleep that bides a glorious waking, what wonder that the enthusiasm with which it began paled before its close?

"Washington Irving's *place* in American literature"! For nearly half a century he has held it by right divine—Irving, the Chaucer of American prose, the *veiled prophecy of America's literary greatness*, of all the grand possibilities of American literature that time and circumstances will yet evolve. Warner's delicate humor, Hawthorne's grace, Holmes' refined taste and fastidiousness, Howells' keen discernment, the wit of Clemens and Alden, the tingling satire of Holly, Longfellow's polished elegance—all find their counterpart in this "honored autocrat of American letters." To Irving is due the *foremost place in American literature*, the *place of honor*, that all loyal Americans will accord him, remembering the honor this *peerless writer of his day* brought to us as a nation.

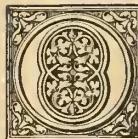
Let no sacrilegious hand be raised to remove him from the height sublime, no cloud of criticism obscure the halo of glory that surrounds his honored name. Write above his "place" this grand incentive to a useful life:

"Be noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise to meet thine own."



## DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON, A. M.



On January 18th, 1782, a great man arrived in our country by way of Salisbury, New Hampshire, in a log hut nestling among the mountains of the old Granite State, one of the greatest men who ever reached this world. It was his first visit to this land or to any other, for he was born that day, the child of a very poor and very noble father—of a most wise and unselfish mother. This was Daniel Webster, who began indeed as small as the most of us, but who grew to be grander than almost any one else.

We cannot now pause to follow this great man very closely into his home life, but he loved simple ways and quiet places. He loved the spot where he was born and every year of his life he made a visit to it. He used to go out and sit with delight under a noble elm tree whose sweeping branches sheltered his humble birthplace. This man had a tender heart and it was open as a child's to the good that is in little things.

So this one-story house, built by his father's hands, where he was welcomed to life, where his beautiful mother died, was more to him than the marble Capitol at Washington, where he was honored like a king.

He disliked needless show of every kind. He was always simply dressed, never shabbily. He felt very strongly that it was foolish to plan for a great parade in getting oneself into the grave, so he gave orders that when he should die there should not be a costly or showy funeral, and that above his grave should be placed a plain stone with little more than his name engraved there.

Let us look again at the man as he was seen by the whole nation, its mighty leader and teacher.

For about thirty years he was probably the most important person in the United States. In that time he did more than any thousand men to make it certain that the United States would *stay* united. But for the great mind and honest heart of Daniel Webster, we, the American people, might not have been the American Nation today.

He did not go out and fight battles with sword and cannon as Washington did, for he was not needed where *men* had to be killed. What was wanted in his day was a hero strong enough to *kill false ideas* and in that way save the nation from being ruined. This was harder to do than to shoot soldiers. To hit a great mistake with the truth, and hit it so hard that it will die, is a greater thing than to pound an army of a hundred thousand

men to pieces with the iron hammers of battle.  
This our mighty Webster did.

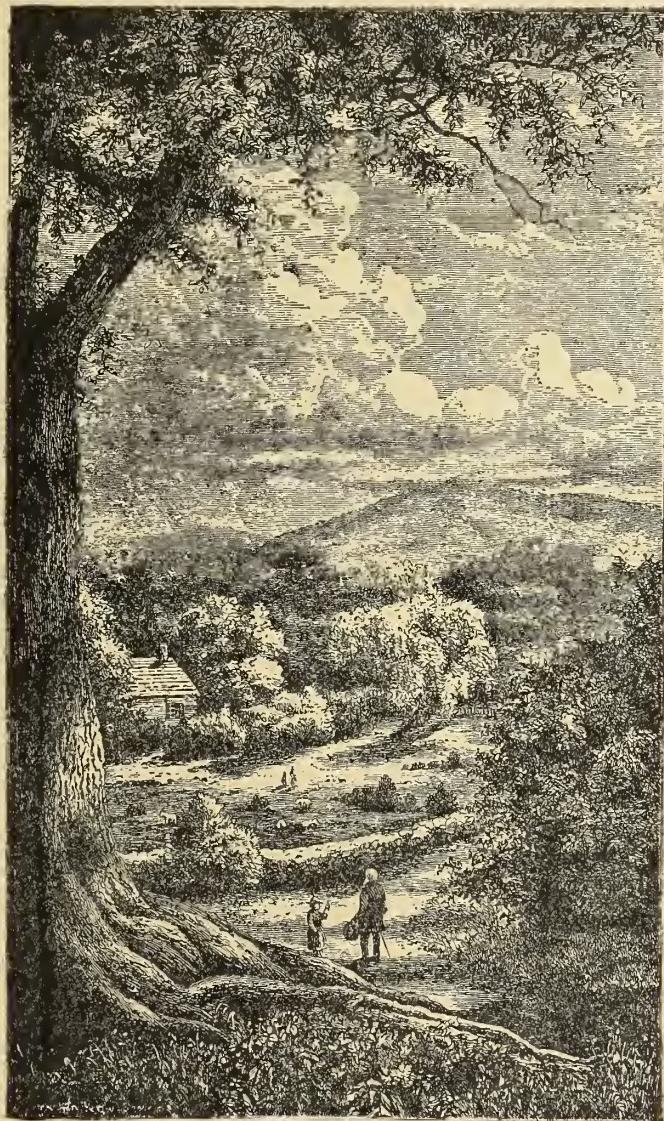
In the long war of the "Revolution" our brave fathers could see what it was they had to fight, for

truest thoughts and to make people feel that these were certainly better than such as were brought against them. The fighting had to be done with brains, not with bullets.

Now, Mr. Webster had the strongest brains in the United States; his head was a gigantic engine of thought, and he put all of its power at work when he became a United States senator, to prove that these United States, all of them together, made one nation—and *one nation only*. This was his great thought and with it he fought a wonderful battle against another and very different idea. Some of the best and ablest men in our country believed that we had as many nations in this country as there were states, and that whenever one of these little nations or states grew tired of being united with the others it had a right to go off and be a nation all to itself and so break the "Union" to pieces whenever it might choose to do so. This was the thought that rose up and met Mr. Webster's thought, and those who held it for the truth expected to see it destroy the other idea; they were very earnest and sincere men, and they felt in their hearts that it was better for their countrymen to believe as they did and not as Daniel Webster did.

But Webster was the strongest, and taking his great thought about the Union before the people he made the majority of them see that it was the best idea for us all to be a single Nation, so strong and great that no one inside of it nor outside either could break it down. Very few such great speeches have been made on this earth as this patriot made for his faith in the Union. It is only one or two men in a hundred years who can speak

as Mr. Webster did. When he felt most deeply, his voice was solemn as the roll of thunders, his dark eyes became a living flame beneath his majestic brow and his tall form made him look the king of men, and he uttered what was calling up his mighty soul to his lips, like a glorious prophet fresh from the side of God.



THE HOME OF WEBSTER'S CHILDHOOD.

what they aimed at wore red coats and high hats, and were called "British soldiers," but by Webster's time there was a tremendous war between invisible opinions, for opinions do not wear red clothes or come out with their hats on to be shot down with powder. The only way to win in this new war for the Union was to have the greatest and

For twenty years he reasoned for the Union before the millions of us Americans ; he persuaded us as no other man could do that we ought to be ONE nation, and not many nations. He died in 1852 at his home in Marshfield, but he had fought the great battle of ideas through to victory, so that when a few years later the good and brave men of the North met the equally good and brave men of the South in battle, it was certain that the Union would not be destroyed even in a terrible war between the states. The Nation had really been made safe in the Senate before the guns of civil strife began to roar.

As long as the Union lasts, or its beautiful flag shall tell the world that here in America is a great nation, loving liberty, so long will shine in the skies of immortal memory, like a splendid star, the name of Daniel Webster.

#### STORIES AND ANECDOTES.

##### WEBSTER THE SCHOOLBOY.

In the childhood of Daniel Webster "coming events cast their shadows before." His mind was a powerful one from its earliest action. "Master" Tappan, his first school teacher, talks as follows about his bright pupil :

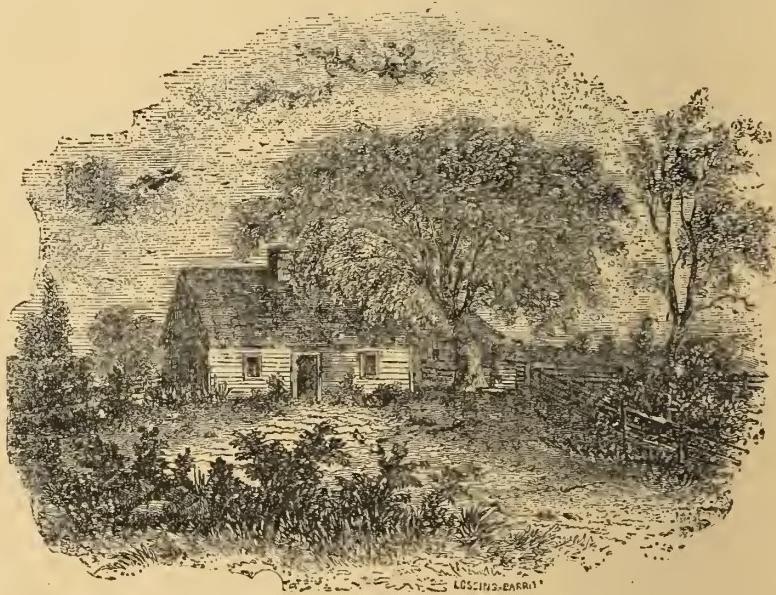
"Daniel was always the brightest boy in the school and Ezekiel the next; but Daniel was much quicker at his studies than his brother. He would learn more in five minutes than another boy in five hours. One Saturday, I remember, I held up a handsome new jack-knife to the scholars, and said the boy who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses in the Bible by Monday morning should have it. Many of the boys did well; but when it came to Daniel's turn to recite, I found that he had committed so much that, after hearing him repeat some sixty or seventy verses, I was obliged to give up, he telling me that there were several chapters yet that he had learned. Daniel got that jack-knife. Ah ! sir, he was remarkable even as a boy; and I told his father he would do God's

work injustice if he did not send both Daniel and Ezekiel to college."

##### WEBSTER'S HUMOR.

Webster, to his life's close, was a lover of a good joke, and he knew well how to make one. Here are two excellent specimens out of his boyhood.

Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, when boys, were really devoted to the pursuits of agriculture, but the following story is current in the vicinity of their birthplace. Their father had given them directions to perform a specific labor during his temporary absence from home, but on his return at night he found the labor unperformed, and, with a frown upon his face, questioned the boys in regard to



THE HOUSE WHERE WEBSTER WAS BORN.

their idleness. "What have you been doing, Ezekiel ?" said the father. "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, Daniel, what have *you* been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir."

On one occasion, Daniel was put to mowing. He made bad work of it. His scythe was sometimes in the ground, and sometimes over the tops of all the grass. He complained to his father that his scythe was not hung right. Various attempts were made to hang it better, but with no success. His father told him, at length, he might hang it to set himself; and he therefore hung it upon a tree,

and said, "There, that's just right." His father laughed, and told him to let it hang there.

When Daniel and Ezekiel were boys together, they had frequent literary disputes, and on one occasion, after they had retired to bed, they entered into a squabble about a certain passage in one of their schoolbooks, and having risen to examine some of the authorities in their possession, they set their bedclothes on fire and nearly burned up their father's dwelling. On being questioned the next morning in regard to the accident, Daniel remarked *that they were in pursuit of light, but got more than they wanted.*

#### WEBSTER'S POWER AS A PUPIL.

He learned with surprising ease, and easily distanced his schoolmates. In his fifteenth year he was privileged to spend some months with one of the more prominent clergymen of the day, the Rev. Samuel Woods, who lived at Boscawen, and prepared boys for college at \$1 a week for tuition and board. During his stay with Dr. Woods he



WEBSTER UNDER THE ELM.

was apparently very neglectful of his academic duties, but never failed to perform all his intellectual tasks with great credit. On one occasion the reverend tutor thought proper to give his scholar,

Daniel, a scolding for spending too much of his time upon the hills and along the streams hunting and fishing, but still complimented him for his smartness. The task assigned to him for his nex-



WEBSTER IN OLD AGE.

recitation was one hundred lines of Virgil, and as he knew that his master had an engagement on the following morning, an idea occurred to him, and he spent the entire night poring over his books. The recitation hour finally arrived, and the scholar acquitted himself of his hundred lines and received the tutor's approbation. "But I have a few more lines that I can recite," said the boy Daniel. "Well, let us have them," replied the doctor; and forthwith the boy reeled off another hundred lines. "Very remarkable," said the doctor; "you are indeed a smart boy." "But I have another," said the scholar, "and five hundred of them, if you please." The doctor was, of course, astonished, but, as he bethought him of his engagement, he begged to be excused, and added, "You may have the whole day, Dan, for pigeon shooting."

#### HE WAS A DEVOTED SON.

Here is an instance of his love to his father. He was, even as a student in Mr. Gore's office, remarkably successful in accumulating money for his legal services, and being aware of the fact that his father was considerably embarrassed in his circumstances, he resolved to go home and liquidate all the pending claims. He arrived at home ostensibly for a friendly visit. It was Saturday night,

and he sought an early opportunity to have a private interview with his father. "Father, I am going to pay your debts," said he.

"Oh, my son, that can never be ; you know not how numerous they are."

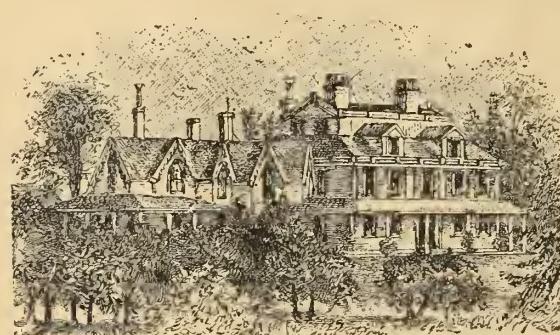
"But I can, and will, father ; and that, too, before next Monday night."

On the Tuesday morning following, Judge Webster was a free man, and his son Daniel was on his return to Boston.

#### WEBSTER'S LOVE OF HIS HOME AT MARSHFIELD.

The greatest man in the senate of the United States, Webster, was strongly attached to his home and its quiet hours. He loved most tenderly his wife and children. Not long before his death he had just made a powerful address to many thousands who gathered to welcome him home.

His friend, Charles Lanman, describes what followed thus : "And now I remember how, after the crowd had disappeared, he entered his mansion fatigued beyond all measure and covered with dust, and threw himself into a chair. For a moment his head fell upon his breast, as if completely over-



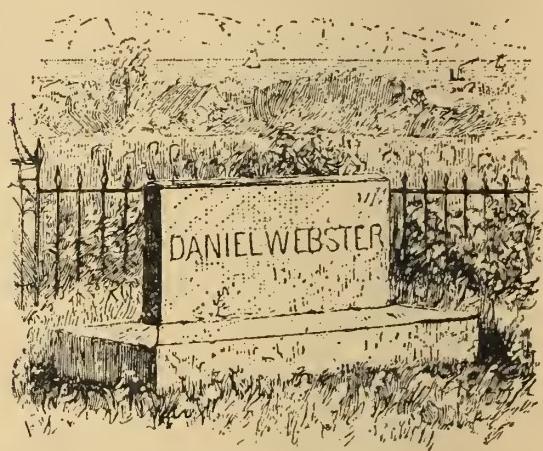
MARSHFIELD.

come, and he then looked up like one seeking something which he could not find. It was the portrait of his darling but departed daughter Julia, and it happened to be in full view. He gazed upon it for some time in a kind of trance, and then wept like one whose heart was broken, and these words escaped his lips : 'Oh, I am so thankful to be here ! If I could only have my will, never, never would I again leave this home !' And then he sought and obtained a night of repose."

Oliver Dyer, in his work entitled "Great Senators of the United States Forty Years Ago," gives this deeply interesting personal sketch of Daniel Webster :

Great as were the three very great men Calhoun, Benton and Clay, yet, in downright intellectual power and main strength of mentality, Daniel Webster was equal to all three of them taken together.

The reader is doubtless familiar with the fact that in Webster's day he was called "The godlike Daniel." The



WEBSTER'S GRAVE.

appellation fitted him. He was godlike in appearance and in power. He was not so tall as Clay, but he was much larger and more massive in every way. He had broad shoulders, a deep chest and a large frame. I have seen men taller than Webster ; I have seen men larger ; but I have never seen anyone who *looked* so large and grand as he did when he was aroused in debate.

Webster's head was phenomenal in size and beauty of outline and grandeur of appearance. It used to be said of him that he had brain enough to make several good heads. His brow was so protuberant that his eyes, though unusually large, seemed sunken and were likened unto "great burning lamps set deep in the mouths of caves." But large as his perceptive organs were, his reflectives bulged out over them. His causality was massively developed ; and his organ of comparison, which was larger even than his causality, protruded as though nature, in building Webster's head, having distributed her superabundant material as well as she could, found at the last that she had such a lot of brain matter left on hand, that, in despair, she dabbed it on in front and let it take its chance of sticking, and it stuck.

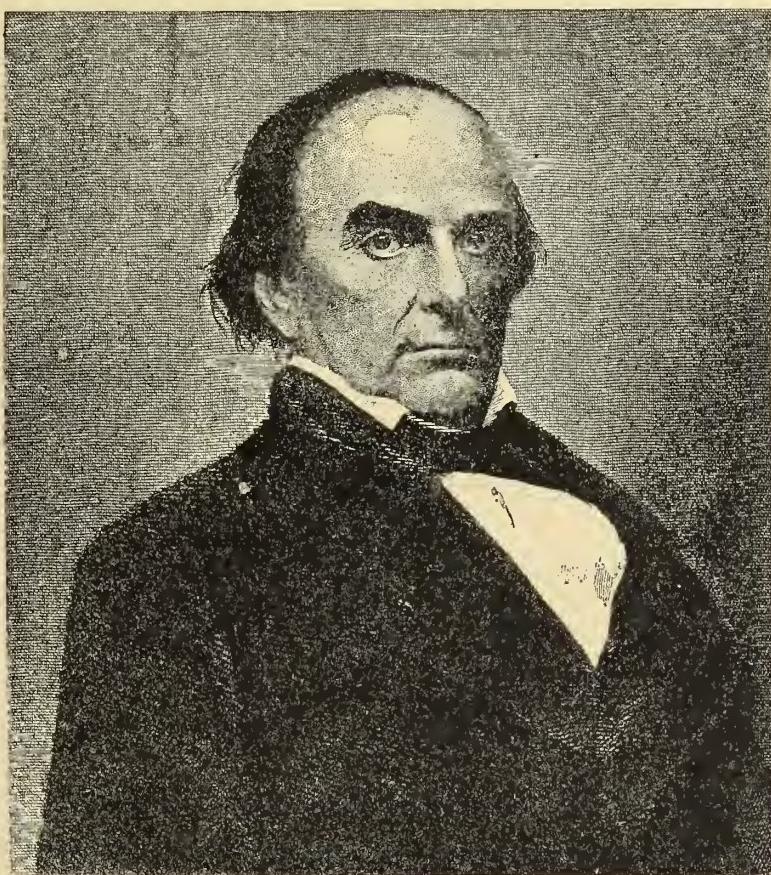
The head, the face, the whole presence of Webster, was kingly, majestic, godlike. And when one heard him speak, he found that Webster's voice was just exactly the kind of voice that such a looking man ought to have. It was deep, resonant, mellow, sweet, with a thunder roll in it which, when let out to its full power, was awe inspiring. In

ordinary speech its magnificent bass notes rolled forth like the rich tones of a deep-voiced organ; but when he chose to do so, he could elevate his voice in ringing, clarion, tenor tones of thrilling power. He also had a faculty of magnifying a word into such prodigious volume and force that it would drop from his lips as a great boulder might drop through the ceiling and jar the senate chamber like a clap of thunder.

I have a distinct recollection of Webster as he looked the first time I saw him. He had been ill, and several weeks elapsed, after the session of congress began, before

not be anybody else, for at the moment I had an unreflecting, boyish feeling that there could not be two such men in the world at the same time, and that this one must be Webster. He was pale and walked feebly. But the picturesque majesty was there; the overpowering intellectuality was there. That enormous and beautiful head, those wonderful eyes, that stately carriage, that Jovelike front, all proclaimed that the godlike Daniel had come into the senate house and was advancing to his seat.

The silence with which Webster was received on that occasion was like the silence which his appearance in the



he came into the senate chamber. I was occupying the reporters' seat then assigned to the members of the *Intelligencer's* corps, one forenoon, when there was a good deal of noise and bustle in the senate, but no debate going on. Suddenly silence fell upon the chamber. I looked up and saw all eyes turned in the direction of an aisle which led from one of the doors past the reporters' seat. I looked to see what it was that so riveted everybody's attention. It was Webster. He was coming slowly along the aisle directly toward me. I knew him, partly from pictures I had seen of him, but more from the fact that I felt it could

senate chamber, or his rising to speak, always caused. No other senator was ever listened to with the respect which he commanded. When Benton addressed the senate there was more than ordinary attention accorded to him. When Calhoun spoke he was listened to with more attention than Benton received; Clay was still more favored than Calhoun; but when Webster arose there was instantly a solemn hush, and the intense solicitude of great and eager expectation at once became regnant. Information that Webster was up spread like wildfire, and the senate chamber was immediately packed with eager listeners

# SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

BY PENN.

WHAT a great transition from Franklin to Morse in the development and application of that wonderful force, electricity! All have read the story of the great philosopher of the revolution going into the field with his little son, and sending the kite into the air, and drawing down on

even Franklin himself. Nobody ever conceived the idea that under the oceans and round the globe that subtle, mysterious fluid would go bearing messages from man to man. But the time, as we know, came when this was done. It was not accomplished suddenly and spontaneously, but by patient, plodding, persevering application—the way all great things come to light and usefulness in the world.

Samuel F. B. Morse was one of the men who was led in mature life to investigate the properties of this new-found element or force of nature. He was born in Charlestown, on the 27th of April, 1791, and began his studies of electro magnetism in 1826-27, when Prof. James F. Dana was lecturing upon that subject in the city of New York. Revolving what Prof. Dana had taught him, carefully in his mind, and considering what Franklin had said, that "electricity passes instantaneously over any known length of wire," Morse came to the conclusion that if the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, intelligence may be transmitted instantaneously by electricity. He said, "If it will go ten miles without stopping, I can make it go round the globe."

He then devised the dot and dash alphabet, known as the Morse alphabet. He went to work amid great difficulty upon the construction of a telegraphic apparatus, and made application for a patent on the 28th of September, 1837. He made an appeal to congress soon after to aid him in building a telegraph line, but his request was not acted upon. He went to Europe to interest foreign governments in his invention, but met with no practical success.

In May, 1839, he returned to New York, as he himself said, without a farthing in his pocket, having to borrow even for his meals, and being in debt for his rent. He now had to struggle against foreign inventors, who were trying to have their



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

its string, to the key in his hand, the electric fire which the thunder cloud above him contained. We have read of the incredulity with which the discovery was at first received, of the disdain which the Royal Society of Great Britain expressed when the news was received of what a colonial subject had declared he had found out. But we have also read of the hearty vote of thanks that Royal Society afterward accorded him, and of the gold medal which it voted him, and of the honor which the whole civilized world showed him.

But nobody dreamed of the practical use to which in a few short years it was to be put—not

systems adopted by congress. But unweariedly going on, besieging congress after congress to consider the merits of what he regarded his superior invention, he at length succeeded in obtaining a grant of \$30,000 on the 25th of February, 1842.

A line was constructed between Washington and Baltimore, a distance of about forty miles. On the 24th of May, 1844, the first message was sent across the wire,—a message dictated by Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth, then commissioner of patents—“What hath God wrought?” Success now crowned his efforts. And though attempts were long made afterward to rob him of the credit due him, and to defraud him of his rights, he triumphed over all

opposition and lived to see his system adopted as the all but universal system of the world.

The last public service he performed was the unveiling of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, on Printing House square, New York, on the 17th of June, 1872. It was most appropriate that he should do this, for, as was said, “The one conducted the lightning safely from the sky; the other conducts it beneath the ocean from continent to continent. The one tamed the lightning, the other makes it minister to human wants and human progress.”

At the ripe age of eighty-one, his honored and useful life came to a close on the 2d of April, 1872, in the city of New York, where he was borne to the tomb amid demonstrations of the sincere grief of the country he had so greatly benefited.

## LETTER FROM MARGARET FULLER TO HER SISTER.

JAMAICA PLAIN, December 20, 1840.

About your school I do not think I could give you much advice which would be of value, unless I could know your position more in detail. The most important rule is, in all relations with our fellow-creatures, never forget that, if they are imperfect persons, they are immortal souls, and treat them as you would wish to be treated by the light of that thought.

As to the application of means, abstain from punishment as much as possible, and use encouragement as far as you can *without flattery*. But be even more careful as to strict truth in this regard, toward children, than to persons of your own age; for, to the child, the parent or teacher is the representative of *justice*; and as that of life is severe, an education which, in any degree, excites vanity, is the very worst preparation for that general and crowded school.

I doubt not you will teach grammar well, as I saw you aimed at principles in your practice.

In geography, try to make pictures of the scenes, that they may be present to their imaginations, and the nobler faculties be brought into action, as well as memory.

In history, try to study and paint the characters of *great men*; they best interpret the leadings of events amid the nations.

I am pleased with your way of speaking of both people and pupils; your view seems from the right point. Yet beware of over great pleasure in being popular, or even beloved. As far as an amiable disposition and powers of entertainment make you so, it is a happiness; but if there is one grain of plausibility it is poison.

But I will not play Mentor too much, lest I make you averse to write to your very affectionate sister,

M.

# MARGARET FULLER.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

MARGARET Fuller is chiefly remembered in her relations to early American literature, as a student, writer and thinker.

One of her biographers, himself a man of high literary attainments and reputation, has said that "since her day American literature has greatly widened its base, but has raised its summit no higher." She was from her early years a close student of high and difficult themes, a true apostle of culture. Of herself she said that early she learned the only object in life was to grow. In another place she says: "Sad or merry I must always be learning." This passion for knowledge increased with her growing years, and it was natural that she should assume the position and duties of the teacher as soon as circumstances permitted. Hers was one of those brave, strong, well-equipped minds, born to lead and instruct others, and all her life, after she left the teacher's vocation for literary work on the *Dial* and the *New York Tribune*, she still continued to teach. In this respect her nature was very generous. She wished to give to others those latest results of knowledge she craved so strongly for herself. She longed to turn the minds of men and women towards the true sources of human happiness and well-being; to raise the standard of mental culture, to make life sweeter and stronger on the spiritual and intellectual side.

The full name of the subject of this brief sketch was Sarah Margaret Fuller. She was the oldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810. Thus it is not impossible to think of her as living to-day, a revered and venerable old woman of eighty-one. Old in years, but always young in spirit, Margaret Fuller would have been; for her mind and heart were full of those great thoughts and kind impulses which

keep us forever young. If any of my readers were to visit Cambridge, his friendly guide to the different points of interest in that rare and delightful town, would point out the place where the old Brattle House stood, in which Margaret once lived, the house on Cherry street in which she was born, before the door of which, it is said, the trees still stand that were planted by her father the year of her birth. The well-known "Dana House," which marks the dividing line between Cambridge and Cambridgeport, the old and new parts of the city—or, as some would say, the residence portion of the socially great and the not-so-great—also, at one time, served as a home for the Fuller family. Except for a year or two spent at school in Groton, Mass., the experiences of which period she has recorded in "Summer on the Lakes," Margaret remained in Cambridge until the age of twenty-one. Naturally, the society of the town that sheltered such an institution as Harvard University, afforded very choice and stimulating society to those who, like Margaret, knew how to profit by it. We read that she was the centre of a circle of highly gifted and cultivated young men, without any companion of her own sex who could in the least degree approach her in mental power and accomplishment, Lydia Maria Child standing nearest to her in this point. This was a period of new literary activity in England and in our own country, owing to the discoveries Carlyle was making in the rich fields of German literature, and to which he was calling the attention of the educated world. Margaret Fuller became an enthusiastic student of the German language and literature, taking especial delight in the higher fields of philosophy and literary criticism.

When her father removed to Groton, she missed the inspiring company of her old friends

very much, and sometimes found the work of teaching, which she had now begun, a little tiresome; but to compensate for her loneliness and dullness, she laid out a course of hard study for herself, including the History and Geography of Europe, the Elements of Architecture, and the works of foreign writers, like Alfieri, Goethe and Schiller. "Occasionally," she writes at this time, "I try my hand at composition; but have not compiled anything to my satisfaction." In 1835, her father died suddenly, leaving Margaret, who had always lived on terms of close and loving intimacy with him, keenly stricken with the loss, and placing upon her shoulders the care of the bereft household. She was on the eve of visiting Europe in company with some near friends, Professor and Mrs. Farrar, and Harriet Martineau, just returning from a visit to this country. This project was at once abandoned, and Margaret devoted herself thereafter to the care of her mother, sister and five brothers. By her aid, two of the five boys went through Harvard, and her sister received the benefits of the best schooling.

The year after her father's death, she accepted a position in Mr. A. Bronson Alcott's school in Boston, teaching Latin, German and French, spending much of her time evenings in the work of translation with Dr. Channing. The following year she was invited to fill a place in a private school, at a salary of \$1,000, very handsome in those days.

Margaret Fuller's reputation rests largely on her wonderful conversational powers. It was she who, in 1839, organized the conversational classes among the women of Boston, which became one of the leading features in the literary life of the town, and which did so much to stimulate women to study and think for themselves. Margaret was naturally the principal talker at these classes, and the "conversation" was largely a monologue, but the benefits were duly appreciated by the listeners, for all that. These classes lasted nearly six years, and she experienced a deep gratification over the results.

During this period Margaret was editing the *Dial*, a periodical devoted to the spread of new ideas in the social and literary world, and number-

ing among its contributors such men as Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Thoreau, Ripley, and others almost as great. The *Dial*, as may be supposed, was never a popular paper, and Mr. Emerson said it was Theodore Parker's articles, more than any other, which gave the little sheet its circulation. Margaret Fuller was now thoroughly launched in her literary career, removing, after the forced abandonment of the *Dial* enterprise, to New York, to fill the position of literary critic on the *New York Tribune*. She was one of the best instructed critics of her day, and was among the first to assert that literature was an art; and to judge the mental products of her own land by that standard. One writer has well said that "it was an event in the history of our literature when a woman thus eminently gifted became the literary critic of the *New York Tribune*, then the journal possessing the most formative influence over the most active class of American minds." Margaret Fuller was a natural critic, as she herself recognized, writing to a friend that she had too little love of detail to be an artist. Like some strong, self-reliant women, Margaret had some very plain faults which showed in her literary work as elsewhere; but she did good service to the cause of American letters by her fearless love of truth, and her unfailing sense of justice. More than one young, obscure and discouraged writer owed his first recognition to her, and many a great one was dethroned to make room for a more deserving new-comer. Her literary criticisms form valuable reading to-day, though we are obliged to modify a dissent from many of the opinions therein expressed.

She remained in New York twenty months, at the end of which she fulfilled her long-cherished design of visiting Europe. We now reach the most interesting, as the most sad, period of Margaret Fuller's personal history. Along with her love of learning and her desire to further and strengthen the intellectual life of men and women, she had always cherished the broadest and most humane ideas respecting the social progress of the race. Like every true American, she was a devout believer in the principle of human liberty. Reaching Italy, torn and bleeding as it was, with the

struggle to attain her material independence, to free herself alike from the yoke of foreign power and the bonds of ecclesiastical authority, Margaret became intensely interested in the conflict. Meeting that ardent and pure-hearted patriot, the Marquis Ossoli, who had given up rank and station for his country's cause, she loved and married him, and their one child, Angelo, was born at Rieti, September, 1848. The cause which had won so many deeds of sacrifice and heroic daring, failed for a time, and the Ossolis prepared to sail for America. The story of that ill-fated voyage is well-known, and marks one of the saddest and most pathetic pages in our history. Both Margaret and her husband undertook the voyage with feelings of dread they could not understand. A fortune-teller had warned Ossoli against the sea when he was quite young. "Various omens combined," wrote Margaret, "to give me a dark feeling;" and again, "It seems to me that my future on earth will soon close." "I have a vague expectation of some crisis, I know not what."

The voyage was long, and further darkened with the horrors of small-pox on board, of which the captain died, being buried at sea. The child, Angelo, was also attacked with the dreadful malady, but after an illness that seemed hopeless, recovered. As the vessel approached the American shore, she was delayed a few hours by a thick fog on the New Jersey coast, but the passengers made ready to land the next day in New

York. A storm arose, the ship struck on Fire Island beach, and the vessel filled, the roaring surf breaking in fury over the masts. Accounts differ as to the exact details of the wreck, but we are told that Margaret had the possibility of rescue offered her, but refused to leave her husband. In the midst of the horror of the situation, the weeping of women, and the groaning of men, Margaret and her noble-minded husband remained calm, thinking of others rather than themselves, even in this moment of supreme distress. Margaret sang to her child to allay his fears, and Ossoli tried to quiet his fellow-passengers with a few words of prayer.

The body of the little Angelo was saved, and the remains, first buried on the beach, were afterward transferred to Mount Auburn cemetery. No trace was ever discovered of the lost father and mother. Margaret's last prayer was granted —that if danger came to them on the voyage, and the worst should happen, "Ossoli, Angelo and I may go together." They left behind them a noble, sacred memory which the added years, since their death, have but sweetened and enriched. More than twenty years ago Colonel Higginson wrote of Margaret Fuller, words which remain true to-day: "Not only has she had no successor among women, but we still miss throughout our criticism her culture, her insight, her fearlessness, her generous sympathies, and her resolute purpose to apply the highest artistic standard to the facts of American life."

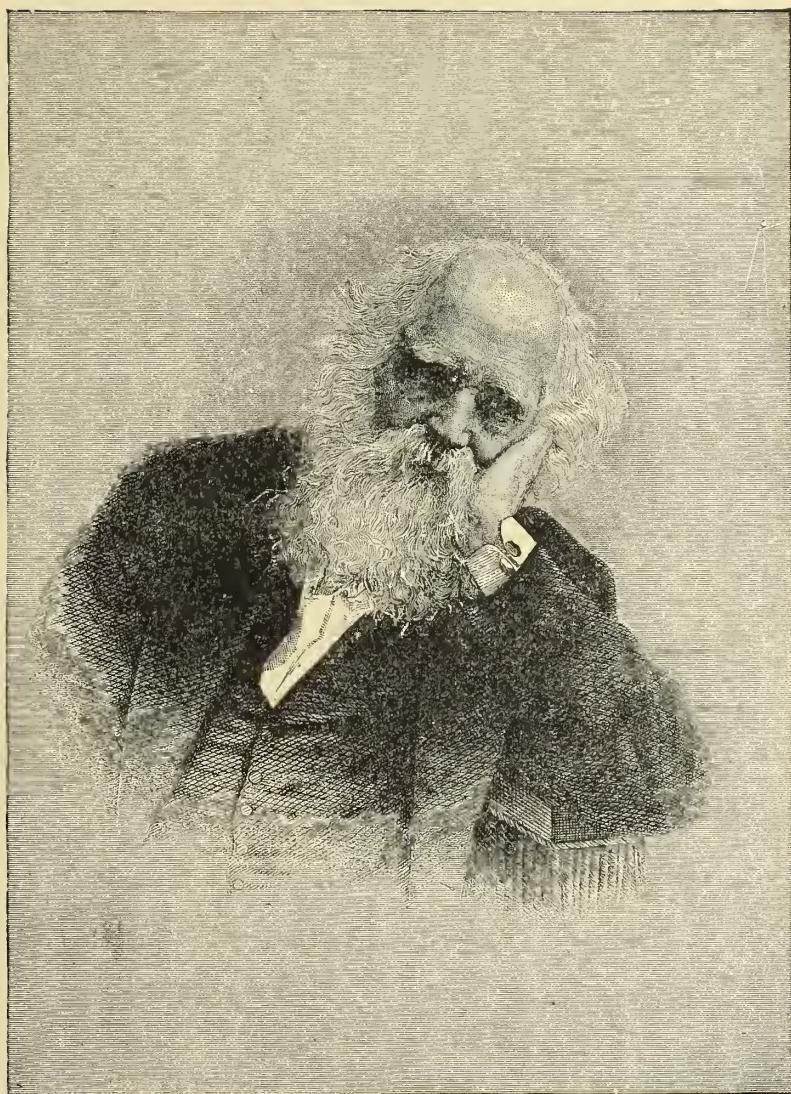
#### "OH, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

Oh, mother of a mighty race,  
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
Admire and hate thy blooming years.  
With words of shame  
And taunts of scorn, they join thy name.

Oh, fair young mother! On thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer, toil and bread.  
Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

—W. C. BRYANT.



*William Cullen Bryant*

# PETER COOPER, THE BROTHER OF THE PEOPLE.

BY MARTIN L. WILLISTON.

SOME people are sent to this earth as God's missionaries of good-will to men. Peter Cooper was one of them. He came hither February 12th, 1791; he went back to his Creator April 4th, 1883. He passed through ninety-two of the best years ever accomplished by any one on this globe. He began and closed his long life below the skies in the same city, New York. He was as good a man as the Apostle he was named for, better, perhaps; certainly he never turned his back on a friend. We could have chosen no more fitting person to illustrate the meaning of the word, "American."

He had the good fortune to have no fortune to start with. He was his own best and greatest possession, and though he came to be the owner of millions of money, he was already worth more before he had an independent dollar, than all the stores or stocks he ever acquired in the course of his long and prosperous life.

He began very early to take care of himself by hard work. His father had been a gallant soldier in the war of the Revolution, serving as Lieutenant. At the close of the struggle he began the manufacture of hats in New York. The business prospered, but the proprietor wanted to get rich faster, as is sometimes the case now-a-days. He moved to Peekskill, N. Y., hoping to reap a great fortune at once in that ambitious town: but no fortune came to him, although the Methodist preachers did, and in great numbers, and with appetites none the less spacious, that they were seasoned with piety. Mr. Cooper, an ardent Methodist, himself, made his hospitable home free, night and day, to all the traveling clergymen of his denomination. As these reverend gentlemen were all travelers and rode hungry horses, the Cooper estate grew rapidly toward zero. Little Peter was set to work before he was eight years old making hats. When the hat

business failed, the child toiled in a brewery started by the father; when the brewery closed, he was busy at brick-making under his father's direction, then at brewing again. At sixteen years he had worked nearly for nine years without a day's vacation, and had laid up \$10.00. Then he made the one and only serious mistake of his life. At the advice of an older relative, who ought to have known better, he put his precious ten dollars into lottery tickets. Fortunately he lost the entire amount, and with it all taste for speculation in lucky chances. He never afterward tried to get something for nothing, but he made it his fixed business principle to give full value for all he asked of others.

At seventeen years he bound himself out to a coach-maker for four years, for his board and twenty-five dollars a year. By his industry and fidelity he won the admiration of his employer, he gave his days to work, his evenings to study, and his nights to sleep, notwithstanding the sneers of his fellow apprentices, who called him a "milksoop" and a "saint" for not joining them in saloon "treating," and in the coarse and costly pleasures of the low "dance hall."

For the three years after he was twenty-one, he worked for \$1.50 per day at making machines for shearing cloth. He felt himself rich in earning so much, and proceeded to add to his wealth by taking to himself a wife. He felt ever after, that he had done wisely, and he counted as the better part of all his acquisitions the fifty-six happy years of his union with the noble woman who not alone shared his well being, but who did more than any other to create it. He always claimed that a sensible marriage was good economy, not for the heart alone, but for the purse. He believed in the wise woman, and was sure he had more than doubled his fortune on his wedding day. He certainly did increase his happiness at

an immense ratio, and his home became the Paradise of an unselfish man and a woman as true.

Mr. Cooper was alive to *this* world. He believed in that unseen world which Christians hope for, but he gave himself no anxiety about it, trusting to God, its almighty Master, to conduct it. But he did feel it important to look out for the one world he had seen, and where he could immediately do something. He set about doing his best with things; he had plenty of ideas, it is true, but he felt that ideas to be good for anything should be put to work doing something. He married his wits to his industry, and at once made himself valuable to others. People wanted such hats as came from his hands. He built carriages that were worth their price. He manufactured cloth-shearers that wore well and did fine work. He sold groceries that were clean, pure, and of full weight. His customers praised him at their tables and sent their friends to his counters. This wise man insisted that the way to make money in trade was to always satisfy the one bargained with. He never imagined it "smart" to get another to pay for sand when he thought he was buying sugar, or take fifteen ounces supposing he was getting a pound. He made glue that made things stick together, and caused profitable trade to stick to him.

It was not many years till he was known as one of the rich men of the nation. All he attempted prospered. Money came to him in a constant stream. People believed in him, for he was known to be honorable; it was safe to trust him. He was seen to be shrewd: it would do to follow him. He made no business mistakes. He saw that America was sure to grow at a rapid rate, and he had perfect faith in its glorious future. Hence he ventured his profits in new enterprises; he did it boldly and on a great scale, to the great advantage of all who dealt with him.

When the day of the Railroad dawned he was one of the first to understand the vast importance of what was coming to the world on its new steam chariot. He promptly invested much of his now large fortune in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At the end of a year so much more money had been spent in building the road than was expected that the projectors lost courage,

and thought it best to give up the whole affair. They were convinced that it could never pay to run trains around so many sharp curves and over so many hills as lay between Baltimore and the Ohio river. Mr. Cooper labored hard to show his associates the wisdom of pushing the work through. His arguments did no good. The courageous man then resolved to make an engine himself, that would do what his friends declared impossible. Soon the machine was ready, and the one track was laid for thirteen crooked miles, up and down a dozen steep grades. He persuaded forty of the stockholders to ride with him on the engine and in a box car, and away he raced to Point of Rocks, rounding the sharp curves at race-horse speed, pushing up the slopes at a lively run, going and coming in two short hours, to the astonishment and delight of all his passengers. Nobody had any doubts about the Railroad after that. The building went forward at once; the company saved all that had been spent, and easily got millions more for their work. The faith and works of a single man with a clear head had won a battle against timidity, doubt and disbelief. It was shown then, as it has been ten thousand times, that wit and will are the masters of the world. One brave man with good eyes in his head is worth more than an army that is not sure of itself.

Mr. Cooper led in the magnificent effort that at last linked Europe to America by electric cable. It is impossible, now, to realize the vastness of this achievement. We are so well used to our conveniences almost as soon as we get them, that the day which lacked them is swiftly forgotten. It seems as though the world had always been as well off as in its latest day. We hardly believe that our fathers, not so long ago, lived in houses without glass windows or wooden floors; that chimneys were almost too stylish for king's palaces, and that the common people had no bedsteads, and sat as willingly on the ground as anywhere else.

The most of us, however, though quick to forget the less favored past are slow to believe in a more favored future. It is the wise man, and the brave one, who dares to trust in what he does not yet see, able to think out a world that is yet

to be made. It is such people, though, the prophets of the future, the leaders into the unseen, who make existence great. Columbus trusts to a conviction, and dares the laugh of all humankind, and the West uncovers its vast miracle of an unsuspected hemisphere to his triumphant faith. Franklin ties his faith to the clouds with a kite string, and brings nervous fire from heaven to reinforce the energy of a world. Peter Cooper believed that God meant lightning to run the round world over at the will of man, and he dared to say that the silent depths of the ocean should be made the whispering gallery of the nations. How difficult it would be to drive the lightning beneath the sea he well knew. How to send the celestial fire, so far and on a highway no mortal eye or hand could trace, and yet keep the swift messenger obedient all the way, was a puzzle. Mr. Cooper and a few other Americans believed the puzzle could be worked out. In 1854 the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co. was formed, with Mr. Cooper for the President. After four years of immense labor, repeated disappointment, and a cost of millions of dollars, a cable was laid that talked by lightning all the way from Ireland to Newfoundland. August 16th, 1858, Queen Victoria sent a message of good-will and rejoicing to President Buchanan. The President replied gracefully, saying, among other good things: "It is a triumph more glorious, because more useful to mankind, than was ever won by a conqueror on the field of battle."

Our countrymen were filled with joy. They had been unbelievers, but instantly the words of actual greeting between the distant nations had run beneath the sea, unbelief turned to exaltation. Bells rang out in excited chime, cannon roared, great meetings rioted in happy noise, and the continent from end to end made merry over the glorious event that promised to hasten the day of universal good-will among men. Four or five hundred messages went back and forth between the two continents, and then the cable refused to speak. Nothing could waken it. The world broke into a laugh, and it was freely said that the whole excitement had been a fraud, and no message had crossed the sea. Peter Cooper and his brave companions, a few steadfast Americans and

Englishmen, quietly tried again. They lost a second cable in the bed of the ocean. A third time they tried it, venturing money by millions, and they prevailed. Since then there has not been a day when America and Europe could not talk with each other at an instant's notice, and in less than an instant of time. To no man, more than to Peter Cooper, was this great work due his courage, his patience, his faith and his pocket-book, kept all interested in heart, till the splendid conclusion of the enterprise.

The great war for the Union burst upon the nation. Mr. Cooper was seventy years old, but his love for native land was as young as his unaging soul. His body was too old for war, so he sent nine men to take his place, paying them wages and caring for those dependent on them. He freely gave the use of the Great Hall of the Cooper Union for public meetings in behalf of the nation's cause. No man better loved or served his country than this gentle, brave and generous soul.

In 1876, then eighty-five years old, he was almost forced to accept a nomination for the Presidency of the nation by the so-called Greenback Party. It was a mistake, so millions felt, but the good old man made no enemies and lost no friends by his course. All the world knew that Peter Cooper was an upright and noble citizen, and though few voted for him, all Americans loved him.

Peter Cooper was the People's Friend, always aiming to do good to others. He enjoyed making money in honorable ways; he enjoyed better spending his money so that it might prove a blessing to men. In 1859 he carried out the hope and purpose of years by giving to the people of New York the "Cooper Institute." He gave \$1,000,000 to the School for the people. He intended it to be a help to all persons who desired to make themselves useful in the working arts and sciences, but who were unable to gain the needed instruction because of the cost usually incurred. His noble purpose has been most happily carried out. Between four and five thousand pupils are taught in the great School every year, freely taught, by the best instructors in the world. The free Reading Rooms are visited by thousands



THE BIRD'S FEAST.

daily, and the fine lectures on Science, Labor and Art, given in the Hall of the Institute, are attended by audiences of 1500 people the year round. The noble benefactor, creator of this superb Institution, was happy for almost a quarter of a century in the work he had set on foot. He enjoyed the money he had made a thousand times more after it had become the property of a favored public than when it was wholly his own. Like every wise and generous man, he was better off in the good he secured by his "means," than he could possibly have been in the mere keeping of them.

This righteous man lived till April 4th, 1883,

returning to God in his ninety-third year, with a good report of his long life on earth and a good prospect for a life of continued and unending usefulness on the unseen side of the grave. The Heavenly Father surely delights in all his children of this sort, and they will be permitted to do in eternity as they did in time, and busy themselves in benefitting people and things. Peter Cooper would not stay in Paradise if he could not be doing that, but would certainly ask to go to a worse place where he might be of more use, being more needed.

Blessings on the memory of the Brother of the People!

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### THERE IS A GREAT DEAL IN IT.

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**Y**ES, a great deal—in being born well, I mean to start with the right father and mother, to feel the push of first-rate grand-parents behind you, to remember that from away back there were good and glorious people to whom you owe it that you are now in the world. Some imagine they do not care where they come from and who set them going for life, but I doubt if any one who sees these words would enjoy thinking that he had a mean mother, or would be quick to tell of it if his father were a sneak. Of course, those dead people who closed out their mortal career a hundred years ago, did they ever so well with it, are not going to get back here and do it all over again, and have it set over to our credit. We cannot be good and great by some old proxy, whose bones are dust to-day under the sod of a Revolutionary battle-field. If we choose, we can be as bad as our forefathers may have been good, but it is a fact, on the whole, that dogs are not apt to breed from lions. We expect good stock to bear good fruit, and the apple blossom, if it could be persuaded to talk, would doubtless admit that it preferred its own progenitor and prospects to those that belonged to the "Gimson weed."

We do well, then, to call up our connection with honorable people who have gone before us. We shall be better Americans for keeping fresh in our hearts the good deeds done in this land by its best and bravest citizens. This is how certain patriotic women in New York feel, and it has led them to form a society, the "Colonial Dames of

America;" only those belong whose early American ancestors were in this country before 1776, and who also did something worth remembering and admiring by their countrymen. The Society was organized May 25th, 1890; its object, as given in its Constitution, is "to inspire genuine love of country in every heart within its range of influence, . . . . to create popular interest in the men and events that were instrumental in providing our precious institutions, . . . . to teach the young that it is a sacred obligation to do justice, and honor to heroic ancestors, etc."

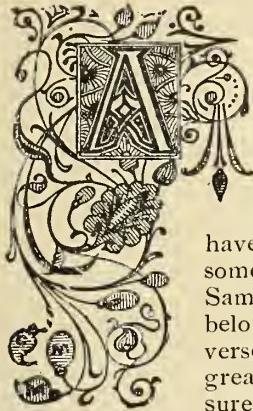
Young as the Society is, it is already powerful; many of the most famous men of the "Revolution of '76" are represented in it by their nineteenth century daughters. John Adams, John Jay, Philip Schuyler, Harrison Gray Otis, Robert Morris, John Winthrop, John Trumbull, Rufus King—what a roll-call among the sons of glory—but all these magnificent men, and many more, have sent their life down to our day in the wit, beauty and patriotic spirit of these fair women, proud to call themselves "Colonial Dames of America." The Society finds itself besieged with applications for membership from women of like spirit and of like descent, with its founders. No movement of intelligent American patriotism has ever been more nobly born, or has carried in it the possibility and promise of better things to the lover of native land.

I close, then, as I began, and yet more fervently—there is a great deal in it. PRO PATRIA.

# THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

## SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

BY A. K. F.



In many of our other favorite songs, the words themselves of the "Old Oaken Bucket" seem so familiar, so much a natural growth, that we scarcely realize that they have an author, until we chance sometime to see the name of Samuel Woodworth printed below the last line of the last verse. The names merely of great poets are sufficient to ensure the success of their productions, but among lesser authors, the popularity, perhaps, of one poem establishes their reputation.

So it is with the writer of the "Old Oaken Bucket." Of all the work that he has produced, this song alone is likely to live. But a man has gained much who can write even one poem that appeals so strongly to the pure sentiments and affections of its readers, as does this. For us who have never had the privilege of drawing the "Old Oaken Bucket" from the "moss-covered well," it gives a glimpse of delights hidden in a by-gone time. For those to whom the scenes and customs are familiar, the writer has "embalmed in undying verse many of the most touching recollections of rural childhood."

The song was sung out of the very life of Samuel Woodworth. For he was born among the hills of Massachusetts, where even now, once in a while, some aged grandmother will show a curious visitor the old chain well behind the little weather-beaten farmhouse. In the village of Scituate, in some such home as this, little Samuel on the thirteenth of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, first saw the light. The house must have been very humble, since his father was not able to educate his children on account of his poverty. Hardship, however, did not crush the muse of the young poet, and he wrote verses which finally attracted the notice of the

Rev. Nehemiah Thomas. They seemed to him to be written so well that he was willing to teach the classics to their composer.



At seventeen years of age he was apprenticed to Benjamin Russell, editor of the "Columbian Centinel." A year after the expiration of his term with Mr. Russell, having gone to New Haven, Connecticut, he issued there a weekly paper called the "Belles Lettres Repository," of which he was "editor, publisher, printer and carrier." The paper, however, failed at the end of the second month. In eighteen hundred and nine he moved to New York, and during the second war with Great Britain, conducted another weekly paper called "The War," and, also, a Swedenborgian monthly magazine, entitled the "Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository." These, too, like most of his other attempts in journalism, were unsuccessful. His next undertaking, in eighteen hundred and sixteen, though along a different line, was likewise a failure. This was a contract, to write a history of the second war with Great Britain, in the style of a romance, called the "Champions of Freedom." The book was published in two volumes in New York, in eighteen hundred and sixteen, but having little merit either as a novel or history, it was not at all popular. He began the publication of the "New York Mirror," in partnership with George S. Morris, in eighteen hundred and twenty-three, but he withdrew within a year. In eighteen hundred and twenty-seven he edited the "Parthenon." After this time until his death, in eighteen hundred and forty-two, he wrote frequently for the

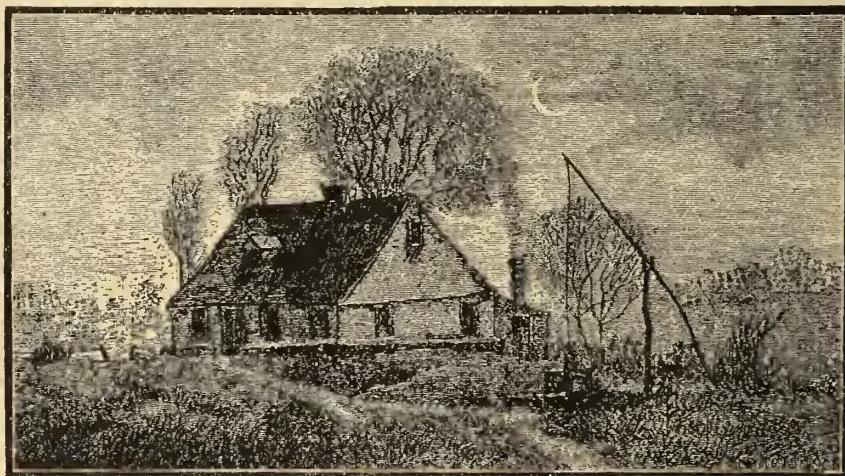
press, and published several operettas that were produced with success. One of these, the "Forest Rose," is occasionally performed even now.

During his whole life he struggled against penury, and towards the latter part had also to

endure the additional trial of paralysis. With all his hardships, however, he still continued to write, stands forth as an example of a man whom neither poverty could discourage, failure subdue, nor affliction daunt.

### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



HOW dear o my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-  
wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

# OUR HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

## The Author's Calendar.

	BORN.	DIED.
Benjamin Franklin.....	January 17, 1706.....	April 17, 1790.
Daniel Webster.....	January 18, 1782.....	October 24, 1852.
N. P. Willis.....	January 20, 1806.....	January 20, 1867

## Historical Calendar.

	BORN.	DIED.
Charles Sumner.....	January 6, 1811.....	March 11, 1874.
Ethan Allen.....	January 10, 1738.....	February 13, 1789.
Alexander Hamilton.....	January 11, 1757.....	July 12, 1804.
Robert E. Lee.....	January 19, 1807.....	October 12, 1870.
Salmon P. Chase.....	January 13, 1808.....	May 7, 1873.
Richard Henry Lee.....	January 20, 1732.....	June 19, 1794.
Stonewall Jackson.....	January 21, 1824.....	May 10, 1863.
John C. Fremont.....	January 21, 1813.....	
Henry Lee.....	January 29, 1756.....	March 25, 1818.
James G. Blaine.....	January 31, 1830.....	

## DANIEL WEBSTER.



URTIS tells us that if any one would know what it was that gave Daniel Webster his glow of eloquence, he must go back to the fireside of his early home and listen in imagination to the tales which he heard from his father's lips at the time when the religious tendencies which nature had bestowed upon him received their first impulses. Whatever his faults in after life, his religious feelings were already deep and fervent. Among the works which he obtained from a meagre circulating library was a copy of The Spectator, containing a criticism on Chevy Chase. He could never understand why the critic should try to prove the self-evident fact that Chevy Chase was good poetry. Of other poetry, he knew the psalms and hymns of Watts, and could repeat them at the age of ten. He was bashful and disliked declamations in school and detested writing. Before the age of twelve years

he read Pope's Essay on Man, systematically. He had so few books that to read them twice was nothing. He could never remember when he first read the Bible, and poetry was his favorite reading. He read what he could get and went to school when he could. At school he was made fun of by the boys for his plain dress, but was promoted to a higher class by a master who remarked to his classmates, "Boys, you will take your final leave of Webster; you will never see him again."

Daniel began Latin before the age of fifteen, reading Virgil and Tully with pleasure.

A little later he mentions reading Don Quixote and says that he never closed his eyes until he had finished it. He knew almost nothing of arithmetic, history, or geography, as taught from text books, but in English literature he had read some of Addison's prose and tells us that he had but two passions, one for reading, and one for playing.



## Historical Calendar.

	BORN.	DIED.
Horace Greeley.....	February 3, 1811.....	1872.
James Otis.....	February 5, 1725.....	1789.
Cotton Mather.....	February 6, 1663.....	1728.
Gen. W. T. Sherman.....	February 8, 1820.....	
Gen. Frances Marion .....	February 9, 1732.....	1793
Pres. W. H. Harrison.....	February 9, 1773.....	1841.
Peter Cooper.....	February 12, 1791.....	1883.
Geo. Peabody.....	February 18, 1809.....	1869
Edgar A. Poe .....	February 19, 1809.....	1849.
H. W. Longfellow.....	February 27, 1807.....	1882.

## EVENTS.

Shay's Rebellion.....	March 4, 1787.
Destruction of Schenectady.....	March 8, 1690.
"Boston Tea Party".....	March 17, 1774.
Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge .....	March 26, 1776.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Although Mr. Russell has been somewhat of a vagrant of late years, his life has been that of a student, and has been passed for the most part in the seclusion of Elmwood, Cambridge, where he was born February 22, 1819. In his *An Indian*

*Summer Reverie* he has given a poetical, in *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, a prose reminiscence of his early life. His father was scholarly clergyman, and the son's own tastes early showed themselves both in prose and verse. So evenly have the two functions of poet and critic been exercised,

that one is apt to think of Mr. Lowell as distracted by the contradictory calls upon his nature; but so frequently has the scholar's gown only half concealed the poet's pipe, and so often has the



*J. Lowell*

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poet's voice echoed against academic walls that one is persuaded that nature has, after all, had her own way.

Mr. Lowell graduated from Harvard in 1838 and made a somewhat nominal study of the law; but his heart was in literature. He had given the class poem when he graduated, and three years later published his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*. Few men have had so eventful a life as that of Mr. Lowell since the publication of his first volume of poems. He has given the world many great poems, *A Legend of Brittany*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Commemoration Ode*, *A Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*,—he has distinguished himself as editor of *The Atlantic*, and has served as Minister to Spain and England. His sonnets have been surpassed only by those of Wordsworth, Milton and Keats. He lives in Cambridge, not far from the home of Longfellow, in a large quaint old mansion.

Lowell is, without doubt, the greatest poet America has ever produced. He is deeply religious and truly ethical in thought. He has the polish of Tennyson, with a larger and deeper sense of freedom and nobility.

#### QUOTATIONS FROM LOWELL'S SONNETS.

Great souls are portions of eternity.

They who love are but one step from Heaven.  
To put more faith in lies and hate, than truth  
and love, is the true atheism.

#### QUOTATIONS FROM THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

A betch o' bread that hain't riz once aint goin'  
to rise agin,

And its jest money throwed away to put the  
emptins in.

It ain't disgraceful bein' beat when a hull nation  
does it,

But chance is like an umberill,—it don't take  
twice to lose it.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
Ef he must hev beliefs, not to b'lieve 'em too  
hard.

#### FROM HIS ESSAY ON BOOKS AND LIBRARIES.

Have you ever rightly considered what the ability to read means? that it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination? to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time?

Every book we read may be made a round in the ever-lengthening ladder by which we climb to knowledge and to that temperance and serenity of mind which, as it is the ripest fruit of wisdom, is also the sweetest.

A man is known, says the proverb, by the company he keeps, and not only so, but made by it.

We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. Their speech was noble, because they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato. We spend as much time over print as they

did, but instead of communing with the choice thoughts of choice spirits, we diligently inform ourselves, and cover the continent with a cobweb of telegraphs, to inform us of such inspiring facts as, that a horse belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, badly damaging a valuable carry-all; that a son of Mr. Brown swallowed a hickory nut on Thursday, and that a gravel bank caved in and buried Mr. Robinson alive on Friday. Alas, it is we ourselves that are getting buried alive under this avalanche of earthy impertinences!

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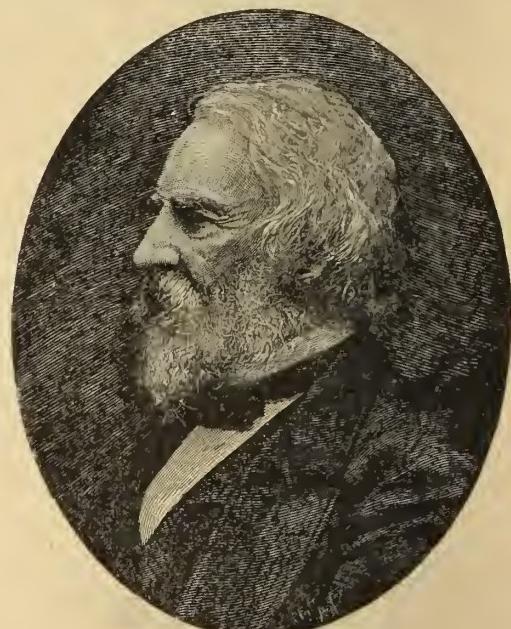
### HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.

At the age of thirteen he wrote his first poem, *The Battle of Lovell's Pond*, and when fourteen he entered Bowdoin College. During his college life he wrote many poems and some prose, and after graduating, he visited Europe in order to qualify himself for a professorship at Bowdoin. At the age of twenty-four he was invited to take the chair of modern languages at Harvard University and visited Europe again to acquire a better acquaintance with the northern literatures. When his Cambridge life began he resumed the writing of poetry. Since then his great works, *Hyperion*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Evangeline*, and his *Translation of Dante* have appeared. He was twice married and died March 24, 1882.

Longfellow is the children's poet. On his seventy-second birthday the school children of Cambridge sent him an arm-chair made from the horse chestnut tree under whose spreading branches stood the Village Blacksmith. The poem written for them, was given to every child who came to see and sit, in the chair. His last acts of kindness were to children. When a boy he was sensitive, affectionate and tender toward people, not only,

but toward animals as well; and such attributes only strengthened with his years, and grew into the expression of his face. Charles Kingsley said of him, "I do not think I ever saw a finer human face." His eyes were blue and kindly, his voice sweet and winning, and in late years his snowy hair and extremely gentle manners made him an ideal of gracious manly beauty. His marble image



*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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stands in Westminster Abbey, in the poets' corner, an honor accorded to no other American author that I know of. The story is told that in a conversation with Queen Victoria she said to him, "Even the servants in England are familiar with your poetry, Mr. Longfellow."

The last words ever written by him were:

Out of the shadow of night,  
The world moves into the light;  
It is daybreak everywhere!

*Historical Calendar.*

	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Houston.....	March 2, 1794.....	1863
Thomas H. Benton.....	March 4, 1782.....	1858
Gen. Philip Sheridan.....	March 6, 1831.....	1889
James Madison.....	March 15, 1751.....	1836
Andrew Jackson.....	March 15, 1767.....	1845

*Events.*

The Boston Massacre .....	March 5, 1770.
Massacre of "The Alamo".....	March 6, 1836.
Battle of Pea Ridge.....	March 9, 1862.
Boston "Tea Party".....	March 17, 1773.



*John Fiske.*

BORN IN HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH 30, 1842.

FROM CIVIL GOVERNMENT, BY  
JOHN FISKE.

THE USE OF HISTORY.

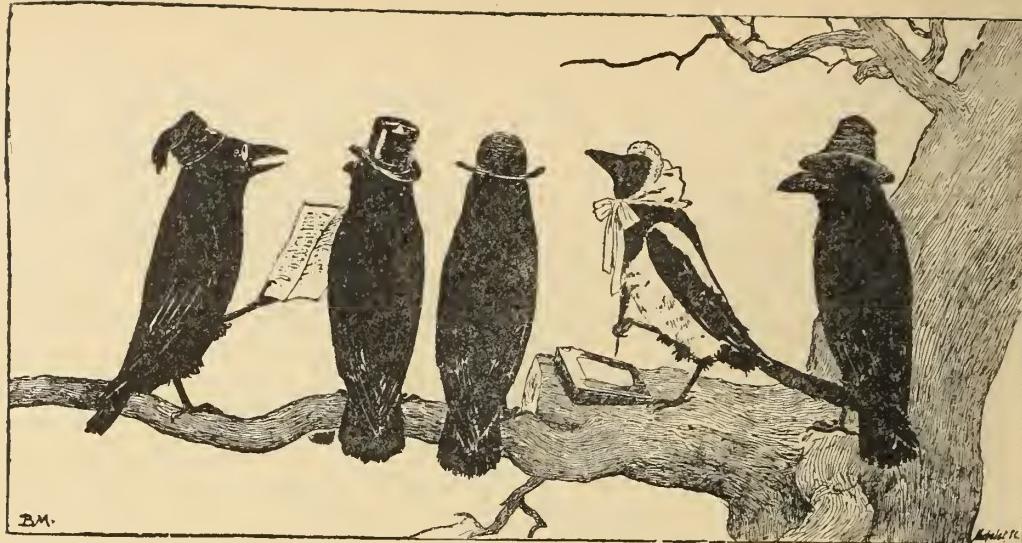
WHEN we begin in childhood the study of history, we are attracted chiefly by anecdotes of heroes and their battles, kings

and their courts, how the Spartan's fought at Thermopylæ, how Alfred let the cakes burn, how Henry VIII. beheaded his wives, how Louis XIV. used to live at Versailles. It is quite right that we should be interested in such personal details, the more so, the better; for history has been made by individual men and women, and until we have understood the character of a great many of those gone before us, and how they thought and felt in their time, we have hardly made a fair beginning in the study of history.

Very little has happened in the past which has not some immediate practical lesson for us; and when we study history, in order to profit by the experience of our ancestors, to find out wherein they succeeded and wherein they failed, in order that we may emulate their success and avoid their errors, then history becomes the noblest and most valuable of studies.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TOWNSHIP.

The principle of the town-meeting is older than Athens and Rome. Long before streets were built, or fields fenced in, men wandered about the earth, hunting for food in family parties, somewhat as lions do in South Africa. Such family groups were what we call *clans*, and so far as is known, they were the earliest form in which civil society appeared on the earth.



## Historical Calendar.

### BORN.

### DIED.

John Burroughs.....	April 3, 1837.....	
Edward Everett Hale.....	April 3, 1822.....	
Harriet Prescott Spofford.....	April 3, 1835.....	
James Freeman Clarke.....	April 4, 1810.....	1888
Washington Irving.....	April 5, 1783.....	1850
Frank Stockton.....	April 5, 1834.....	
Louise Chandler Moulton.....	April 5, 1835.....	
William Ellery Channing.....	April 7, 1780.....	1842
Fisher Ames.....	April 9, 1758.....	1808
Edward Everett.....	April 11, 1794.....	1865
Henry Clay.....	April 12, 1777.....	1852
Donald G. Mitchell.....	April 12, 1822.....	
Thomas Jefferson.....	April 13, 1743.....	1826
Henry James.....	April 15, 1843.....	
John Lathrop Motley.....	April 15, 1814.....	1877
Alice Cary.....	April 20, 1820.....	1871
Henry Ware.....	April 21, 1794.....	1843
Lindley Murray.....	April 22, 1745.....	1826
C. F. Brown (Artemus Ward).....	April 26, 1834.....	1867
U. S. Grant.....	April 27, 1822.....	1885
James Monroe.....	April 28, 1758.....	1831

## EVENTS.

U. S. Mint Established .....	April 2, 1792.
Battle of Shiloh.....	" 6-7, 1862.
Battle of Cerro Gordo .....	" 18, 1847.
Battle of Lexington.....	" 19, 1775.
Battle of Hobkirk's Hill, N. C. ....	" 25, 1781.

# THE CALENDAR OF AUTHORS FOR APRIL.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born April 23, 1564.

Shakespeare! on whose forehead climb  
The crowns o' the world! Oh, eyes sublime,  
With tears and laughter for all time.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I care not how Shakespeare is acted; with him,  
the thought suffices.—Abraham Lincoln.

The house where Shakespeare was born is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true resting place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.—Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He belonged to a family whose tastes were literary, and though he studied law, he never practiced it. His first book was a humorous history of New York, published under the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker. This gave much offense to some of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, who were sensitive about having their ancestors put into a ridiculous light. The "Sketch Book" was the first of his books that met with a great success. It was highly prized among the English, and gave him a wide reputation as a writer. Washington Irving was the first American author whom English critics were glad to acknowledge as a great writer.

We love him best for his patriotism, as we find it in the "Life of Washington." No one could help loving America better after reading his "Rip Van Winkle" and his "History of Columbus." He died at the age of seventy-six at Tarrytown, N. Y.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, Cumberland. His father was a lawyer of some note, and his mother a woman of great intellectual superiority. He received the rudiments of his education from Dame Birkett, at Penrith, where his grandparents lived, and from a

clergyman in his native town after his mother's death, which occurred when he was eight years old. The greatest event of his life was his marriage to Mary Hutchinson, a woman of great beauty and mental endowments. She was his early playmate at Dame Birkett's school. Wordsworth's friends were Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Klopstock, Lamb, De Quincey, Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, Carlyle, Sir Humphrey Davy and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

The violet by its mossy stone  
The primrose by the river's brim,  
The chance-sown daffodil, have found  
Immortal life through him.  
  
The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain peaks of thought.

—J. G. Whittier.

## ONE OF THE GREATEST SONNETS EVER WRITTEN.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon.  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God, I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

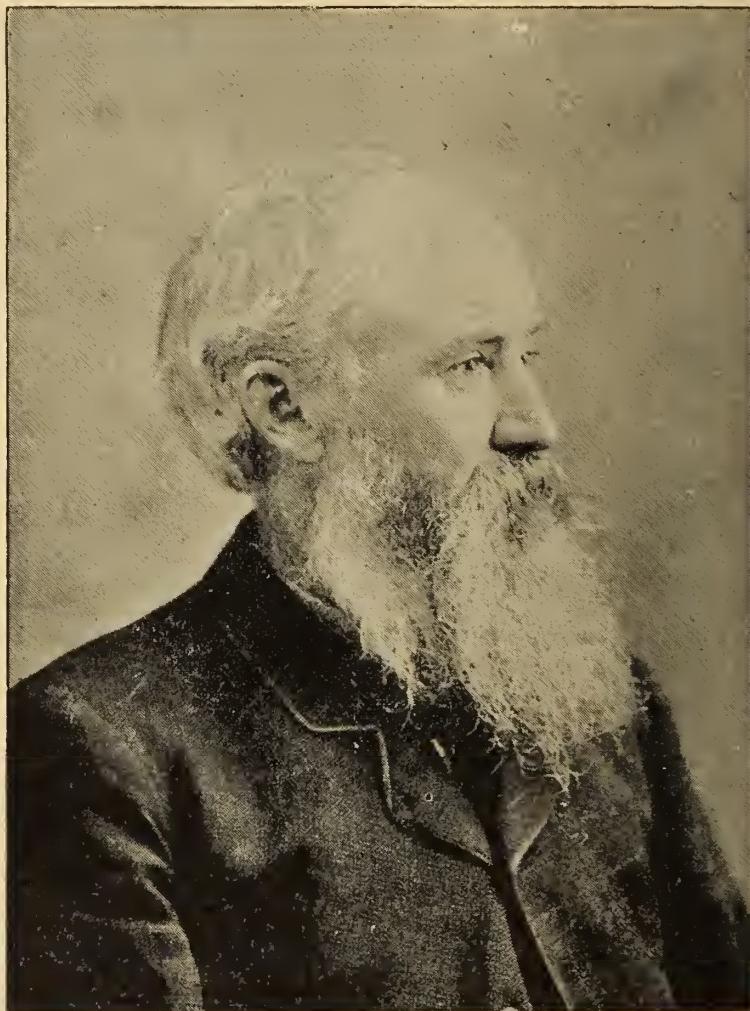
—William Wordsworth.

In one of his essays JOHN BURROUGHS tells us "An April baby is sure to thrive," but he does not, as he surely might, offer himself as a good illustration of the fact. He was born April 3, 1837, at Roxbury, N. Y. Until he was twenty-six years of age he lived in his native place, working on his father's farm, getting his education in the district school and neighboring academies, and taking his turn also as teacher.

His real masters were not the teachers in schools.

In the pages of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, as well as in the pages of nature, he found his inspiration. Although he has become world-famous,

intention worthy of an innocent child. He lives at West Park, on the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, where, as he says, his pen often rusts while he



JOHN BURROUGHS.

and has occupied responsible political positions, as well as having been acknowledged a most talented writer, he retains a simplicity of character and

is pruning his vines. His writings show him to be a keen and sympathetic observer of nature, and have in them the flavor of life.

APRIL is generally considered as a contraction of *aperīūs*, from *aperio*, to open. It is the month in which the plants open. Another etymology connects it with the Greek word *aphios*, οἴαμ, from which Venus, to whom the month was sacred, was said to have sprung. The Anglo-Saxons called it Easter monthe. It was at one time the second month of the year, instead of the fourth.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.

—Shakespeare

Oh, how the spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

—Shakespeare.

#### HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,  
In England, now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Mark where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine, careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew.  
The buttercups—the little children's dower—  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

#### AN APRIL BLOSSOM.

ADAPTED FROM OVID BY MARY E. BURT.

Adonis was so beautiful that Envy herself would have praised him for the fairness of his face, and even Venus was pleased to admire him.

As the Goddess of Love was caressing her son Cupid, the boy that wears the quiver, he reached up to kiss her rose-white brow, when he unconsciously wounded her near the heart with a protruding arrow. The goddess pushed away her son in anguish, but the wound was inflicted deeply, and as her eyes fell upon Adonis the arrow's charm fell upon her so that she loved him passing all other love. Charmed with the beauty of the youth, she cared no more for the lovely shores where was her home, nor did she visit her lands, which lay in the deep sea, abounding in fish and rich in treasures.

She abandoned even the skies, through whose blue depths her swans were wont to bear her. She had been accustomed to rest in the shade and improve her beauty through great care; but now she wandered over the mountain tops, through woods and over bushy rocks that she might attend Adonis; and she assisted him in the hunt, cheering on the dogs, pursuing harmless animals, either the swift hare or the stag with its lofty horns; she kept far from the fierce boars, and avoided the ravening wolves, and the bears armed with claws, and the lions destructive to herds. Seeing Adonis over-bold she counseled him to be less brave. She said, "Be courageous against those animals which fly from thee. Boldness against the bold will not do. Forbear, youth, to be rash, and do not attack the wild beasts, lest thy love of glory should cost me much grief for thee slain. Thy beautiful face will make no impression on lions and bristly boars. The tawny lion's rage is without limit, and the fierce boar carries the lightning in his tusk."

Having thus warned him, she winged her way through the air, drawn by her swans, which she had harnessed to her chariot.

But Adonis, heedless of the advice of Venus, followed the track of a boar which his dogs had aroused, and he pierced its side with a spear. The fierce boar turned upon the youth, and dealing him a deadly stroke with his tusk, stretched him expiring on the sand. Venus, borne in her light

chariot through the air, had not yet reached her home when she heard the groans of Adonis as he was dying, and she turned her white birds back again. While yet in the lofty sky she saw him almost dead, bathed in his own blood; and rending her garments and her hair and smiting her breast with her distracted hands, she complained to the Fates, saying, "All things are not in your power, O Fates; a testimony of my sorrow for Adonis shall ever remain, and a symbol of his death, yearly repeated, shall immortalize my mourning. His blood shall be changed into a flower." Having thus spoken, she sprinkled the blood with sweet-smelling nectar, and a flower sprang up from it, tinged with its redness. Yet the enjoyment of it is short-lived; for the same winds which gave it its name, anemone, beat it down, as it has but a slender hold, and is apt to perish by reason of its extreme delicacy.

## ANEMONE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

Thou faintly blushing, dawn-like bloom  
 That springest on the April path,  
 Set 'round with shivering leafy gloom  
 'Mong thy companions frail and rath,  
 Why spurnest thou the golden sun,  
 Whom all with still delight receive ?  
 Some unknown love thy heart hath won,  
 And whispers thee at morn and eve !  
 How may this be, how may this be  
 O rare anemone ?

"The wind my sunshine is, the wind,  
 That many a trembling flower affrays,  
 Alone my sweetness can unbind,  
 Alone my drooping head upraise,  
 And when my thread of life shall break,  
 And when I cast my raiment white,  
 Me gently will the rough wind take  
 And bear along his boundless flight.  
 He calleth me, 'Be free, be free,  
 My own anemone !'"

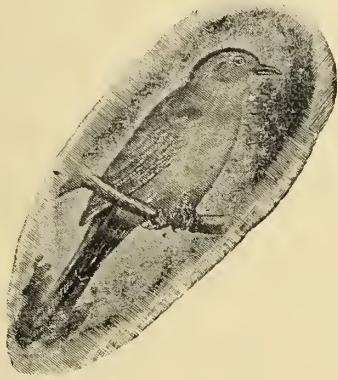


## APRIL BIRDS

A SELECTION FROM "BIRDS AND POETS."

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Across the fields in the early morning I hear some of the rare April birds—the cheewink and the brown thrasher. The robin, blue bird, song



THE CAT BIRD.

sparrow, phœbe bird, etc., come in March; but these two ground birds are seldom heard till toward the last of April. The ground birds are all tree singers or air singers; they must have an elevated stage to speak from. Our long-tailed thrush, or thrasher, like its congeners, the cat bird and mocking bird, delights in a high branch of some solitary tree, whence it will pour out its rich and intricate warble for an hour together. This bird is the great American chipper. There is no other bird that I know of that chips with such emphasis and military decision as this yellow-eyed songster. It is like the click of a giant gun clock. Why is the thrasher so stealthy? It always seems to be going around on tip-toe. I never knew it to steal anything, and yet it skulks and hides like a fugitive from justice. One never sees it flying aloft in the air and traversing the world openly, like most birds, but it darts along fences and through bushes as if pursued by a guilty conscience. Only when the musical fit is upon it

does it come into full view, and invite the world to hear and behold.

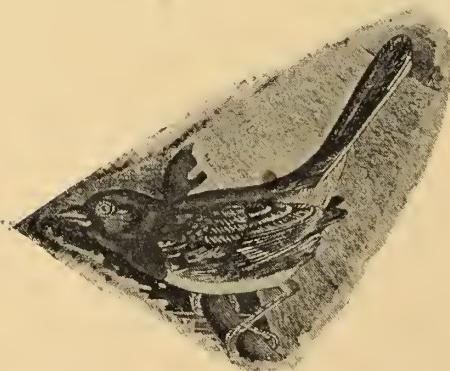
The cheewink is a shy bird also, but not stealthy. It is very inquisitive, and sets up a great scratching among the leaves, apparently to attract your attention. The male is, perhaps, the most conspicuously marked of all the ground birds, except the bobolink, being black above, bay on the sides, and white beneath. The bay is compliment to the leaves he is forever scratching among; they have rustled against his breast and sides so long that these parts have taken their color; but whence come the white and black? The bird seems to be aware that his color betrays him, for there are few birds in the woods so careful about keeping themselves screened from view. When in song its favorite perch is the top of some high bush near to cover.

On being disturbed at such times it pitches down into the brush, and is instantly lost to view.

This is the bird that Thomas Jefferson wrote to Wilson about, greatly exciting the latter's curiosity. Wilson was just then on the threshold of his career as an ornithologist, and had made a drawing of the Canada jay which he sent to the president. It was a new bird, and, in reply, Jefferson called his attention to a "curious bird" which was everywhere to be heard, but scarcely ever to be seen. He had for twenty years interested the young sportsmen of his neighborhood to shoot one for him, but without success. "It is in all the forests from spring to fall," he says, in his letter, "and never but on the tops of the tallest trees, from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, and as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it for miles without ever but once getting a good view of it. It is of the size and shape of the mocking bird, lightly thrush-colored on the back, and a grayish-white on

the breast and belly. Mr. Randolph, my son-in-law, was in possession of one which had been shot by a neighbor," etc. Randolph pronounced it a fly-catcher, which was a good way wide of the mark. Jefferson must have seen only the female, after all his tramp, from his description of the color, but he was doubtless following his own great thoughts more than the bird, else he would have had an earlier view. The bird was not a new one, but was well known then as the ground robin. The president put Wilson on the wrong scent by his erroneous description, and it was a long time before the latter got at the truth of the case. But Jefferson's letter is a good sample of those which specialists often receive from intelligent persons who have seen or heard something in their line, very curious, or entirely new, and who set the man of science agog by a description of the supposed novelty; a description that generally fits the facts of the case about as well as your coat fits the chair back. Strange and curious things in the air, and in the water, and in the earth beneath, are seen every day except by those who are looking for them, namely, the naturalists. When Wilson or Audubon gets his eye on the unknown bird, the illusion vanishes, and your phenomenon turns out to be one of the commonplaces of the fields or woods.

A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to



THE CHEEWINK.

see and hear is the hardy and ever welcome meadow lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigor! It smacks of the soil. It

is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its "z-d-t, z-d-t," and what character in its long, piercing



THE MEADOW LARK.

note. Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a cross-bow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. "*Spring o' the year, spring o' the year,*" it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like, while hovering on the wing in mid-air, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument, and the attempt usually ends in a breakdown. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note, uttered from some knoll, or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance. It has the build, and walk, and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crack shot. Its yellow breast surmounted by a black crescent, it need

not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its coat of mottled gray is in perfect keeping with the stubble amid which it walks.

The two lateral white quills in its tail seem strictly in character. These quills spring from a dash of scorn and defiance in the bird's make-up. By the aid of these it can almost emit a flash as it struts about the fields and jerks out its sharp notes. They give a rayed, a definite and piquant expres-

sion to its movements. This bird is not properly a lark, but a starling, say the ornithologists, though it is lark-like in its habits, being a walker and entirely a ground bird. Its color also allies it to the true lark. I believe there is no bird in the English or European fields that answers to this hardy pedestrian of our meadows. He is a true American, and his note one of our characteristic April sounds.

## APRIL.

BY ALICE CARY.

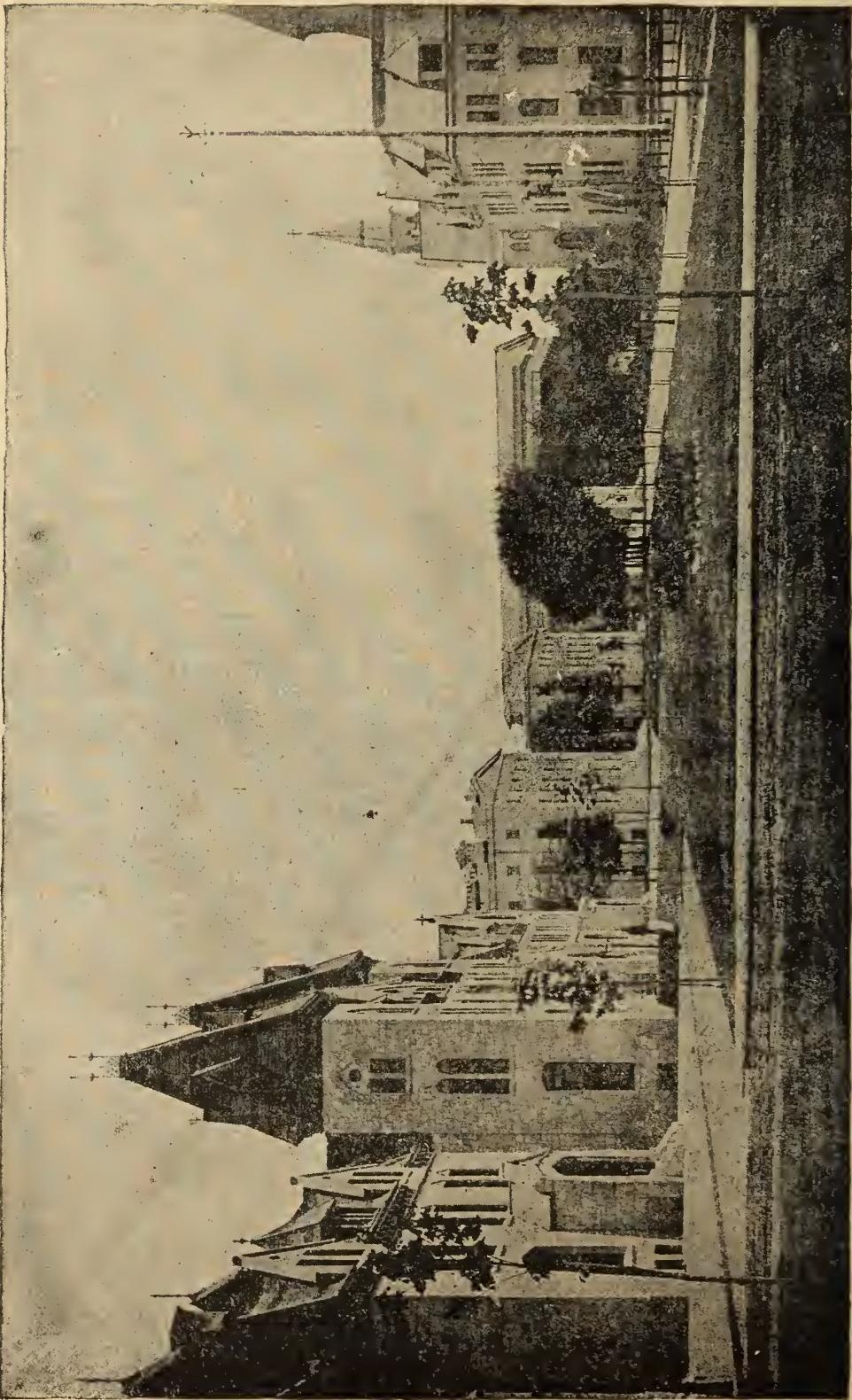
The wild and windy March once more  
Has shut his gates of sleet,  
And given us back the April-time,  
So fickle and so sweet.



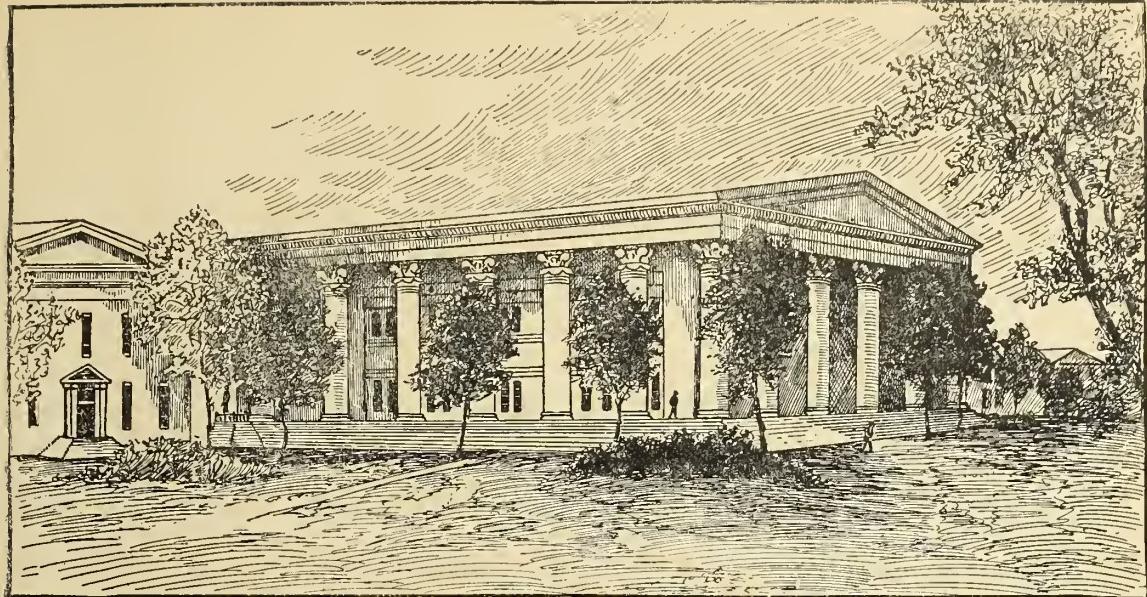
SPRING.

Now blighting with our fears, our hopes—  
Now kindling hopes with fears—  
Now softly weeping through her smiles—  
Now smiling through her tears.  
  
Ah, month that comes with rainbows crowned,  
And golden shadows dressed—  
Constant to her inconstancy,  
And faithful to unrest.  
  
The swallows 'round the homestead eaves,  
The bluebirds in the bowers  
Twitter their sweet songs for thy sake,  
Gay mother of the flowers.

The brooks that moaned but yesterday  
Through bunches of dead grass,  
Climb up their banks with dimpled hands,  
And watch to see thee pass.  
  
The willow for the grace's sake,  
Has dressed with tender spray,  
And all the rivers send their mists  
To meet thee on the way.  
  
The morning sets her rosy clouds  
Like hedges in the sky,  
And o'er and o'er their dear old tunes  
The winds of evening try.  
  
Before another week has gone,  
Each bush, and shrub, and tree  
Will be as full of buds and leaves  
As ever it can be.  
  
I welcome thee with all my heart,  
Glad herald of the spring,  
And yet I cannot choose but think  
Of all thou dost not bring.  
  
The violet opes her eyes beneath  
The dew fall and the rain—  
But oh, the tender, drooping lids  
That open not again!  
  
Thou setest the red familiar rose  
Beside the household door,  
But oh, the friends, the sweet, sweet friends  
Thou bringest back no more!  
  
But shall I mourn that thou no more  
A short-lived joy can bring.  
Since death has lifted up the gates  
Of their eternal spring?



GIRARD COLLEGE—WEST VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.



GIRARD COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING.

## *Historical Calendar.*

	BORN.	DIED.
John G. Palfrey.....	May 1, 1796.....	1881
James J. Audubon.....	May 4, 1780.....	1851
Horace Mann .....	May 4, 1796.....	1859
William H. Prescott.....	May 4, 1796.....	1859
Com. William Bainbridge.....	May 5, 1774.....	1833
John Brown .....	May 6, 1809.....	1859
Robert C. Winthrop.....	May 12, 1809 .....	
William H. Seward.....	May 16, 1801.....	1872
Stephen Girard.....	May 21, 1750.....	1831
Margaret Fuller.....	May 23, 1810.....	1850
Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	May 25, 1803 .....	1882
Gen. Nathaniel Greene .....	May 27, 1742.....	1796
Louis Agassiz..	May 28, 1807.....	1873
Patrick Henry.....	May 29, 1736.....	1799
Walt Whitman .....	May 31, 1819.....	

## *Events.*

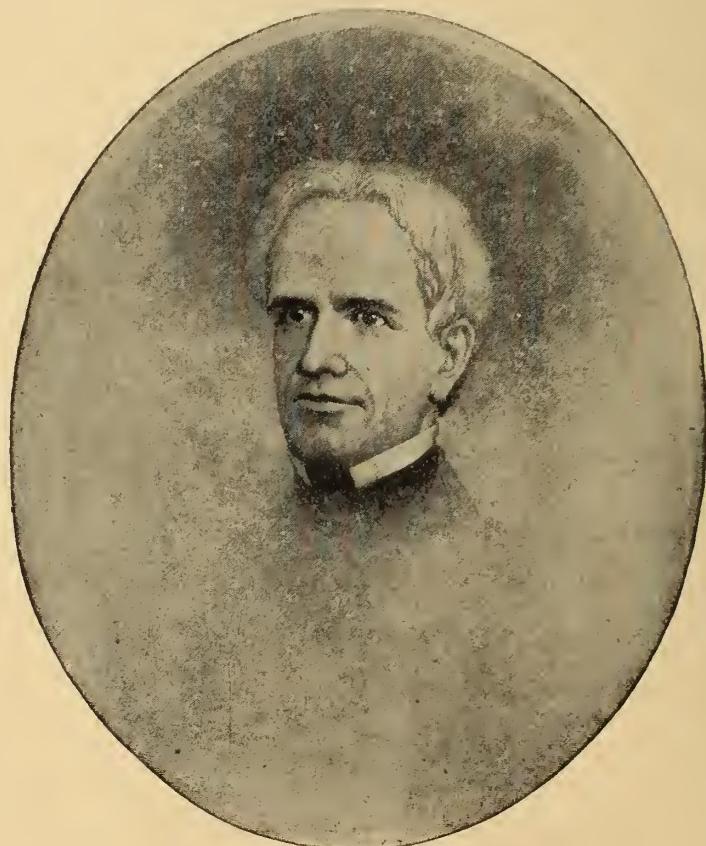
The Dorr Rebellion.....	May 3, 1841.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.....	May 3, 1863.
Battle of Palo Alto.....	May 7, 1846.
Capture of Ticonderoga .....	May 9, 1775.

# HORACE MANN.

BY A. L. A.

THE history of the public school system of the United States could not be written without devoting a large portion of it to the life of the noble teacher whose name stands at the head of

On the 4th of May, 1796, he was born in a farm house in Franklin, Mass. The boy was taught from the beginning of his active youthful life, the necessity of work, and its nobility also. He earned



HORACE MANN.

this brief sketch. Every pupil in our common schools should learn to love the memory of Horace Mann, the ardent student of books and men, the wise, discriminating and successful instructor, the incorruptible political servant of the people, the radiant practical philanthropist, and the peerless organizer of the grandest educational movements of the country.

his own school books, when a mere child, by braiding straw. When he came to be a father he always enjoined upon his children the duty of "paying their own expenses," and thus of cultivating a true independence of character. Under a private tutor he prepared for Brown University, and although entering an advanced class, he very soon went to its head. Graduating with the highest

honor, he began the study of law, and upon being admitted to the bar, became so successful an advocate, that he won four cases out of five intrusted to him.

He was afterward elected to the Massachusetts legislature and became president of the senate. The first speech he delivered in that body was in defense of religious liberty. One of the first, if not the very first, legislative speeches ever printed in the United States in favor of railroads was made by him. Through his unwearied labors the first lunatic asylum in Massachusetts was erected, and the hospital at Worcester was built by his strong right arm.

When every prospect of political preferment was opened before him, and a large professional income assured him, he accepted at a moderate salary the position of Secretary of the Board of Massachusetts—a board virtually his own creation.

This position, corresponding to the state superintendent of public instruction in other states, he filled so admirably and grandly as to win the admiration of the entire country, and of the world.

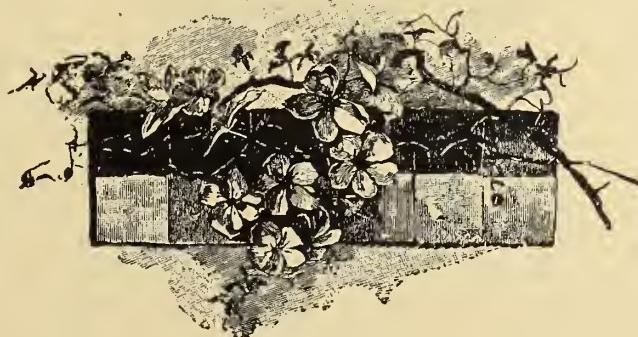
He brought Massachusetts educationally to the front. He pleaded with such eloquence and power for the free instruction of the children of the republic, that it became the very axiom of our nation that every child within its boundaries has the inalienable right to at least the rudiments of a sound English education. He embodied his principles in the following declaration.

"Every child should be educated; if not by its own father, the state should appoint a father to it.

"I would much sooner surrender a portion of the territory of the commonwealth to an ambitious and aggressive neighbor, than I would surrender the minds of its children to the dominion of ignorance."

General Julius T. White, formerly the representative of the United States government to the Argentine Republic, gave the writer a very graphic account of the efforts made by Sarmiento, president of the republic, to establish public schools in that country. The people then were not ready for them. They bitterly opposed them. Several attempts were made to assassinate Sarmiento on account of the position he had taken. His carriage once was riddled with bullets as he was riding in the streets. But this sagacious, far-seeing, intrepid patriot persevered, until our great sister republic had laid the foundations of a system of free schools and normal schools scarcely inferior to our own.

General White said that Horace Mann was the inspiration and guide of Sarmiento in his great work. The president repeatedly spoke of the obligations he was under to the distinguished Massachusetts secretary of education, and spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of his character and labors as the great educational leader of the century. At the age of sixty-three years, on the 2d of August, 1859, in the midst of abundant labors, he entered into rest. His last addresses, in all their ripened fullness of thought and affluent wealth of expression, were but the developed ideas of his earliest college effort on "The duty of every American to posterity."





## HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

### JUNE.

	BORN.	DIED.
Millard Fillmore.....	June 7, 1800.....	March, 8, 1874
William Penn.....	June 8, 1748.....	July 16, 1828
Samuel Slater.....	June 9, 1768.....	April 20, 1835
William Richardson Davie.....	June 20, 1756.....	November 8, 1820
Eliphalet Nott.....	June 25, 1773.....	June 29, 1856
Baron De Kalb.....	June 29, 1721.....	August 19, 1780
EVENTS.		
Battle of the Chesapeake and Shannon.....		June 1, 1813
Lee's Declaration of Independence offered.....		June 7, 1776
Battle of Monmouth.....		June 28, 1778

## AUTHOR'S CALENDAR.

### JOHN G. SAXE.

JOHN G. SAXE was born in Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816, and died in Albany in March, 1887. He entered the Wesleyan university at the age of seventeen years, and was graduated at Middlebury when twenty-three. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-seven. After practicing law several years and acting as superintendent of schools, he gradually came into journalism. For six years he edited the *Burlington Sentinel*, when he moved to New York and devoted himself to literature and to the lecture field for twelve years before going to Albany, where he edited the *Evening Journal*.

As a humorous poet Mr. Saxe won his way into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. No poet of his day was so truly American as he. In his "Rhyme of the Rail" he carries us through the

forests and over the ridges and buzzing through vales in true American style of traveling. "Ego et Echo," "My Castle in Spain," "The Proud Miss McBride," also are entirely national in their sense and style. Saxe, however, shows a wider range of knowledge and sympathy than can be summed up in the word "American." Although one might, at first glance, believe that he looks upon the Greek and Latin writings as affording material for humor only, in his sonnet, "Pan is Not Dead," he shows the Greek myth had left its impression on his character, and how truly its beauty had entered into his composition. Although Saxe has not given us any work which can compare with the great books in our more recent literature, his shorter poems, as interpretations of our national life and feeling, must keep for him a permanent place among American writers.

## THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

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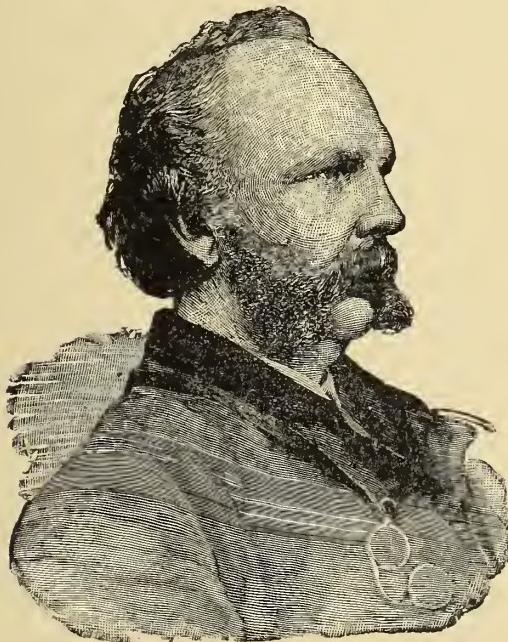
JOHN G. SAXE.

## I.

A little red rose bloomed all alone  
 In a hedge by the highway side ;  
 And the wind came by with a pitying moan,  
 And thus to the floweret cried :

## II.

“ You are choked with dust from the sandy ledge ;  
 Now, see what a friend can do ! ”



*John Godfrey Saxe*

I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge  
 And let the breeze come through.”

## II.

“ Nay, let me be, I am well enough ! ”  
 Said the rose in deep dismay ;  
 But the wind is always rude and rough,  
 And of course he had his way.

## IV.

And the breeze blew soft on the little red rose,  
 But now she was sore afraid ;

For the naughty boys, her ancient foes,  
 Came through where the gap was made.

## V.

“ I see,” said the wind, when he came again,  
 And looked at the trembling flower,  
 “ You are out of place ; it is very plain  
 You are meant for a lady’s bower.”

## VI.

“ Nay, let me be ! ” said the shuddering rose ;  
 “ No sorrow I ever had known  
 Till *you* came here to break my repose ;  
 Now, please to let me alone.”

## VII.

But the will of the wind is strong as death,  
 And little he recked her cries ;  
 He plucked her wo with his mighty breath,  
 And away to the town he flies.

## VIII.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride,  
 For a rose so weak and small ;  
 And soon her leaves on every side  
 Began to scatter and fall.

## IX.

“ Now, what is this ? ” said the wondering wind,  
 As the rose in fragments fell ;  
 “ This paltry stem is all I find ;  
 I am sure I meant it well.”

## X.

“ It means just this : that a meddling friend,”  
 Said the dying stalk, “ is sure  
 To mar the matter he aimed to mend,  
 And kill where he meant to cure ! ”

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811. When five years old she stood by the bedside of her dying mother, with seven other little ones of the family, and the mother told them that God could do more for them than she could do, and that they must trust Him. The father repeated to his wife the beautiful lines, beginning: “ You are now come unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the

heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." With a sweet smile she looked up into his face and closed her eyes forever. Harriet went for a time to live with an aunt and grandmother, and upon the advent of a step-mother into the family, she came back to the lonely home, not without some of the prejudice common to children under such circumstances. She soon learned to love her new mother very much.

She had a remarkable memory and a lively imagination, and, finding Ivanhoe and a part of Don Quixote among the documents and sermons which seemed to form the bulk of her father's library, she reveled in their enchanting pages. Her sister Catherine, having, with remarkable energy, raised money to build the Hartford Female Seminary, Harriet, at the age of twelve, went from Litchfield to attend the school, and soon became a teacher and a help to her father, who, with a salary of eight hundred dollars, was supporting a large and increasing family.

At the age of twenty-five Harriet married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, a learned and able man.

During the agitation just preceding the civil war, Mrs. Stowe opened her house to colored children, whom she taught with her own. At the age of thirty-nine she began to earn a little money by writing for newspapers, obtaining a fifty-dollar prize for one story, and at the age of forty-one she published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which in ten days had sold to the extent of ten thousand copies.

Over three hundred thousand copies were sold in less than a year. Congratulations poured in upon her from the great writers of England, Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot and others, and in a short time she had received thousands of dollars as her share of the profits from the sale of the book.

A year later she visited England, where she was received and welcomed by immense gatherings. Her path was strewn with flowers and her carriage often stopped by the shouting populace, who gave her cheer upon cheer. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated and published in twenty different languages. Since the war Mrs. Stowe has had a beautiful winter home at Mandarin, in the northern part of Florida, and there she has given much attention to work for the colored race. Mrs. Stowe is a strong "woman's suffragist," and it is related that once on meeting an old darky she said to him: "Sambo, you want the women to vote, don't you?"—when the negro replied to the effect that he did not think they had brains enough," his answer being about as brainy as such answers generally are.

Mrs. Stowe's summer residence is in Hartford, Connecticut, near the home of Charles Dudley Warner and "Mark Twain." Of late years she is greatly out of health, her mind being seriously impaired. She has written many other books, besides the one famous volume already mentioned, among them, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island" and "Old Town Folks."

#### HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She loosed the rivets of the slave;  
She likewise lifted woman,  
And proved her right to share with man  
    All labors pure and human.  
  
Women they say, must yield, obey,  
    Rear children, dance cotillions:  
While this one wrote, she cast the vote  
    Of unenfranchised millions!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

*From "The Cabin."*

# WALT WHITMAN.

BY JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

OF Walt Whitman, the poet and man, much has been written; of Walt Whitman, the patriot, nothing, yet there is in America to-day no truer patriot than "the good, gray poet."

But to say that a man is a patriot tells little. It may mean the patriotism which with bugles playing and drums beating marches fearlessly into battle, "rejoicing in the clash of artillery and in the glittering of bayonets and musket barrels in the sun." Or it may be the patriotism which through days of peace toils with willing heart and hands in workshop or senate chamber that the country may prosper in all good things. But there is yet another kind of patriotism, higher and finer than either of these—the patriotism which not only cares for the nation's danger or prosperity, but which looks deep into the heart of the nation and sees there all that is of corruption or fraud, all that may be of truth or justice, and, seeing it all, loves that nation with a life-long devotion.

Such is the patriotism of Walt Whitman. He has nowhere avowed himself a patriot; but it breathes from his poems, it speaks from his prose, it shines in his life. He might well be called the poet of patriotism.

Whitman's early life was that of the ordinary boy of his time. He was born at West Hills, L. I., May 31st, 1810. His education was simple, his surroundings commonplace, his associates uncultivated working people. Yet, among these farmers, sailors, teamsters and builders, the boy found the poetry of life; he learned to hear the rhythm underlying the "house building, measuring, sawing the boards, glass blowing, nail making and tin roofing;" he saw the beauty in "coal mines and all that is down there, the lamps in the darkness, echoes, songs, meditations, vast native thoughts looking through smutched faces," and gradually

he came to know the beauty and dignity of all work, of all life, of all manhood.

But not until he was thirty-six years old did he begin to tell to the world the thoughts which were in his heart. Meanwhile he studied the country and people, learning to understand what America contains that is worth a man's love and devotion. He worked in New York as a printer, then he became a school teacher, "boarding round," in the primitive fashion of the time, and thus coming into close relation with the life of many homes. Later he helped his father at house building, and still later he made a leisurely trip through the country, up and down the Mississippi, stopping here and there as fancy led, spending two years in this apparently aimless wandering.

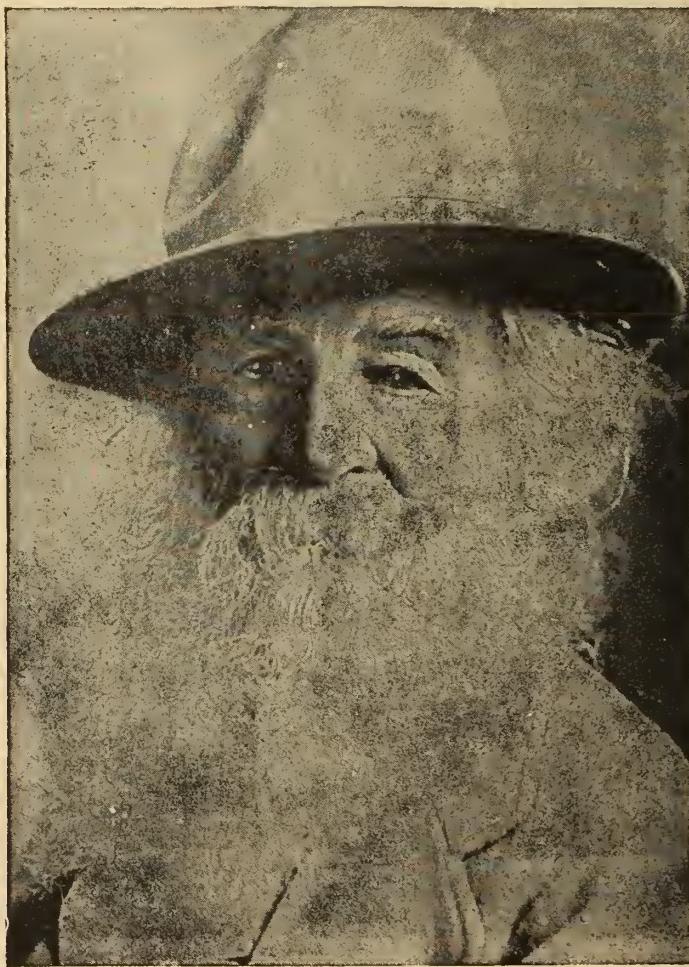
But he was not idle; great thoughts were struggling to shape themselves in his mind. And at last, in 1855, he published his first book of poems.—A book which caused him to be pronounced "the first characteristically poetical writer that the United States had produced." Whether or not this be true, the book excited much comment both in England and America, and more articles have been written about Walt Whitman and his poetry than about any other American poet, except Edgar Allan Poe.

Upon reading Whitman's poetry one sees plainly why it excited so much interest. The author has chosen the most ordinary acts and occupations as subjects for his poems; but he treats them in an unusual way; he has thrown to the winds all regard for meter and rhyme, and often the verses seem only catalogues of farming tools, of cities, of different sorts of work. How can this be called poetry? Some one has said that it would better be called prose run mad.

But Whitman himself believes that his verses are poetical in the truest sense, that into them he

has put the rhythm that underlies all nature; the hum of the busy streets, the rustling of the wind in the corn, the beat of the waves upon the shore. And sympathetic readers of to-day find this rhythm, and pronounce the poetry genuine. Whether future readers will say the same, only time, who tests all poets, can tell. But if coming

loved. The publication of his book brought many visitors to the quiet Long Island home. One of these, Moncure Conway, gives an interesting account of the poet and his surroundings. The day was one of the hottest in summer, the thermometer standing at 100° in the shade ; but he found Whitman lying upon his back, flat on the sandy soil,



WALT WHITMAN.

generations find this rhythm, and if they feel underneath it all, the beating of the universal heart then, indeed, shall Walt Whitman be called a true poet.

Thus far, however, he has few readers, and it is the man rather than the poet who is known and

looking straight up at the blazing sun, not a bush or tree near to break the glare. He assured his guest that he did not find it at all too hot, and that this was a favorite place and attitude for composing his "poems." He was dressed in gray—gray clothes and a blue-gray shirt, and these, with his iron-gray

hair, swart, sunburnt face and bare neck, made him seem at home with the sunshine and sand. Within doors his surroundings were equally simple. A small room, fifteen feet square; a small cot, a washstand, and over it a small looking glass hung from a tack in the wall; a pine table, pen, ink and paper, and two old line engravings. This was the poet's "study." No books were to be seen. The Bible, Shakespeare and Homer formed his library; and these, Mr. Conway tells us, were probably tucked away somewhere about his person as he strolled the fields.

Such are the surroundings of the man whom all love, who is always and everywhere ready to lend a helping hand.

During the civil war he devoted himself to nursing the wounded, going about from place to place, and his arrival in a hospital, "hearty and strong, with haversack slung across his shoulders," was a bright hour for the men who lay there suffering. His mere presence brought strength and cheer. It is said that there is a personal magnetism about the man which influences all who come into his presence, and this, with his ever ready sympathy, helped to cheer many a homesick boy back to spirits and health. Every one in the hospital loved him. He called them all by their Christian names, or by nicknames if they had them. To him there were no northerners or southerners, but only brothers who needed help.

Mr. Burroughs relates an interesting instance of this helpfulness outside the hospital life. "I give here a glimpse of him in Washington on a Navy Yard horse car, toward the close of the war, one summer day at sundown. The car is crowded and suffocatingly hot, with many passengers on the rear platform, and among them a bearded, florid-faced man, elderly, but agile, resting against the dash by the side of the young conductor, and evidently his intimate friend. The man wears a broad-brim white hat. Among the jam inside near the door, a young English woman, of the working class, with two children, has had trouble all the way with the youngest, a strong, fat, fretful, bright babe of fourteen or fifteen months, who bids fair to worry the mother completely out, besides becoming a howling nuisance to everybody. As

the car tugs around Capitol Hill, the young one is more demoniac than ever, and the flushed and perspiring mother is just ready to burst into tears with weariness and vexation. The car stops at the top of the hill to let off most of the rear platform passengers, and the white-hatted man reaches inside and gently but firmly disengaging the babe from its stifling place in the mother's arms, takes it in his own and out in the air. The astonished and excited child, partly in fear, partly in satisfaction at the change, stops its screaming, and as the man adjusts it more securely to his breast, plants its chubby hands against him, and pushing off as far as it can, gives a good long look squarely in his face—then, as if satisfied, snuggles down with its head on his neck, and in less than a minute is sound and peacefully asleep without another whimper, utterly fagged out. A square or so more, and the conductor, who has had an unusually hard and uninterrupted day's work, gets off for his first meal and relief since morning. And now the white-hatted man, holding the slumbering babe, also acts as conductor the rest of the distance, keeping his eye on the passengers inside, who have by this time thinned out greatly. He makes a very good conductor, too, pulling the bell to stop or go on as needed, and seems to enjoy the occupation. The babe meanwhile rests its fat cheeks close to his neck and gray beard, one of his arms vigilantly surrounding it, while the other signals, from time to time, with the strap; and the flushed mother inside has a good half hour to breathe and cool and recover herself."

Everywhere Whitman's life shows the same helpfulness, and everywhere he calls out the warmest affection. His friends are among those who are called the common people—car drivers, ferrymen, workmen of all classes. They all love him and honor him; but that he has written a book, they neither know nor care. It is the *man* who has won their hearts. And it is the man who wins our hearts. In his home in Camden, New Jersey, he lives now, a white-haired man of seventy-one. We call him "The good gray poet." The name was given him long ago when his hair was gray instead of white; and as one sees him in his gray clothes the name seems a part of the man—gray without,

good within, living to the end of a life filled with simple, homely joys, and yet with a heart that touches all humanity. "A stranger meeting him would as soon take him for a westerner or a

southerner as for an easterner. Mechanics take him for a mechanic, drivers for a driver, scholars for a scholar, the poor for a millionaire, the sick for a physician, and everybody for a friend."

### TO THE GOOD GRAY POET.

O, bard of sea and shore, thou mighty seer,  
Whose heart doth feel the rhythmic pulse that sways  
The universe, whose piercing eye surveys  
Unmoved the ebb and flow of life, whose ear,  
Attuned to cosmic harmony, doth hear  
In hum of busy streets, or lonely ways  
Untrod by man, a song of joys—thy praise  
We sing, thy life we love, thyself revere.  
O, camerado, swift our hearts respond  
To all thou sayest, yet leav'st at last unsaid.  
Its message mute shall thrill from gulf to lake;  
Across Nebraska's plain, and far beyond,  
Till from the chrysalis of custom, dead  
And dry, a living people shall awake.

JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

### HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

#### JULY.

	BORN.	DIED.
Nathaniel Hawthorne .....	July 4, 1804.....	May 18, 1864
Fitz Greene Halleck .....	July 7, 1790.....	November 19, 1867
John Quincy Adams .....	July 11, 1767.....	February 25, 1846
John Jacob Astor.....	July 17, 1763.....	March 29, 1848
J. G. Holland.....	July 24, 1819 .....	October 12, 1881

The word July is from the Latin Julius, a name given to this month in honor of Julius Cæsar, who was born in this month. It was formerly called Quintilis, or the fifth month; the year, according to the old Roman calendar, beginning in March.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His father died when he was four years old, leaving two daughters, Elizabeth and Maria Louisa, and the one son.

Early in life Hawthorne showed a literary tendency, enjoying such great works as children who are brought up on the diluted inanities of school readers are never likely to know even by name. He read "Pilgrim's Progress" at the age of six years, and the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and Thomson while very young. When he was nine years of age he was struck on the foot by a ball, and being lame for some time, he would lie on the floor and read from morning till night. With the first money he ever earned he purchased Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and was quite happy in its possession. The Waverly novels, Rousseau, and the Newgate Calendar followed, and at the age of sixteen he started a weekly paper called the *Spectator*. A year afterward he entered Bowdoin College, Longfellow and Franklin Pierce entering also at the same time. He returned to Salem after graduation, in 1825, where he began to write prose tales almost as soon as Longfellow began his poetic career; but he wrote in obscurity—and in poverty—reading, meantime, the lives of Mohammed, Pitt, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats; books of travel, history, poetry and all sorts, four hundred books in seven years, as well as numerous magazines.

The great breadth of his erudition is shown throughout his works, and perhaps no American writer has done so much to throw open the world of classic poetry to children as has he. Into his

"Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonder Book" he has put the wisdom of the ages, culling from Hesiod the story of Pandora, from Homer the story of Cyclops, from Ovid many stories, such as "The Old Man of the Sea," stories which interpret in the most wholesome and elegant manner the lives of the people of long ago. Nothing, perhaps, that Hawthorne has ever done, shows more clearly the prophetic quality of his mind than the writing of these stories for children in an age when the utilitarian side of life is uppermost. No child's library is complete, no scholar's library is complete without "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonder Book." Hawthorne published his "Twice Told Tales" at the age of thirty-three, and it is due Longfellow that his works received the attention which they did. For a short time Hawthorne was weigher and gauger at the Boston custom house, and the year ensuing he spent at Brook Farm, which supplied him with the material for "The Blithedale Romance." At the age of thirty-eight he married Sophia Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann. Hawthorne was phenomenally handsome; his eyes were large, dark-blue and full of expression, the contour of his chin Roman, his nose straight, his eyebrows dark and heavy, his hair black and wavy, his complexion delicate, transparent and ruddy. His wife wrote of him "He has a most wonderful face \* \* \* with sweetness in his face sufficient to supply the rest of the world and still leave the ordinary share for himself." Their first home was at the Old Manse in Concord, the former home of Emerson, and it was here that the "Mosses from an Old Manse" was written. For many years they lived in poor circumstances, but when he wrote "Scarlet Letter" he became a favorite of fame and fortune at once.

The "Scarlet Letter" is, beyond question, the most artistic novel as yet produced in America or by any American author. It ranks with the "Adam

*Bede*" of George Eliot, and similar works of fiction among the greatest masterpieces of the world.

It was in the month of May, 1863, that with his friend ex-President Pierce he stopped at the little town of Plymouth, in New Hampshire, where he died. Several times during the early hours of the night Mr. Pierce visited his room to see if he slept, but after midnight he entered and found that the heart of the noble writer had ceased to beat.

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare

That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;

\* \* \* \* \*

When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted  
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,  
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared  
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,

And she could not have hit a more excellent part  
For making him fully and perfectly man."

—Lowell (*in "A Fable for Critics"*).

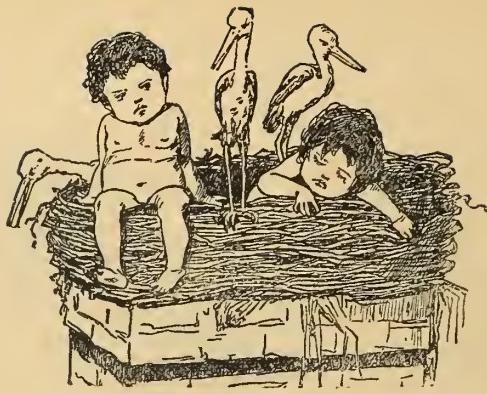
FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

This noted American poet was born in Guilford, Connecticut, July 8, 1795. He began life in a store in his native town, but when twenty-one was employed in a banking house in New York, where he lived many years. It is said that John Jacob Astor employed him as a clerk, and left him in his will a yearly income of two hundred dollars. Halleck then retired from active life and passed the rest of his days at Guilford. In 1823 he visited Europe, and two years later published a volume of his poems, including "*Marco Bozzaris*." He died at Guilford in the seventy-second year of his age, and a bronze statue of him may be seen in Central park, New York city.





JULY DELIGHTS.



## HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

### AUGUST.

	BORN.	DIED.
Maria Mitchell.....	August 1, 1818.....	
J. Rodman Drake.....	August 7, 1795.....	September 21, 1820
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.....	August 13, 1844.....	
Commodore Edward Preble.....	August 15, 1761.....	August 25, 1807
Charles Francis Adams.....	August 18, 1807.....	November 21, 1886
Benjamin Harrison.....	August 20, 1833.....	
Commodore H. Perry.....	August 23, 1785.....	August 23, 1819
Francis Bret Harte.....	August 25, 1839.....	
George Makepeace Towle.....	August 27, 1841.....	
General John Stark.....	August 28, 1728.....	May 8, 1822
Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	August 29, 1809.....	

### AUGUST CALENDAR OF NOTED AMERICANS.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MRS. PHELPS was born in Boston, August 31, 1844. Her mother died when she was eight years of age, but not before her scholarly influence had given a life direction to the gifted daughter.

Her literary work began with the publication of "A Sacrifice Consumed," in *Harper's Monthly* and "The Tenth of January" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when she was twenty-one years old. These were followed by many brilliant tales furnished to various periodicals. Her literary reputation is based, however, on "The Gates Ajar," a work which deals with the problem of personal immortality, and which caused, at the time of its publication, a deluge of hostile, as well as friendly criticism.

Since her recent marriage to Mr. Herbert Ward,

of New York, she has, conjointly with her husband, produced a work of quite new character, "The Master of the Magicians," whose subject matter is drawn from Assyrian history. The book shows a development of new power through the association with a kindred mind. Her works are full of bright thoughts which are expressed in epigrammatic form, and give us at a glance an idea of the eternal youth which is so prominently her characteristic.

"Streets have their moods, habits, laws of character. Once at the bottom of the social stair, they are apt like men, to stay there."—*Hedged In.*

"Nigh as I can make out, the Lord made men-folks to be contrary; but sakes! if you love 'em, what's the odds?"—*The Madonna of the Tubs.*

"The pity of love is that it is given to small creatures; let us not forget that itself is great."—*The Madonna of the Tubs.*



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

"Father-love is older than lover-love and in emergencies it measures deeper."—*The Master of the Magicians*.

"The truth is, God has obviously not *opened* the gates which bar heaven from our sight, but



*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*

He has obviously not shut them; they stand ajar, with the Bible and reason in the way to keep them from closing; surely we should look in as far as we can, and surely if we look with reverence, our eyes will be holden, that we may not cheat ourselves with mirages."—*The Gates Ajar*.

MARIA MITCHELL.

Maria Mitchell was born at Nantucket on the first day of August, 1818.

At an early age she became a pupil in the public school taught by her father in Nantucket. Having a meager salary, her father built a small observatory upon a part of his land, and was thereby enabled to earn a hundred dollars extra per annum by doing astronomical work for the United States Coast Survey.

The family was one of literary instinct, and attracted to its circle such men as Agassiz, Benjamin Pierce and Prof. Bache.

While yet a child Maria began to help her father in his observatory work. She was, as she says, first drawn to the study of astronomy by a love of mathematics, seconded by a warm sympathy with her father's love for astronomical observation.

One of her sisters speaks of her as an exceedingly shy young girl, not fond of society, but very fond of books and study, and quite apt at writing verses. Her father never recognized any distinction in sex in the education of his children; hence Maria had the same advantages with her brothers, and learned the science of navigation.

She was at one time librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum, and controlled in a large measure the reading of the young people. She never allowed a boy to have a hurtful book. In addition to her other accomplishments she could do solid household work.

Her life was one of private simplicity until at the age of twenty-nine fame thrust itself upon her when she discovered a comet. Her father announced the fact to the director of the observatory at Cambridge and soon after she received a gold medal of the value of twenty ducats from the King of Denmark. And here it seems proper to mention a parallel case, as far as astronomical discovery is concerned—in the work of Prof. Elias Colbert, of Chicago, who woke up to find his valuable work acknowledged in England before his own city was well aware that they had a real astronomer in their midst.

Miss Mitchell visited England in 1857, making also an extensive tour of the Continent, where she met Alexander Von Humboldt, who was very friendly to her. She, describes him as a handsome man with thin white hair and blue eyes, and a perfect master of English.

Afterward Miss Mitchell occupied the chair of professor of astronomy for many years, showing in her daily life, with all her fame and talents, that true womanliness is greater than renown.

J. RODMAN DRAKE.

Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of "The Culprit Fay," was born in New York, August 7, 1795. The poet was an only son, having three sisters, two of whom were, like himself, poets from

childhood. He was a gentleman "by right divine," noble, generous and ambitious. Although in straightened circumstances he managed to pick up quite a large English education and a tolerable knowledge of Latin and French. At the age of five Drake composed highly admired conundrums and some rather promising poems. At the age of seventeen he was introduced to the poet Fitz Greene Halleck, whose friendship was his early inspiration, his continued support and the consolation of his dying hour. The literary companionship which afterward developed into a literary partnership is one of the most remarkable events of its sort on record, and is often compared to the close intimacy between Beaumont and Fletcher. It was a genuine union of congenial minds, one which furnished what the poets called the sunshine of their lives. Their joint productions were published under name of "The Croakers," many of them appearing in the New York *Evening Post*.

Drake's highly patriotic and highly American spirit is admirably suggested in the following stanzas addressed to Halleck on the occasion of his writing some verses in imitation of the love poems of earlier times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Columbia still shall win the battle's prize;  
But be it thine to bid her mind emerge  
To strike her harp, until her soul arise  
From the neglected shade, where low in dust it lies.

Are there no scenes to touch the poet's soul?  
No deeds of arms to wake the lordly strain?  
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?  
Has Warren, has Montgomery died in vain?  
Shame that while every mountain, stream and plain  
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's  
wand,  
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,  
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand  
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveliest land.

Drake's best known poem is doubtless "The American Flag," beginning

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air.

His literary reputation is established, however, on "The Culprit Fay" written when he was nine-

teen years of age. It is an exquisite production of the fancy, delicate in its treatment, sufficiently dainty to have been the work of a Keats or Shelley. Drake left one daughter who was named Halleck in honor of that poet, and who in 1835, collected the best of his poems and had them published, dedicating them to her father's friend, Fitz Greene Halleck.

#### BRET HARTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, August 25, 1839. He received an ordinary school edu-



*Bret Harte*

cation and at the age of fifteen went to California where various phases of fate or fortune awaited him until he drifted into journalism. His poems are essentially American in their character, and distinguished by their revelation of frontier life. His "Condensed Novels" is an admirable take off of much of the extravagant fiction of later days. His stories have the same mission as most of his poems, to create an interest in the rougher side of American life. He has been counsel to Cre-feld, Germany, also to Glasgow, Scotland.

# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

*Note.*—As Holmes' birthday comes August 29, few schools are in session to hold a commemorative birthday exercise. But there is abundant material in the writings of the author, for patriotic and historical programs, besides miscellaneous exercises. His writings furnish material appropriate for an exercise on "The War for the Union," a "Revolutionary Program," or for a "Flag Presentation" exercise. The following is a miscellaneous exercise for general use. More may be given than can be used in one program, but the teacher can exercise taste in selecting from it, material for a program of sufficient length.

### PROGRAM.

- I. The whole school recite in concert:  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame is proud to win them,  
Alas, for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.
- II. Singing. "International Ode" by Holmes.  
(Tune, Hail Columbia.)

1798.

Hail, Columbia! Happy land!  
Home of heroes—heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone  
Enjoyed the peace their valor won.  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty.  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,  
Peace and safety we have found!  
Welcome, friends, who once were foes!

Welcome, friends, who once were foes!  
To all the conquering years have gained  
A Nation's rights, a race unchained!

Children of the day new-born,  
Mindful of its glorious morn,  
Let the pledge our fathers signed  
Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of Heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever may the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One.

Graven deep with edge of steel,  
Crowded with Victory's crimson seal,  
All the world their names shall read!  
All the world their names shall read!  
Enrolled with his hosts that led,  
Whose blood for us—for all—was shed.  
Pay our sires their children's debt,  
Love and honor—nor forget  
Only Union's golden key  
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars of Heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever may the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One!

Hail, Columbia, strong and free,  
Firm enthroned from sea to sea!  
Thy march triumphant still pursue!  
Thy march triumphant still pursue!  
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,  
And make the Western land thine own!  
Blest is the Union's holy ties,  
Let our grateful song arise—  
Every voice its tribute lend—  
In the loving chorus bleud!

While the stars in Heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever shall the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One!

- III. *Holmes Motto.* Recited in concert by the whole school.

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it

—but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor."

**IV. Biographical.** The following statements and quotations having been previously written on slips and distributed, each pupil in order as designated by the number on his slip, will stand and read or recite from memory.

*1st Pupil.* Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., on the 29th of August, 1809.

*2nd Pupil.*

What curious tales has life in store,  
With all its must-bes and its may-bes!  
The sage of eighty years and more  
Once crept a nursling on the floor.—

Kings, conquerors, judges, all were babies.

*3rd Pupil.* The quaint old gambrel-roofed house in which Holmes was born is an historic one and it is still standing on Cambridge Common. "For something like a hundred and fifty years it has stood in its lot, and seen the generations of men come and go like the leaves of the forest." In Revolutionary times the homestead itself was used as the headquarters of the American army during the siege of Boston.

*4th Pupil.* Holmes writes in the "Poet at the Breakfast Table" that "It was a great happiness to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections."

*5th Pupil.* In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" Holmes says of himself, "I was born and bred among books and those who knew what was in books. I was carefully instructed in things temporal and spiritual."

*6th Pupil.* Holmes' father was the Rev. Abiel Holmes. He was a graduate of Yale College, and had been a teacher, afterwards entering the ministry and serving as the favorite and faithful pastor of Cambridge for forty years. He was a gentle, kindly, sunny man, beloved by all who knew him.

*7th Pupil.* It is said that little Oliver was a bright, sunny-tempered child, highly imaginative and extremely sensitive.

*8th Pupil.* At an early age the merry, restless little fellow was sent to a neighboring school, kept by a motherly old dame, who ruled her little flock with a long willow rod that reached quite across the school room; "reminding, rather than chastening."

*9th Pupil.* It was during his early school days at Cambridgeport that Holmes met as schoolmates, Margaret Fuller and Richard Henry Dana.

*10th Pupil.* Holmes entered Phillips Andover Academy at fifteen, to prepare for college. He entered Harvard College and graduated before he was twenty.

*11th Pupil.* Among his Harvard schoolmates were Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, John Lothrop Motley, Benjamin R. Curtis, James Freeman Clarke and Samuel F. Smith (the author of "My Country 'tis of Thee.")

*12th Pupil.* Throughout his whole college course Holmes maintained an excellent rank in scholarship. He was a frequent contributor to the college periodicals, and delivered several poems upon a variety of subjects.

*13th Pupil.* After graduating he studied law for a time but soon abandoned it to take up the study of medicine which was more congenial to his taste.

*14th Pupil.* Before obtaining his degree of M. D., he spent three years in Europe, perfecting his medical studies. He began the practice of medicine in 1836.

*15th Pupil.* In 1839 Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, where he served until 1848 when he was appointed to a similar position in Harvard College. For thirty-five years he was the popular Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard.

*16th Pupil.* During his long service as Professor, Doctor Holmes found time "between whiles" to attend to his Boston practice, to deliver numerous lectures, and to write many charming poems and essays.

*17th Pupil.* Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is noted as a scholar, scientist, humorist, essayist, lecturer, poet.

**V. Song by the school.** "Hymn after the Emancipation Proclamation." (tune Old Hundred).

**VI. Literary.**

*18th Pupil.* Holmes early began to write poetry. Even when he was qualifying himself for his profession, he was winning fame as a poet. In 1830 he wrote the stirring poem, "Old Ironsides"

which was published in the Boston Advertiser. It was extensively copied by other papers and it not only brought fame to its author but saved from destruction the old frigate Constitution, which the government had concluded to break up as unfit for service.

*19th Pupil.* Recitation, "Old Ironsides."

*20th Pupil.* In 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, with James Russell Lowell as editor on condition that Dr. Holmes should be one of the chief contributors. It was Holmes who gave the name to the new magazine.

*21st Pupil.* A chronological list of the chief literary productions of Oliver Wendell Holmes is as follows:

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table in *Atlantic Monthly*, 1857-8.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table in *Atlantic Monthly*, 1859.

The Poet at the Breakfast-Table in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1860.

Elsie Venner, 1861.

Songs in Many Keys, 1864.

The Guardian Angel, 1868.

Songs of Many Seasons, 1874.

The Iron Gate and other Poems, 1880.

Life of R. W. Emerson in American Men of Letters Series, 1885.

*22nd Pupil.* "The Chambered Nautilus" is said to be Holmes' best poem. It was first published in the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table in 1858.

*23rd Pupil.* Recitation, "The Chambered Nautilus."

*24th Pupil.* Recitation, Lexington."

#### QUOTATIONS FROM HOLMES' WRITINGS.

*By the School.* "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection."

*By pupil waving a flag.*

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and  
flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—  
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

*By the School.*

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?  
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!

*By a pupil.*

Joy smiles in the fountain,  
Health flows in the rills,  
As their ribbons of silver  
Unwind from the hills.

*Recitation, "Bill and Joe."*

*By the school.* "Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch. Nay, you may kick it about all day like a foot-ball, and it will be round and full at evening."

*Read by a pupil.* In honor of Holmes' seventieth birthday, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* gave a Holmes Birthday Breakfast Nov. 13, 1879. Among the one hundred guests present on that occasion were such noted persons as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier and others, including writers of eminence in every department of literature. On that occasion Whittier read a poem to "Our Autocrat" of which the last verse is

Long may he live to sing for us

The songs that stay the flight of time,

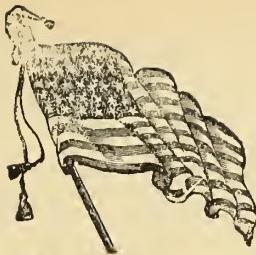
And like his chambered Nautilus,

To holier heights of beauty climb.

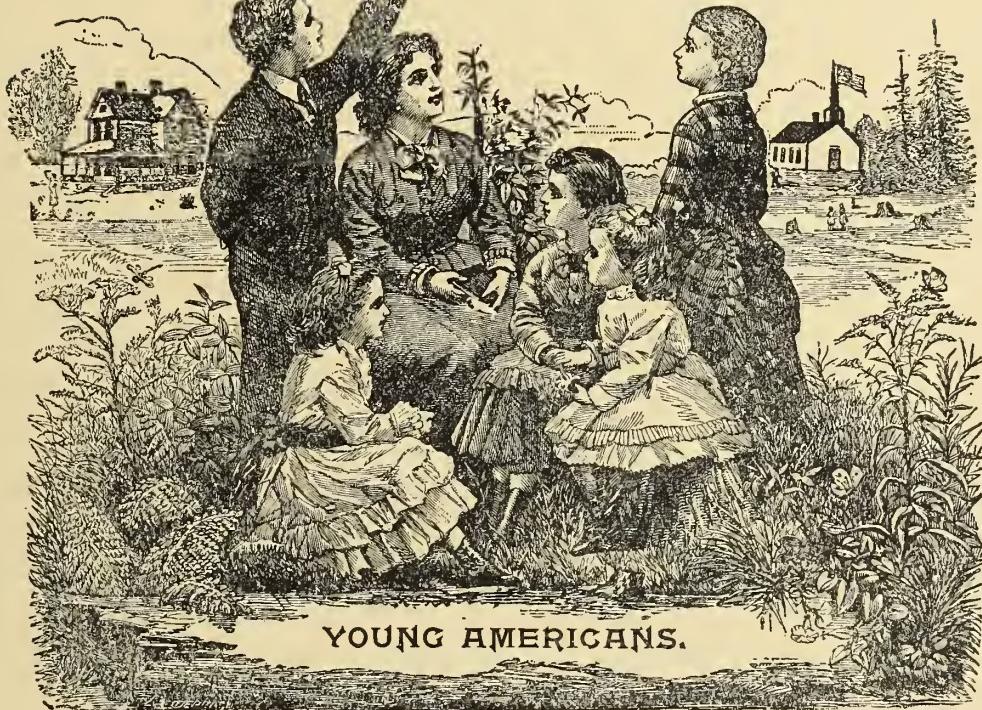
*Read by a pupil.* In 1864 a Scotchman described Holmes as "a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's but turning gray, a trifle of fuzzy hair under his ears, a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong underlip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness."

*Read by a pupil.* In 1886 Holmes made a second visit to Europe. In the following year he published an account of "One Hundred Days in Europe."

*Read by a pupil.* Oliver Wendell Holmes now lives a retired life in Boston. He will be eighty-two years old on the 29th of August, 1891.



*Forever float that standard sheet,  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us—  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?*



YOUNG AMERICANS.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Look up, my young American!  
Stand firmly on the earth,  
Where noble deeds and mental power  
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st, my boy;  
By early struggles bought,  
Heaped up with noble memories,  
And wide, ay, wide as thought.

What though we boast no ancient towers,  
Where "ivied" streamers twine,  
The laurel lives upon our soil,  
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And though on "Tressy's distant field"  
Thy gaze may not be cast,  
While through long centuries of blood  
Rise specters of the past—

The future wakes thy dreamings high,  
And thou a note mayst claim—  
Aspirings which in after times  
Shall swell the trump of fame.

[shield,  
And when thou'rt told of knighthood's  
And English battles won,  
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—  
The name of Washington.

## HISTORICAL CALENDAR

### SEPTEMBER.

	BORN.	DIED.
Marquis de la Fayette.....	September 6, 1757.....	May 20, 1834
John Marshall.....	September 6, 1755.....	July 6, 1835
General Andrew Pickens.....	September 13, 1739.....	August 17, 1817
James Fennimore Cooper.....	September 15, 1789.....	September 14, 1851
Samuel Adams.....	September 21, 1722.....	October 2, 1803
Zachary Taylor.....	September 24, 1784.....	July 9, 1850
General John M. Schofield.....	September 29, 1831.....	
EVENTS.		
Battle of Lake Erie.....		September 10, 1813
Nathan Hale, (hung).....		September 22, 1776

## AUTHOR'S CALENDAR.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Plainfield, Mass., is a quiet little town among the hills, where on the 12th of September, 1829, was born one of our best American authors, Charles Dudley Warner. He

graduated from Hamilton College at the age of twenty-two, became a member of a surveying party later on, studied law in New York, was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, practiced law in Chicago for four years, became the editor of the *Hartford Courant*, traveled in Europe, Africa and Asia and has distinguished himself more as a writer than in any other way.

At the age of sixty-one he is a vigorous and hearty man, his keen eyes sparkling with fun and intelligence, his manners elegant and sympathetic, his wit keen but kind.

It has been often demonstrated in America that the men whose boyhood was passed in the quiet of the country and in the activities of farm life have risen to be the shrewdest business men, and the clearest brained.

Mr. Warner is an exception to the illustration. Books have taught him much but life has taught him more.

In his "Being a Boy," we live over the life of a New England boy, and see how much there is to educate in the simple forces of the fields and hills. Of all the so-called "books for boys," I know of none so genuinely witty, with no shade of disagreeable "smartness" in it as "Being a Boy."

His story "A Hunting of the Deer" is not only a good study of the deer in their woodland haunts but also an excellent study of the author.

In it we get glimpses of a high sensibility—a tender feeling for the precious, humane qualities, which distinguish warm natures from the wooden, the sap-blooded.

This story was once printed in pamphlet form and sent to members of the New York legislature as a plea for the protection of the deer, that laws might be enacted against the cruelty practiced toward them.

In this story more than in any other of Mr. Warner's



SUMMER ROSES.

stories, perhaps, we get an insight into the artistic quality of Mr. Warner's mind. There is a subtle humor in all that he writes, even where he is trying to enforce some lesson deeply pathetic in its intent.

But many of his essays are purely humorous and please at every point by the continual flashes of wit. "My Summer in a Garden," and "How I Killed a Bear," are of this nature, both instructive as well as amusing.

Mr. Warner has traveled much in Egypt, and in "My Winter on the Nile" has given interesting accounts of his adventures in that region.

His other books are "Saunterings," travel sketches in Europe, "Backlog Studies," "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," "In the Levant," "A Roundabout Journey," and "A Little Journey in the World."

Of all the American writers who are friends to what is called "The Literary Movement in the Common Schools," Mr. Warner is one of the most enthusiastic.

At a meeting of the Institute of Pedagogy last winter in St. Louis, he made a witty speech in favor of good literature, classic literature in the lower grades, and answered a plea in favor of common-place reading by the following story:

"In a comfortless little hut close by a forest in Germany, lived a youth whose name was Fritz. He was poor, ragged, and almost friendless, but he loved all the beautiful things in nature.

Fritz often strayed out into the forest and throwing himself beneath some great oak or elm, would lie, looking up into the sunny sky, fleecy clouds occasionally floating over its blue depths, and listen to the insect choir until he fell asleep.

Often on waking, he found a sweet red rose on his breast, evidently placed there by a loving hand, but he did not wake in time to behold the giver, though there often flitted in his dreams the form of a sweet maiden with hands full of roses.

One bright afternoon as he was sleeping thus under one of the great trees, he was suddenly startled, and waking sooner than usual he caught sight of the maiden who had haunted his dreams, vanishing hastily into the deep shades of the forest. The red rose lay fresh on his bosom and he could no longer doubt who had placed it there.

He sprang to his feet and ran hastily in the direction of the fleeing maiden, but could find no traces of her. Not long after the King of Dreamland came to the little town where Fritz lived.

As he was riding through the village, the rude people mocked at him and pelted him with stones.

Of all the crowd not one came to his rescue until Fritz appeared and drove the mob away and befriended the royal traveler.

The king thanked the lad for his gallant defense and bethought himself what recompense he could bestow for such loyal service.

'I will take you through my kingdom, through the

Land of Dreams,' he said, 'and show you all my treasures since I see no other way of requiting you.'

Fritz was greatly delighted with this proposal and accompanied the king to the Land of Dreams where the sovereign led him through green meadows and stately forests, among fountains and flowers and through magnificent halls.

In one of these halls they suddenly came upon the maiden who had placed the red roses on Fritz's bosom as he slept.

Fritz recognized her at once and clasped her hand saying, 'I love you,' and the gentle maiden being simple and natural (for in Dreamland people are not false and worldly-wise) responded, 'and I love you too.'

'I want to marry you' said Fritz directly and openly, 'and I want to marry you' replied the maiden.

But the King of Dreamland said, 'you cannot marry in my realm. Marriage belongs to the world of reality, to the world of stern fact. If you marry you must leave my dominions and return to your own land.'

It did not take long for the happy youth and maiden to decide that they would rather go back to the hardships of real life together rather than live in a king's palace separated, and they told their preference at once.

So the king said, 'there is only one thing I can do for you, I can change your old hut on the edge of the forest into a beautiful palace where you can enjoy many of the delights of Dreamland.'

Fritz and his sweetheart were greatly delighted at this, and left the king with merry hearts to be wedded in the land of realities and live in their palace, which was indeed as grand as any they had seen in Dreamland.

One day there passed by some of the rude people who had stoned and mocked the King of Dreams and they exclaimed, 'Why, here is our old neighbor, Fritz! and he is married and living in the same old hut!'

With that touch of wit which is so peculiarly his own, Mr. Warner added: "You see they could not know that Fritz and his wife lived in a palace but Fritz knew it and his wife knew it."

In the Atlantic for June Mr. Warner urges a point in favor of good literature in primary grades which is well worth the serious thought of educators, and that is, that the flood of common-place novels is a natural outgrowth from the namby-pambyism of inane school reading; the children not having acquired force in reading—as well as a vocabulary—have no power of self education.

#### LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY CHARITY DYE.

Among the foremost women to whom we are indebted stands the name of Lydia Maria Child.

The facts of her life may be told in few words. Her maiden name was Lydia Maria Francis. She was born in Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802. Her elder brother,

Converse Francis, professor in the Harvard Theological School, supplied the stimulus and gave direction to that part of her education unprovided for in her school life.

At the age of twelve, upon finishing Waverly, she exclaimed, "Why cannot I write a novel!"

In after years the answer came in over forty volumes from her pen. In 1828 she married David Lee Child with whom she lived happily many years. She died in 1880.

In these days when we have St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Wide Awake and Youth's Companion, it is hard to realize our debt to the woman who edited the first periodical, in America, devoted entirely to young people.

Such was "Juvenile Miscellany," which Mrs. Child began to edit in 1826. A New England writer tells us that on Saturday, when the "Miscellany" came, there might be seen on the stone steps of the houses up and down Chestnut St., Boston, children watching the carrier as he crossed zigzag from side to side of the street, and that the young person who got the first copy, soon found himself with a crowd of little neighbors looking over his shoulders from the steps above.

Great was the downheartedness if the carrier came late. For them, with the preparation for Sunday and the early to bed rules always kept on Saturdays, there was little time left to read the *Miscellany* which so helped to provide them with thoughts for the long New England Sunday of which we know so little.

Young people still delight in Mrs. Child's "Flower Stories," and her book, "Rainbows for Children." "Philothea, a Romance," (of which copies are rare) gives a delightful picture of Grecian life in the time of Pericles. Mrs. Child wrote upon subjects pertaining to home, to religion, and about the Indian and the African.

So unpopular did one of her books, on the last named subject, make her, that a Massachusetts judge took tongs to throw it out the window.

She tells us in one of her letters how she was led into the anti-slavery movement.

She said, "It is wonderful how one mortal may affect the destiny of a multitude . . . The first time I met Garrison I little thought that the whole pattern of my life would be changed by that introduction.

I was then all absorbed in poetry and painting, soaring aloft on Psyche wings into ethereal regions . . . He got hold of the strings of my conscience and pulled me into reforms . . . Old dreams vanished, old associates departed and all things became new."

She gave up much because she had much to give. She accepted the blame and neglect that came, and said, "Though I expect censure and ridicule, I do not fear them."

I would not exchange the consciousness of forwarding truth and justice for Rothschild's wealth or Sir Walter's fame."

She denied herself in order that she might give, when

she looked into the show windows at the beautiful pictures which she wished to own. She would think how much yarn she could buy with the money—and then go home and knit socks for the Kansas sufferers. She once subscribed one hundred dollars to some good cause. Upon being told by Wendell Phillips that it was too much, she said that she would think about it.

She did, and wrote back, "Make it two hundred."

She visited the sick, fed the hungry and offered to nurse John Brown in the Charleston prison.

This drew forth a correspondence between herself and Governor Wise, of Virginia. It has since been printed.

Her letters are a valuable contribution to the history of our country. They tell us of the lives of many noted people and reflect the life of Mrs. Child as no account of her can.

She was a friend of Robert G. Shaw, who fell at Fort Wagner, and tells many interesting things of him and his worthy parents.

Whittier, Phillips, Garrison, and many others delighted to call Mrs. Child their friend, and we think that no one can read the volume of her letters without feeling a deep admiration for this woman, who had the soul of a poet, and the courage that makes martyrs.

#### GARDEN ETHICS.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I believe I have found, if not original sin, at least vegetable total depravity, in my garden; and it was there before I went into it. It is the bunch, or joint, or snake-grass, or whatever it is called. As I do not know the names of all the weeds and plants, I have to do as Adam did in his garden—name things as I find them.

This grass has a slender, beautiful stalk; and when you cut it down, or pull up a long root of it, you fancy it is got rid of; but in a day or two it will come up in the same spot in half a dozen vigorous blades.

Cutting down and pulling up is what it thrives on. Extinction rather helps it.

If you follow a slender white root, it will be found to run under the ground until it meets another slender white root; and you will soon unearth a network of them, with a knot somewhere, sending out dozens of sharp-pointed, healthy shoots, every joint prepared to be an independent life and plant. The only way to deal with it is to take one part hoe and two parts fingers and carefully dig it out, not leaving a joint anywhere.

It will take a little time, say all summer, to dig out thoroughly a small patch; but if you once dig it out and keep it out you will have no further trouble.

I have said it was total depravity.

Here it is.

If you attempt to pull up and root out sin in you, which shows on the surface—if it does not show, you do not care for it—you may have noticed how it runs into an interior network of sins, and an ever sprouting branch of these

roots somewhere; and that you cannot pull out one without making a general internal disturbance, and rooting up your whole being.

I suppose it is less trouble to cut them off at the top—say once a week, on Sunday, when you put on your religious clothes and face, so that no one will see them, and not try to eradicate the network within.

**REMARK.**—This moral vegetable figure is at the service of any clergyman who will have the manliness to come forward and help me at a day's hoeing on my potatoes.

None but the orthodox need apply.

I, however, believe in the intellectual, if not in the moral, qualities of vegetables, and especially weeds.

There was a worthless vine that (or who) started up about midway between a grape trellis and a row of bean poles, some three feet from each, but a little nearer the trellis. When it came out of the ground it looked around to see what it should do.

The trellis was already occupied. The bean pole was empty. There was evidently a little the best chance of light, air, and sole proprietorship on the pole.

And the vine started for the pole and began to climb it with determination.

Here was as distinct an act of choice, of reason, as a boy exercises when he goes into a forest, and, looking about, decides what trees he will climb.

And, besides, how did the vine know enough to travel in exactly the right direction, there, to find what it wanted?

This is intellect. The weeds, on the other hand, have hateful moral qualities.

To cut down a weed is, therefore, to do a moral action. I feel as if it were destroying a sin.

My hoe becomes an instrument of retributive justice. I am an apostle of nature.

This view of the matter lends a dignity to the art of hoeing which nothing else does, and lifts it into the region of ethics.

Hoeing becomes, not a pastime but a duty, and you get to regard it so, as the days and weeds lengthen.

**OBSERVATION.**—Nevertheless, what a man needs in gardening is a cast iron back, with a hinge in it.

The hoe is an ingenious instrument, calculated to call out a great deal of strength at a great disadvantage.

The striped bug has come, the saddest of the year.

He is a moral double-ender, iron-clad at that. He is unpleasant in two ways. He burrows in the ground so that you cannot find him, and he flies away so that you cannot catch him.

He is rather handsome, as bugs go, but utterly dastardly, in that he gnaws the stem of the plant close to the ground, and thins it without any apparent advantage to himself. I find him on the hill of cucumbers (perhaps it will be a cholera year and we shall not want any), the squashes (small loss), and the melons (which never ripen).

The best way to deal with the striped bug is to sit down by the hills, and patiently watch for him. If you are spry you can annoy him.

This, however, takes time. It takes all day and part of the night. For he fieth in the darkness and wasteth at noonday.

If you get up before the dew is off the plants—it goes off very early—you can sprinkle soot on the plant, (soot is my panacea; if I can get the disease of a plant reduced to the necessity of soot, I am all right); and soot is unpleasant to the bug.

But the best thing to do is set a toad to catch the bugs. The toad at once establishes the most intimate relations with the bug. It is a pleasure to see such unity among the lower animals. The difficulty is to make the toad stay and watch the hill.

If you know your toad it is all right. If you do not, you must build a tight fence around the plants which the toad cannot jump over.

This, however, introduces a new element. I find that I have a zoological garden on my hands. It is an unexpected result of my little enterprise which never aspired to the completeness of the Paris Garden of Plants.

(*From My Summer in a Garden*).

## INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;

Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer; .

Sweet is the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;

And never a poem was writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;

Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;

Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;

Never a prophet foretold, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden.

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;

Vast the creation beheld, but vaster the inward Creator; Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives thrills the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing.

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward; and the essence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

#### JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

This great American novelist was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College where he studied three years.

He went to sea where he enjoyed a sailor's life for six years, when he returned to life ashore and married. The next ten years of his life were spent in quiet, domestic ways.

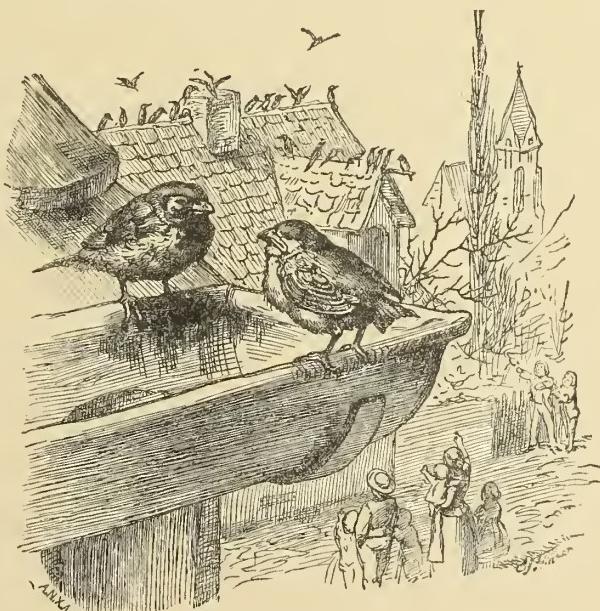
At the age of thirty-two his first work, "Precaution," appeared, and in the following year, "The Spy," a tale which at once secured for him a very prominent place among novelists. He was compared with Scott and often ranked above him by severe critics.

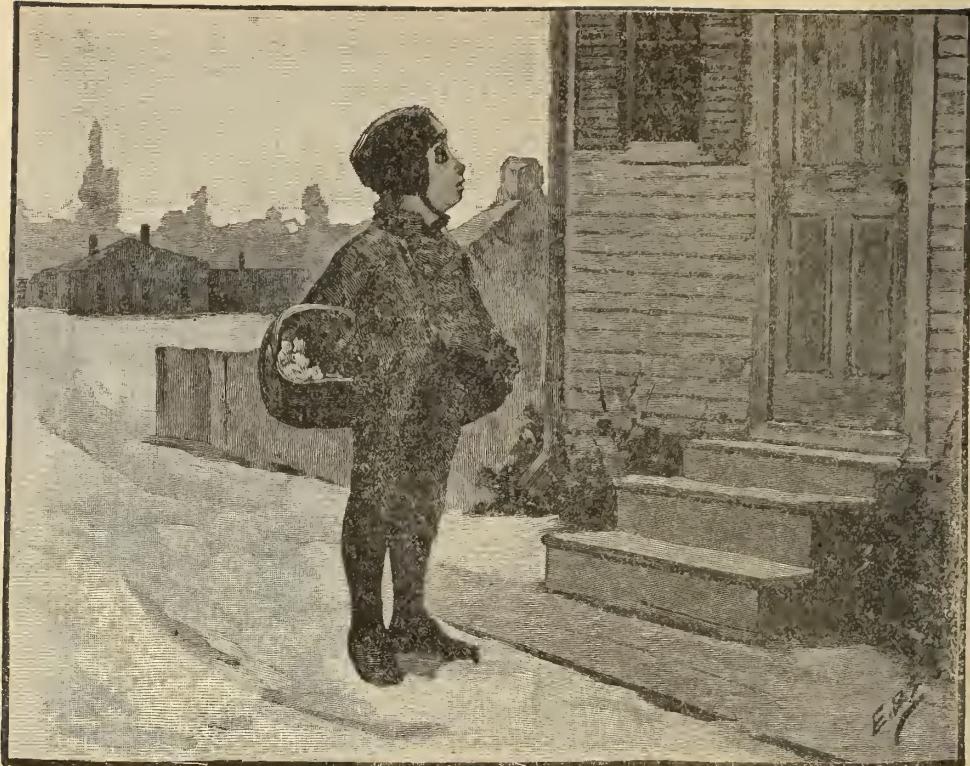
His other great works are, "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover" and "The Prairie."

Cooper owes his great success to his large knowledge of ocean and wild prairie life. He is one of the most truly national of our writers and his works are sure to live as interpretations of pioneer living in this country.



*J. Fenimore Cooper*



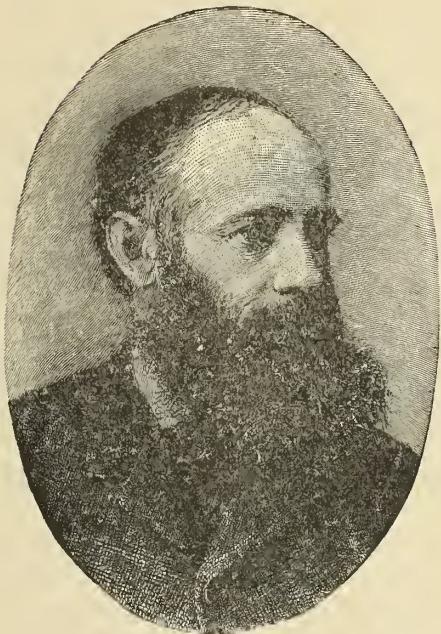


## HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

### OCTOBER.

	BORN.	DIED.
Rufus Choate.....	October 1, 1799.....	1859
George Bancroft.....	October 3, 1800.....	
Chester A. Arthur.....	October 5, 1830.....	1876
Harriet G. Hosmer.....	October 9, 1830.....	
William Penn.....	October 14, 1644.....	1718
Edmund C. Ord.....	October 19, 1818.....	1883
John Adams.....	October 19, 1735.....	1826
<hr/>		
Battle of Saratoga.....	October 7, 1777.....	
Death of Miles Standish.....	October 13, 1656.....	

## AUTHOR'S CALENDAR.



*Horace E. Scudder*

HORACE E. SCUDDER was born in Boston Oct. 16, 1838, and was the youngest of a family of seven. His brother next older, has won distinction in science through his work in entomology, and another brother three years his senior, began a strong career as a missionary in Southern India. When the boys and a still older brother were in their school-days, the part of Boston in which they lived was encroached upon by trade, and the Scudder family set an example to the Bradleys by moving to Roxbury and occupying what was then a large farm and pasture, but is now in the midst of a thickly settled district. The boys went by turn to Williams College, and then the family returned to Boston to live; the youngest son, when he graduated from college in 1858, was disposed, from his interest in classical studies, to take up an academic life. There was no opportunity in his own college, however, and after a year of desultory study at home, he went to New York, where he had private pupils for three years, and occupied what leisure he found in experiments in literature. The interest which he took in some children led him to amuse

himself by writing stories for their birthdays. The stories finally appeared as a book under the title of *Seven Little People and Their Friends*. Upon the death of his father and brother he returned to Boston, with the purpose of devoting himself entirely to literature, where he published *Dream Children* and wrote a memoir of his brother. He edited the Riverside Magazine for Young People for four years, and from his contributions to it made a volume called *Stories from my Attic*. It is through Mr. Scudder's stories of the Bodley Family that children know him best; and it is through his influence in getting real reading back into the schools in place of the desultory reading which has been undermining public taste, that his highest value is being felt by the reading world. He was married in 1873 and is now living in Cambridge and has recently become editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

## NURSERY CLASSICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

"Since, then, it is to books that we must go for the stories which have grown smooth from being rolled down the ages of Indo-European peoples, and since the school so largely controls the child's mental growth, it follows that if these stories are to remain as a substantial possession of childhood of all sorts in America, they must be conserved by school methods.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is the business of their guardians, therefore, to see that children are not deprived of this right; and, as already intimated, the present guardians of children in America are teachers, superintendents, school-committees, boards of education, publishing-houses, agents, makers of school-books, and, occasionally, parents. The teachers have the fullest control, and the influence diminishes along the line of the remaining forces. It will probably be said, and by none more earnestly than the teachers themselves, that they are bound and hampered by all the other powers; but my observation leads me to think that pretty much all the genuine improvement in educational methods has sprung from the brains and practical work of teachers.

"A prime reason for introducing these nursery classics into the early years of school-life is in the economy of resources. At present, the child passes from the primer to what are known as graded readers. These readers continue through the school course in most cases, and form the body of literature to which children are introduced in school. In the higher grades of these readers there are often classic poems and passages from the works of masters of prose; the proportion of lasting work

to ephemeral is small; still it exists, and many children have known bits of real literature only from their readers. But in the lower grades, that is, in the first, second, third, and even fourth readers, there is scarcely a piece of genuine literature; the proportion of ephemeral to lasting work is enormous. Yet it is in the years when these grades are read that the great majority of children pass their school-life. After the fourth or fifth year of school, the number of attendants rapidly diminishes. For the most part, children close their school-life with absolutely no introduction to literature. They have learned to read, but they have had nothing to read.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In this plea for the introduction of nursery classics into the school-room, I have assumed that the finest use to which the power of reading can be put is in the enlightenment of the mind, not in its information; and I hold that this use must steadily be kept in view from the first day of school life to the last. There will be many ways by which reading may serve the end of imparting knowledge, but unless the definite end of ennobling the mind through familiarity with the literature of the spirit is recognized in our school curriculum, the finest results of education will be lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The education of the spirit through religion has been left with the church and what remains of the higher family life; the education through literature must be taken up by the schools, else a great and irremediable defect will appear in the development of character and spiritual force, and this education must begin at the earliest period with the properest material. The child that has spent the hours devoted to reading, in its primary course, over fables, fairy-tales, folk-tales, and the best of such stories as go to make up the *Gesta Romanae* and Christian mythology has had a foundation laid for steady progress into the higher air of poetry and all imaginative, creative, and inspiring literature."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

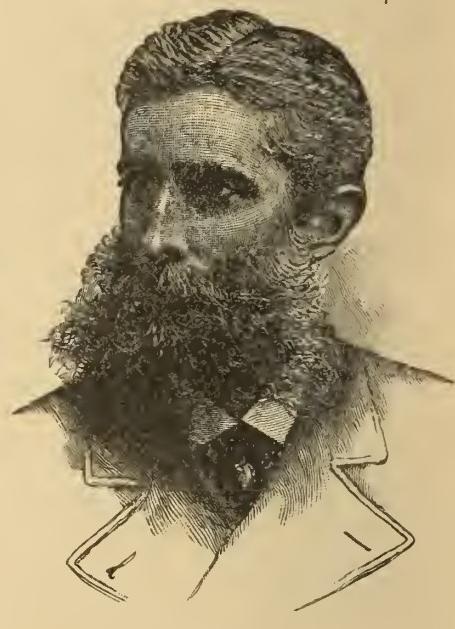
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GEORGE W. CABLE was born Oct. 12, 1844. At fourteen years of age he was obliged to leave school to help support the family, which consisted of a widowed mother and four children. He worked in a Custom House, a dry goods store, and at eighteen entered the Confederate army. After the war ended he studied civil engineering, and afterward became a book-keeper. At twenty-five he married. Later on he became a clerk for a cotton firm.

All through his business career he was a great student from books and from life.

His works have a prophecy of permancy in them which few writers can hope for. The studies he has made of Creole character and dialect are as useful as history, as they are charming in style and moral in purpose. In his writings he is a real artist, a philosopher and historian, all at once.

Mr. Cable lives at Northhampton, Mass., where his family of six children are being educated. He has made himself distinguished as a leader of a Bible class.



*Edmund Clarence Stedman*

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, the greatest of American critics, was born Oct. 8, 1833, at Hartford, Connecticut. He began, but did not finish, a course at Yale, and in the year 1853, the year in which he would have graduated, was conducting a paper in Norwich. At the age of twenty-two he moved to New York and for ten years devoted himself to journalism, acting, during a part of the war, as war-correspondent for the *New York World*.

His real occupation meanwhile was verse, but he had an intensity of nature which forbade him to draw a sharp line between his art and his living. In his journalistic work, he would call in the reserve force of his poetry, and his verse was frequently charged with passion excited by the scenes which were forced upon his notice by his daily duties. He was wise to see that his strong interest in literature and his love of literary art would be in constant conflict with journalistic writing, which is a dangerous rival, and he abandoned the career of an editor in 1864, preferring to take up the business of banking, which might provide the means of livelihood, and at least not usurp the power of the pen.



# Chrysanthemums.

A generous use of books became his recreation. Literature was so antipodal to banking that it was at once a relief to plunge from business into books, and the poetic passion passed easily into a liberal regard for poetry and the poetic genius. His quick sympathy and his alertness led him into excursions which soon became systematic surveys, and in the twenty years which followed he produced two books, *Victorian Poets* and *Poets of America*, which are thorough and minute studies in the verse which has prevailed in England and America during the life of men now living. He has rendered great service to the poets whom he has so carefully set forth, and to the reader who needs a guide to the foothills of Parnassus.

Meanwhile his own volume of song has grown slowly. There is reason to believe that, with the discharge of his large critical function, the poet will resume sway, and that in the freedom from pressing care, song will be even stronger and richer.

His college afterward conferred a degree upon him of Master of Arts.

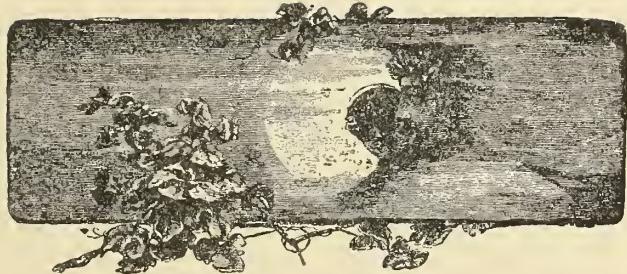
"Simplicity does not imply poverty of thought, there is a strong simplicity belonging to an intellectual age; a clearness of thought and diction, natural to true poets, whose genius is apt to be in direct ratio with their possession of this faculty, and inversely as their tendency to

cloudiness, confusion of imagery, obscurity, or 'hardness' of style. It may be said that everything really great is marked by simplicity. The poet's office is to reveal plainly the most delicate phases of wisdom, passion, and beauty."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman, in Victorian Poets.*

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**W**ILL CARLETON, one of the poets dearest to the American heart, was born in October, 1845. His father had removed from New Hampshire to Michigan with his family, where he cleared away the forest from a farm land and made a home. While a child the boy who became a poet in later years, attended a common school, learning a little Latin and Greek. He made many juvenile attempts at poetry which were encouraged by an older sister. The influence of a sweet poetry-loving mother, the quiet beauty of farm scenery and farm life, all helped to develop the kindness of spirit which has made him the poet of the common people. He lives in Brooklyn in comfort and refinement, his literary labors having rewarded him with financial success. As a lecturer he has been received with enthusiasm in America and Europe, never failing to reach the hearts of his audience.



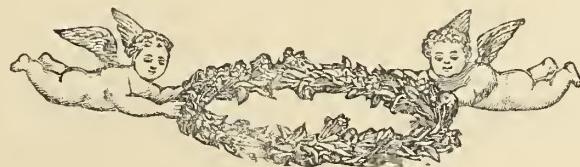


#### HISTORICAL CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

##### BORN.

##### DIED.

James K. Polk .....	November 2, 1795.	June	15, 1849
William Cullen Bryant.....	November 3, 1794.	June	12, 1878
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	November 11, 1832.	.....	.....
James A. Garfield.....	November 19, 1831.	September 19,	1881
Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).....	November 30, 1835.	.....	.....
Louisa M. Alcott.....	November 29, 1832.	March	6, 1888
Franklin Pierce.....	November 23, 1804.	October	8, 1869
Zachary Taylor.....	November 24, 1784	June	9, 1850



# PATRIOT'S DAY.

## LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, the twentieth president of the United States, was born in Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, November 19, 1831, and died in Elberon, N. J., September 19, 1881.

Born amid a life of poverty and struggles, he acquired a good common school education; drove some months for a boat on the Ohio canal; obtained a seminary education, and further instruction at the Hiram Institute, Ohio, and graduated at Williams College with the highest honors in 1856.

In 1857 he was elected president of the Hiram Institute. In 1859 he was elected to the senate of Ohio.

He was appointed colonel of the 42d regiment of Ohio volunteers in 1861. For his bravery and skill in defeating General Marshall at Middle Creek, January 10, 1862, he was commissioned brigadier-general. He was made a major-general for gallantry at Chickamauga September 19, 1863. He entered congress as representative in December, 1863. He was chosen United States senator from Ohio, January 13, 1880.

He was nominated for president by the republican national convention in Chicago, June 8, 1880, on the thirty-sixth ballot, and was elected president in the November following. He was shot by the infamous lunatic Guiteau, July 2, 1881, and died ten weeks after, exhibiting the greatest fortitude and bravery.

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### A THRILLING INCIDENT IN GARFIELD'S LIFE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

On the 15th day of April, 1865, the country was thrilled from end to end by the almost incredible report that President Lincoln had been assassinated the evening previous while witnessing a performance at Ford's theatre, in Washington.

The children who read this story cannot understand the excitement of that day. It was unlike the deep sorrow that came upon us all on the second of July, for Lincoln died a martyr, at a time when men's passions had been stirred by

sectional strife, and his murder was felt to be an outgrowth of the passions which it engendered; but Garfield fell, slain by the hand of a worthless wretch, acting upon his own responsibility.

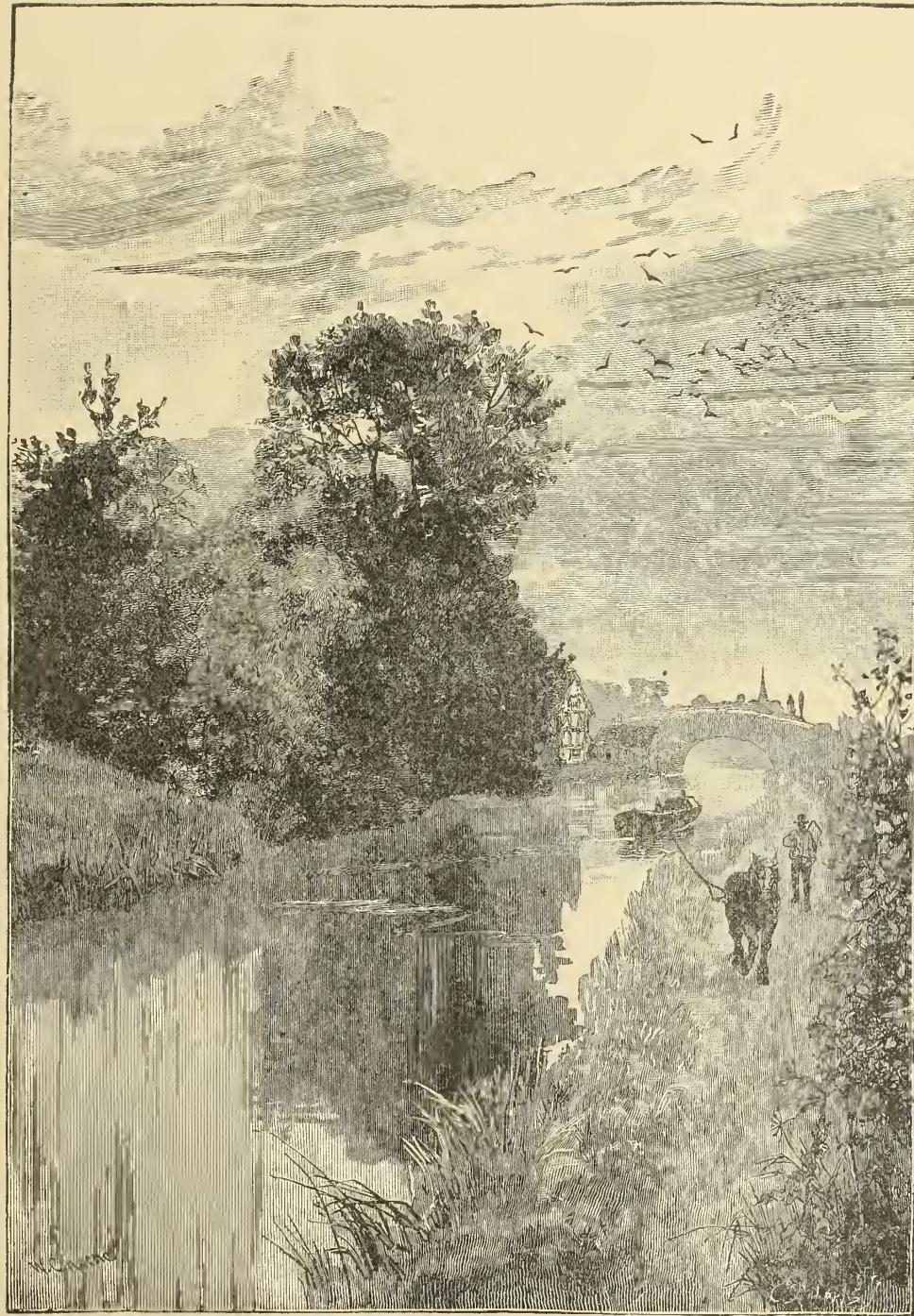
We shall venture, for the information of young readers, to whom it may be new, to quote the graphic description of an eye-witness, contributed to General Brisbin's interesting life of our subject:

"I shall never forget the first time I saw General Garfield. It was the morning after President Lincoln's assassination. The country was excited to its utmost tension. \* \* \* The newspaper head lines of the transaction were set up in the largest type, and the high crime was on every one's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the government, for in a few hours the news came on that Seward's throat was cut, and that attempts had been made on the lives of others of the government officers.

"Posters were stuck up everywhere, in great black letters, calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and neighboring places, to meet around the Wall Street Exchange and give expression to their sentiments.

"Eleven o'clock A. M. was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange building, cramming and jamming the streets, and wedged in as tight as men could stand together. With a few to whom special favor was extended, I went over from Brooklyn at nine A. M., and even then, with the utmost difficulty, found my way to the reception room for the speakers in the front of the Exchange building, and looking out on the high and massive balcony, whose front was protected by a massive iron railing.

"We sat in solemnity and silence, waiting for General Butler, who, it was announced, had started from Washington, and was either already in the city or expected every moment. Nearly a hundred generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, clergymen and others were in that room waiting for Butler's arrival.



FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT.

"We stepped out to the balcony to watch the fearfully solemn and swaying mass of people. Not a hurrah was heard, but for the most part a dead silence, or a deep, ominous muttering ran like a rising wave up the street toward Broadway, and again swayed down toward the river on the right.

"At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up on the left, parting the crowd, and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly, and with difficult jags through the compact multitude, and the cry of 'Butler!' 'Butler!' rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people.

"But not a hurrah! Not one! It was the cry of a great people asking to know how their president died. The blood bounced in our veins, and the tears ran like streams down our faces. How it was done I forget, but Butler was pulled through, and pulled up, and entered the room where we had just walked back to meet him.

"A broad crape, a yard long, hung from his left arm—terrible contrast with the countless flags that were waving the nation's victory in the breeze. We first realized then the sad news that Lincoln was dead.

"When Butler entered the room we shook hands. Some spoke, some could not; all were in tears. The only word Butler had for us all, at the first break of the silence was, '*Gentlemen, he died in the fullness of his fame!*' and as he spoke it his lips quivered, and the tears ran fast down his cheeks.

"Then, after a few moments, came the speaking. And you can imagine the effect, as the crape fluttered in the wind while his arm was uplifted.

"On the right suddenly the shout arose, '*The World!*' '*The World!*' and a movement of perhaps eight thousand to ten thousand turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed.

"It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office; police and military would have availed little, or been too late. A telegram

had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying!' Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd.

"'Another telegram from Washington!'

"And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:

"'Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!'

"The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood rooted to the ground with awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the government in that hour. As the boiling waters subside and settle to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still.

"All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century.

"The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name.

"The answer came in a low whisper, 'It is General Garfield, of Ohio.'"

It was a most dramatic scene, and a wonderful exhibition of the power of one man of intellect over a furious mob.

How would the thrilling intensity of the moment have been increased, had some prophet, standing beside the inspired speaker, predicted that a little more than sixteen years later he who had calmed the crowd would himself fall a victim to violence, while filling the same high post as the martyred Lincoln.



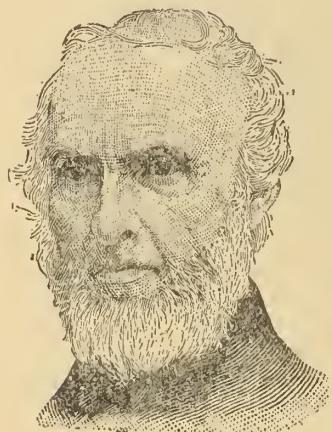
## HISTORICAL CALENDAR. DECEMBER.

	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Kirkland.....	December 1, 1744.....	February 28, 1808
Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.....	December 10, 1787.....	September 9, 1851
Arthur Lee.....	December 20, 1740.....	December 14, 1792
Silas Deane.....	December 24, 1737.....	August 23, 1789

### EVENTS.

Landing of the Pilgrims.....	December 20, 1620
Burning of Library of Congress.....	December 24, 1851

# JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



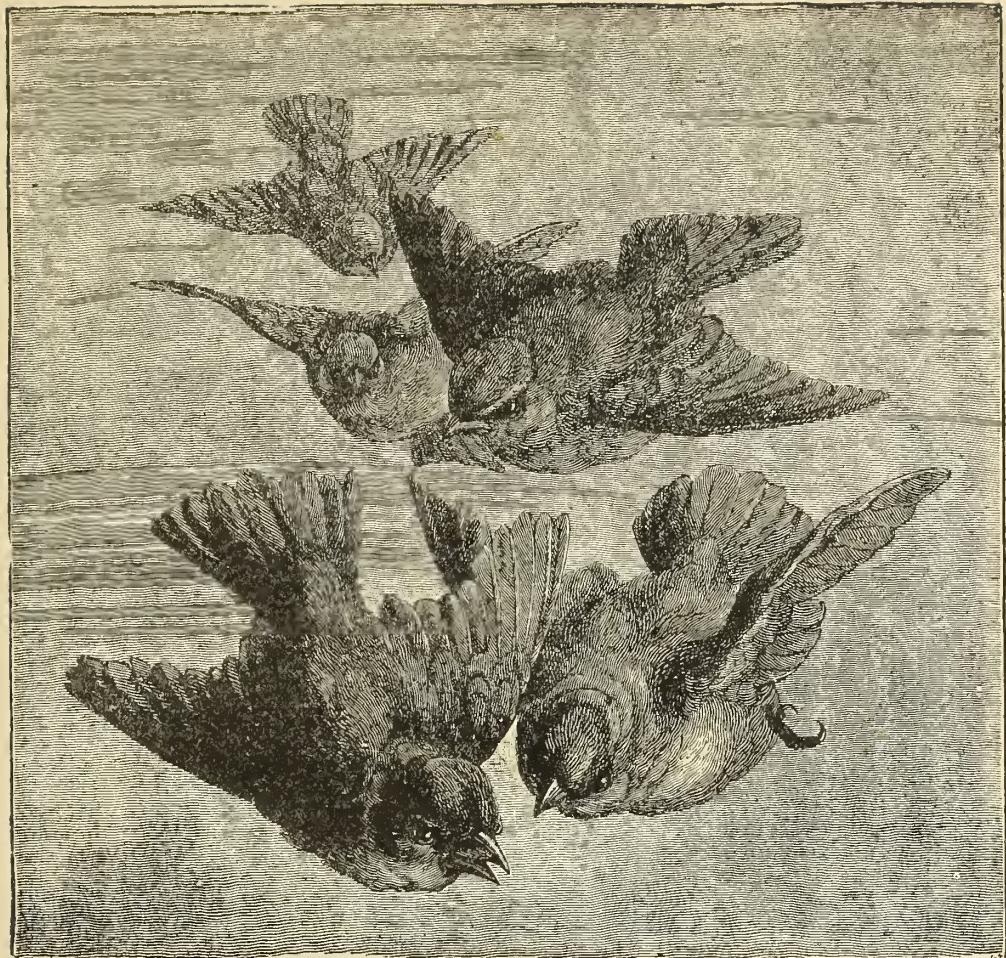
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, of Quaker birth in Puritan surroundings, was born at the home-stead near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17th, 1807. Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working upon the farm and in the little shoemaker's shop which nearly every farm then had as a resource in the otherwise idle hours of the long winter. The manual, homely labor upon which he was employed was in part the foundation of that deep interest which the poet never has ceased to take in the toil and plain fortunes of the people. Throughout his poetry runs this golden thread of sympathy with honorable labor and enforced poverty, and many poems are directly inspired by it. While at work he sent poems to the *Newburyport Free Press* and the *Haverhill Gazette*, his first poem, *The Exile's Departure*, having been published in the former journal June 1, 1826. Thus for more than sixty years he has been singing to his country.

He had two years academic training, and occupied himself a few months in teaching; but his main support during that period when he was acquiring his position as a poet was drawn from

editorial work. In 1828 he contributed to and in effect edited the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published in Boston. A year or two later he was employed as editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, and later of the *New England Weekly Review* in Hartford, Connecticut. Then came a term of four years when he returned to his home farm, but it was followed by a new charge of the *Gazette*, and in 1838 he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which was honored by the hatred of the pro-slavery party. The hall in which the paper was published was destroyed by a mob a few months later. In 1844 he was in Lowell, writing for the *Middlesex Standard*; and in 1847 he began his most important connection with the *National Era* of Washington, a connection which, as contributor and editor, he maintained for a dozen years.

His first volume, *Legends of New England in Prose and Verse*, was issued in 1831. In 1837 appeared *Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the years 1830 and 1838*. This was a thin volume collected and issued by Isaac Knapp, Mr. Garrison's partner. The next year, however, when Mr. Whittier was in Philadelphia, a publisher of that city brought out a more substantial volume. In 1848 appeared *Voices of Freedom*, and the next year a handsome illustrated volume was published.

The greatest accession to his popularity no doubt came with the publication of *Snow Bound* in 1866, but from the appearance of his collected edition in 1857 and with the opportunity afforded by the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the same year, there has been since that day a steady succession of volumes of verse, most of which have been collections of poems individually contributed to periodicals. In 1886, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws.



## “GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE.”

Words by Matthias Barr.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. “Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye,” Say the lit - tle birds, one and all, . . Ere they  
2. “Good bye, good-bye, good - bye,” Small home we have lov’d so long, . We will

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*rall.*

far a - way, We fly, we fly, we fly, we fly. . .

*rall.*      *a tempo.*



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